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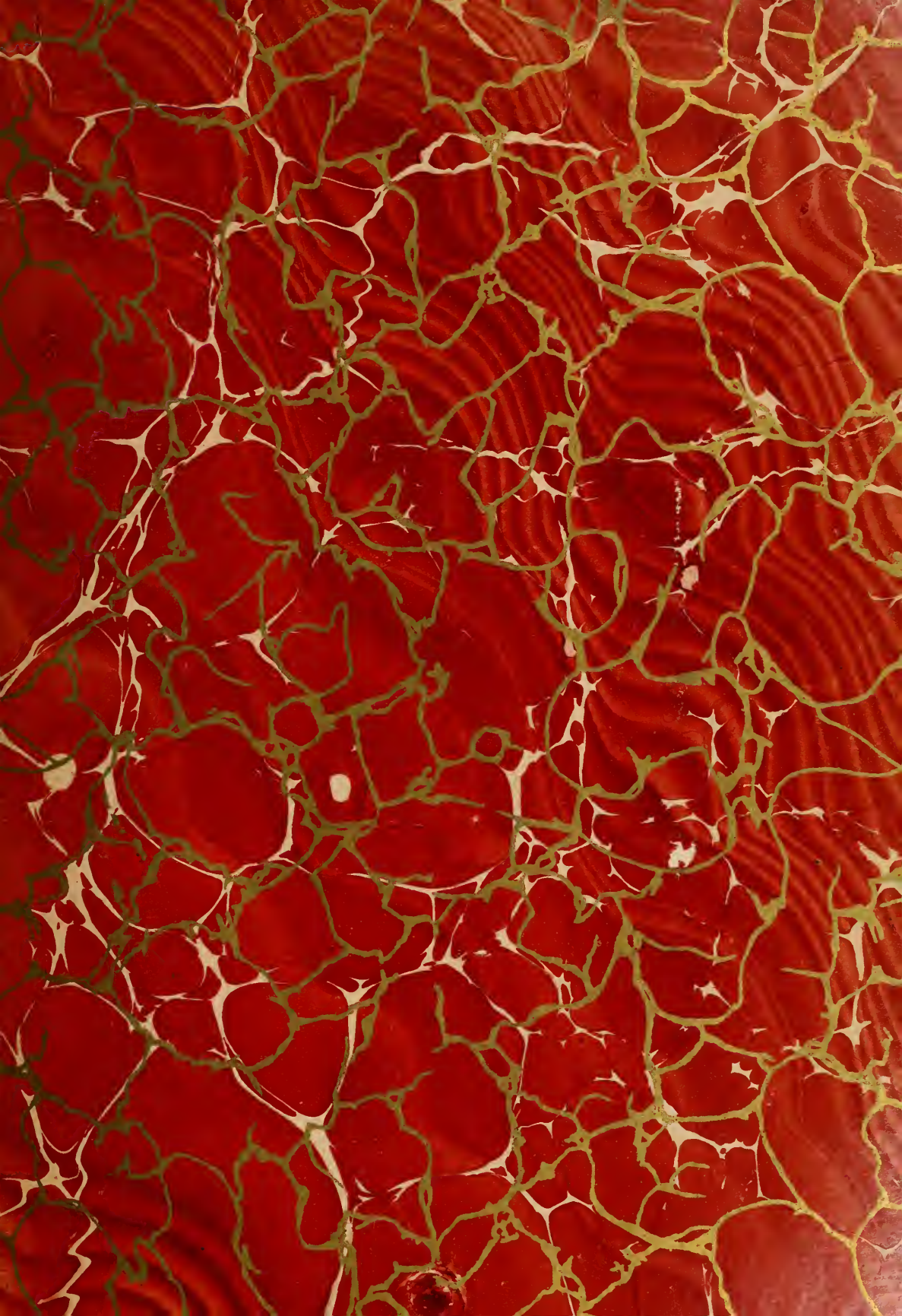

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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A Collection of the Best Literature, Ancient, Mediæval and Modern, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes

EDITED BY

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KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

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THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY, 1346.

By FROISSART.

[Jean Froissart, French historian, was born at Valenciennes about 1333; became a cleric; began while a youth to write the history of the wars of his own time, and in 1360 started on a tour for material. He was for many years the guest of the highest potentates in England, Scotland, France, the Netherlands, etc., and about 1390 settled in Flanders and resumed his "Chronicle." In 1395 he revisited England. He died at Chimay in 1419. His great work covers the years from 1326 to 1400, and deals chiefly with England and Scotland, France and Flanders, though not confined to them. He wrote some verses also.]

The king of England encamped this Friday in the plain: for he found the country abounding in provisions; but, if they should have failed, he had plenty in the carriages which attended on him. The army set about furbishing and repairing their armor; and the king gave a supper that evening to the earls and barons of his army, where they made good cheer. On their taking leave, the king remained alone, with the lords of his bedchamber: he retired into his oratory, and, falling on his knees before the altar, prayed to God, that, if he should combat his enemies on the morrow, he might come off with honor. About midnight he went to bed; and, rising early the next day, he and the Prince of Wales heard mass, and communicated. The greater part of his army did the same, confessed, and made proper preparations. After mass, the king ordered his men to arm themselves, and assemble on the ground he had before fixed on. He had inclosed a large park near a wood, on the rear of his army, in which he placed all his baggage-wagons and horses; and this park had but one entrance: his men-at-arms and archers remained on foot.

The king afterwards ordered, through his constable and his two marshals, that the army should be divided into three battalions. In the first, he placed the young Prince of Wales, and with him the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, Sir Godfrey de Har-

court, the Lord Reginald Cobham, Lord Thomas Holland, Lord Stafford, Lord Mauley, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Lord Bartholomew Burgherst, Lord Robert Neville, Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord Latimer, and many other knights and squires whom I cannot name. There might be, in this first division, about eight hundred men-at-arms, two thousand archers, and a thousand Welshmen. They advanced in regular order to their ground, each lord under his banner and pennon, and in the center of his men. In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lords Roos, Willoughby, Basset, St. Albans, Sir Lewis Tufton, Lord Multon, the Lord Lascels, and many others; amounting, in the whole, to about eight hundred men-at-arms, and twelve hundred archers. The third battalion was commanded by the king, and was composed of about seven hundred men-at-arms, and two thousand archers.

The king then mounted a small palfrey, having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals on each side of him: he rode a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging and entreating the army, that they would guard his honor and defend his right. He spoke this so sweetly, and with such a cheerful countenance, that all who had been dispirited were directly comforted by seeing and hearing him. When he had thus visited all the battalions, it was near ten o'clock: he retired to his own division, and ordered them all to eat heartily, and drink a glass after. They ate and drank at their ease; and, having packed up pots, barrels, etc., in the carts, they returned to their battalions, according to the marshals' orders, and seated themselves on the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

That same Saturday, the king of France rose betimes, and heard mass in the monastery of St. Peter's in Abbeville, where he was lodged: having ordered his army to do the same, he left that town after sunrise. When he had marched about two leagues from Abbeville, and was approaching the enemy, he was advised to form his army in order of battle, and to let those on foot march forward, that they might not be trampled on by the horses. The king, upon this, sent off four knights, the Lord Moyne of Bastleberg, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord of Aubigny, who rode so near to the English that they could clearly distinguish their position. The English

plainly perceived they were come to reconnoiter them: however, they took no notice of it, but suffered them to return unmolested. When the king of France saw them coming back, he halted his army; and the knights, pushing through the crowds, came near the king, who said to them, "My lords, what news!" They looked at each other, without opening their mouths: for neither chose to speak first. At last the king addressed himself to the Lord Moyne, who was attached to the king of Bohemia, and had performed very many gallant deeds, so that he was esteemed one of the most valiant knights in Christendom. The Lord Moyne said, "Sir, I will speak, since it pleases you to order me, but under the correction of my companions. We have advanced far enough to reconnoiter your enemies. Know, then, that they are drawn up in three battalions, and are waiting for you. I would advise, for my part, (submitting, however, to better counsel,) that you halt your army here, and quarter them for the night; for before the rear shall come up, and the army be properly drawn out, it will be very late, your men will be tired and in disorder, while they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed. On the morrow, you may draw up your army more at your ease, and may reconnoiter at leisure on what part it will be most advantageous to begin the attack; for, be assured they will wait for you."

The king commanded that it should so be done: and the two marshals rode, one toward the front, and the other to the rear, crying out, "Halt banners, in the name of God and St. Denis." Those that were in the front halted; but those behind said they would not halt, until they were as forward as the front. When the front perceived the rear pressing on, they pushed forward; and neither the king nor the marshals could stop them, but they marched without any order until they came in sight of their enemies. As soon as the foremost rank saw them, they fell back at once, in great disorder, which alarmed those in the rear, who thought they had been fighting. There was then space and room enough for them to have passed forward, had they been willing so to do: some did so, but others remained shy. All the roads between Abbeville and Crécy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies, drew their swords, bawling out, "Kill, kill"; and with them were many great lords that were eager to make show of their courage.

There is no man, unless he had been present, that can imagine, or describe truly, the confusion of that day; especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number. What I know, and shall relate in this book, I have learnt chiefly from the English, who had well observed the confusion they were in, and from those attached to Sir John of Hainault, who was always near the person of the king of France.

The English, who were drawn up in three divisions, and seated on the ground, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up, and fell into their ranks. That of the prince was the first to do so, whose archers were formed in the manner of a portcullis, or harrow, and the men-at-arms in the rear. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, who commanded the second division, had posted themselves in good order on his wing, to assist and succor the prince, if necessary.

You must know, that these kings, earls, barons, and lords of France, did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the king of France came in sight of the English, his blood began to boil, and he cried out to his marshals, "Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were about fifteen thousand Genoese crossbowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their crossbows. They told the constable, they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterward it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright; but the Frenchmen had it in their faces, and the English in their backs.

When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step

forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armor, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The king of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, "Kill me those scoundrels; for they stop up our road, without any reason." You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

[Lord Berners' account of the advance of the Genoese is somewhat different from this; he describes them as *leaping* forward with a *fell* cry, and as this is not mentioned in the printed editions, it seems probable that he followed a MS. varying from those examined by Mr. Johnes. The whole passage is so spirited and graphic that we give it entire.

"Whan the genowayes were assembled toguyder and beganne to aproche, they made a great leape and crye to abasshe thenglysshmen, but they stode styll and styredde nat for all that. Than the genowayes agayne the seconde tyme made another leape and a fell crye and stepped forwarde a lytell, and thenglysshmen remeued nat one fote; thirdly agayne they leapt and cryed, and went forthe tyll they came within shotte; than they shotte feersly with their crosbowes. Than thenglysshe archers stept forthe one pase and lette fly their arowes so hotly and so thycke that it semed snowe. Whan the genowayes felte the arowes persynge through heeds, armes, and brestes, many of them cast downe their crosbowes and did cutte their strynges and retourned dysconfited. Whan the frenche kynge sawe them flye away, he said, Slee these rascals, for they shall lette and trouble us without reason; than you shoulde haue sene the men of armes dasshe in among them and kylled a great nombre of them; and euer styll the englysshmen shot where as they sawe thyckest preace, the sharp arowes ranne into the men of armes and into their horses, and many fell horse and men amonge the genowayes, and whan they were downe they coude nat relyne agayne; the preace was so thycke that one ouerthrewe a nother. And also amonge the englysshemen there were certayne rascalles that went a fote with great knyues, and they went in among the men of armes and slewe and murdredde many as they lay on the grounde, both erles, barownes, knyghts, and squyers, whereof the kyng of Englande was after dyspleased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners."]

The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives: these advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and, falling upon earls, barons, knights and squires, slew many, at which the king of England was afterwards much exasperated. The valiant king of Bohemia was slain there. He was called Charles of Luxembourg; for he was the son of the gallant king and emperor, Henry of Luxembourg: having heard the order of the battle, he inquired where his son, the Lord Charles, was: his attendants answered, that they did not know, but believed he was fighting. The king said to them, "Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends and brethren at arms this day: therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword." The knights replied, they would directly lead him forward; and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, they fastened all the reins of their horses together, and put the king at their head, that he might gratify his wish, and advanced toward the enemy. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, who already signed his name as king of Germany, and bore the arms, had come in good order to the engagement; but when he perceived that it was likely to turn out against the French, he departed, and I do not well know what road he took. The king, his father, had rode in among the enemy, and made good use of his sword; for he and his companions had fought most gallantly. They had advanced so far that they were all slain; and on the morrow they were found on the ground, with their horses all tied together.

The Earl of Alençon advanced in regular order upon the English, to fight with them; as did the Earl of Flanders, in another part. These two lords, with their detachments, coasting, as it were, the archers, came to the prince's battalion, where they fought valiantly for a length of time. The king of France was eager to march to the place where he saw their banners displayed, but there was a hedge of archers before him. He had that day made a present of a handsome black horse to

Sir John of Hainault, who had mounted on it a knight of his, called Sir John de Fusselles, that bore his banner: which horse ran off with him, and forced his way through the English army, and, when about to return, stumbled and fell into a ditch and severely wounded him: he would have been dead, if his page had not followed him round the battalions, and found him unable to rise: he had not, however, any other hindrance than from his horse; for the English did not quit the ranks that day to make prisoners. The page alighted, and raised him up; but he did not return the way he came, as he would have found it difficult from the crowd. This battle which was fought on the Saturday between La Broyes and Crécy, was very murderous and cruel; and many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known. Toward evening, many knights and squires of the French had lost their masters: they wandered up and down the plain, attacking the English in small parties: they were soon destroyed; for the English had determined that day to give no quarter, or hear of ransom from any one.

Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards, had broken through the archers of the prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon which the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the king of England, who was posted upon an eminence, near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son, are vigorously attacked by the French; and they entreat that you would come to their assistance with your battalion, for, if their numbers should increase, they fear he will have too much to do." The king replied, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight; "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king answered, "Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me, not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." The knight returned to his lords, and related

the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message.

[The style of Lord Berners, in many instances, is so different from the mode of expression adopted by Mr. Johnes, as almost to make the parallel passage appear a distinct narrative, and in such cases it is interesting to compare the two translations. The following is Lord Berners' version of this narration.

"In the mornyng the day of the batayle certayne frenchemen and almaygnes perforce opyned the archers of the princes batayle, and came and fought with the men at armes hande to hande. Than the second batayle of thenglyshe men came to sucour the prince's batayle, the whiche was tyme, for they had as than moche ado, and they with the prince sent a messangar to the kynge who was on a lytell wyndmill hill. Than the knyght sayd to the kyng, Sir therle of Warwyke and therle of Cafort (Stafford) Sir Reynolde Cobham and other such as be about the prince your sonne are feersly fought with all, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you that you and your batayle woll come and ayde them, for if the frenchemen encrease as they dout they woll your sonne end they shall have moche a do. Than the kynge sayde, is my sonne deed or hurt or on the yerthe felled? No, sir, quoth the knight, but he is hardely matched wherfore he hath nede of your ayde. Well sayde the kyng, retourne to hym and to them that sent you hyther, and say to them that they sende no more to me for any adventure that falleth as long as my sonne is alyve; and also say to them that they suffer hym this day to wynne his spurres, for if God be pleased, I woll this iourney be his and the honoure therof and to them that be aboute hym. Than the knyght retourned agayn to them and shewed the kynges wordes, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoyned in that they had sende to the kynge as they dyd."]

It is a certain fact, that Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, who was in the prince's battalion, having been told by some of the English, that they had seen the banner of his brother engaged in the battle against him, was exceedingly anxious to save him; but he was too late, for he was left dead on the field, and so was the Earl of Aumarle his nephew. On the other hand, the Earls of Alençon and of Flanders were fighting lustily under their banners, and with their own people ; but they could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires that were attending on or accompanying them. The Earl of Blois, nephew to the king of France, and the Duke of Lorraine, his brother-in-law, with

their troops, made a gallant defense ; but they were surrounded by a troop of English and Welsh, and slain in spite of their prowess. The Earl of St. Pol and the Earl of Auxerre were also killed, as well as many others. Late after vespers, the king of France had not more about him than sixty men, every one included. Sir John of Hainault, who was of the number, had once remounted the king ; for his horse had been killed under him by an arrow : he said to the king, "Sir, retreat while you have an opportunity, and do not expose yourself so simply : if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the conqueror." After he had said this, he took the bridle of the king's horse, and led him off by force ; for he had before entreated of him to retire.

The king rode on until he came to the castle of la Broyes, where he found the gates shut, for it was very dark. The king ordered the governor of it to be summoned : he came upon the battlements, and asked who it was that called at such an hour ? The king answered, "Open, open, governor ; it is the fortune of France." The governor, hearing the king's voice, immediately descended, opened the gate, and let down the bridge. The king and his company entered the castle ; but he had only with him five barons, Sir John of Hainault, the Lord Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord of Aubigny, and the Lord of Montfort. The king would not bury himself in such a place as that, but, having taken some refreshments, set out again with his attendants about midnight, and rode on, under the direction of guides who were well acquainted with the country, until, about daybreak, he came to Amiens, where he halted. This Saturday the English never quitted their ranks in pursuit of any one, but remained on the field, guarding their position, and defending themselves against all who attacked them. The battle was ended at the hour of vespers.

When, on the Saturday night, the English heard no more hooting or shouting, nor any more crying out to particular lords or their banners, they looked upon the field as their own, and their enemies as beaten. They made great fires, and lighted torches because of the obscurity of the night. King Edward then came down from his post, who all that day had not put on his helmet, and, with his whole battalion, advanced to the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance : you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day :

you are worthy to be a sovereign." The prince bowed down very low, and humbled himself, giving all the honor to the king, his father. The English, during the night, made frequent thanksgivings to the Lord, for the happy issue of the day, and without rioting; for the king had forbidden all riot or noise. On the Sunday morning, there was so great a fog that one could scarcely see the distance of half an acre. The king ordered a detachment from the army, under the command of the two marshals, consisting of about five hundred lances and two thousand archers, to make an excursion, and see if there were any bodies of French collected together. The quota of troops from Rouen and Beauvais, had, this Sunday morning, left Abbeville and St. Ricquier in Ponthieu, to join the French army, and were ignorant of the defeat of the preceding evening: they met this detachment, and, thinking they must be French, hastened to join them.

As soon as the English found who they were, they fell upon them; and there was a sharp engagement; but the French soon turned their backs, and fled in great disorder. There were slain in this flight in the open fields, under hedges and bushes, upward of seven thousand; and had it been clear weather, not one soul would have escaped.

A little time afterwards, this same party fell in with the archbishop of Rouen and the great prior of France, who were also ignorant of the discomfiture of the French: for they had been informed that the king was not to fight before Sunday. Here began a fresh battle: for those two lords were well attended by good men-at-arms; however, they could not withstand the English, but were almost all slain, with the two chiefs who commanded them; very few escaping. In the course of the morning, the English found many Frenchmen who had lost their road on the Saturday, and had lain in the open fields, not knowing what was become of the king, or their own leaders. The English put to the sword all they met: and it has been assured to me for fact, that of foot soldiers, sent from the cities, towns and municipalities, there were slain, this Sunday morning, four times as many as in the battle of Saturday. . . .

The king sent to have the numbers and condition of the dead examined. . . . They made to him a very circumstantial report of all they had observed, and said they had found eighty banners, the bodies of eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and about thirty thousand common men.

DU GUESCLIN AND THE CONDOTTIÈRES.

(From "The White Company.")

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[Arthur Conan Doyle, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar"; "Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

The Ravaged Country.

If it were grim and desolate upon the English border, however, what can describe the hideous barrenness of this ten times harried tract of France? The whole face of the country was scarred and disfigured, mottled over with the black blotches of burned farmsteadings, and the gray, gaunt gable ends of what had been chateaux. Broken fences, crumbling walls, vineyards, littered with stones, the shattered arches of bridges — look where you might, the signs of ruin and rapine met the eye. Here and there only, on the farthest sky line, the gnarled turrets of a castle, or the graceful pinnacles of church or of monastery showed where the forces of the sword or of the spirit had preserved some small islet of security in this universal flood of misery. Moodily and in silence the little party rode along the narrow and irregular track, their hearts weighed down by this far-stretching land of despair. It was indeed a stricken and a blighted country, and a man might have ridden from Auvergne in the north to the marches of Foix, nor ever seen a smiling village or a thriving homestead.

From time to time as they advanced they saw strange lean figures scraping and scratching amid the weeds and thistles, who, on sight of the band of horsemen, threw up their arms and dived in among the brushwood, as shy and as swift as wild

animals. More than once, however, they came on families by the wayside, who were too weak from hunger and disease to fly, so that they could but sit like hares on a tussock, with panting chests and terror in their eyes. So gaunt were these poor folk, so worn and spent — with bent and knotted frames, and sullen, hopeless, mutinous faces — that it made the young Englishman heartsick to look upon them. Indeed, it seemed as though all hope and light had gone so far from them that it was not to be brought back ; for when Sir Nigel threw down a handful of silver among them there came no softening of their lined faces, but they clutched greedily at the coins, peering questioningly at him, and champing with their animal jaws. Here and there amid the brushwood the travelers saw the rude bundle of sticks which served them as a home — more like a fowl's nest than the dwelling place of man. Yet why should they build and strive, when the first adventurer who passed would set torch to their thatch, and when their own feudal lord would wring from them with blows and curses the last fruits of their toil? They sat at the lowest depth of human misery, and hugged a bitter comfort to their souls as they realized that they could go no lower. Yet they had still the human gift of speech, and would take council among themselves in their brushwood hovels, glaring with bleared eyes and pointing with thin fingers at the great widespread chateaux which ate like a cancer into the life of the countryside. When such men, who are beyond hope and fear, begin in their dim minds to see the source of their woes, it may be an evil time for those who have wronged them. The weak man becomes strong when he has nothing, for then only can he feel the wild, mad thrill of despair. High and strong the chateaux, lowly and weak the brushwood hut ; but God help the seigneur and his lady when the men of the brushwood set their hands to the work of revenge !

Sir Tristram de Rochefort, Seneschal of Auvergne and Lord of Villefranche, was a fierce and renowned soldier who had grown gray in the English wars. As lord of the marches and guardian of an exposed countryside, there was little rest for him even in times of so-called peace, and his whole life was spent in raids and outfalls upon the Brabanters, late comers, flayers, free companions, and roving archers who wandered over his province. At times he would come back in triumph, and a

dozen corpses swinging from the summit of his keep would warn evil doers that there was still a law in the land. At others his ventures were not so happy, and he and his troop would spur it over the drawbridge with clatter of hoofs hard at their heels and whistle of arrows about their ears. Hard he was of hand and harder of heart, hated by his foes, and yet not loved by those whom he protected, for twice he had been taken prisoner, and twice his ransom had been wrung by dint of blows and tortures out of the starving peasants and ruined farmers. Wolves or watchdogs, it was hard to say from which the sheep had most to fear.

The Castle of Villefranche was harsh and stern as its master. A broad moat, a high outer wall turreted at the corners, with a great black keep towering above all — so it lay before them in the moonlight. By the light of two flambeaux, protruded through the narrow slit-shaped openings at either side of the ponderous gate, they caught a glimpse of the glitter of fierce eyes and of the gleam of the weapons of the guard. The sight of the two-headed eagle of Du Guesclin, however, was a passport into any fortalice in France, and ere they had passed the gate the old border knight came running forwards with hands outthrown to greet his famous countryman.

The material for a feast was ever at hand in days when, if there was grim want in the cottage, there was at least rude plenty in the castle. Within an hour the guests were seated around a board which creaked under the great pasties and joints of meat, varied by those more dainty dishes in which the French excelled, the spiced ortolan and the truffled beccaficoes. The great fire crackled in the grate, the hooded hawks slept upon their perches, the rough deerhounds with expectant eyes crouched upon the tiled floor; close at the elbows of the guests stood the dapper little lilac-coated pages; the laugh and jest circled round and all was harmony and comfort. Little they recked of the brushwood men who crouched in their rags along the fringe of the forest and looked with wild and haggard eyes at the rich, warm glow which shot a golden bar of light from the high arched windows of the castle.

"These folk here," said the knight of Bohemia, "they do not seem too well fed."

"Ah, canaille!" cried the Lord of Villefranche. "You would scarce credit it, and yet it is sooth that when I was taken at Poictiers it was all that my wife and foster brother could do

to raise the money from them for my ransom. The sulky dogs would rather have three twists of a rack, or the thumbikins for an hour, than pay out a denier for their own feudal father and liege lord. Yet there is not one of them but hath an old stocking full of gold pieces hid away in a snug corner."

"Why do they not buy food then?" asked Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! it seemed to me their bones were breaking through their skin."

"It is their grutching and grumbling that makes them thin. We have a saying here, Sir Nigel, that if you pommel Jacques Bonhomme he will pat you, but if you pat him he will pommel you. Doubtless you find it so in England."

"Ma foi, no!" said Sir Nigel. "I have two Englishmen of this class in my train, who are at this instant, I make little doubt, as full of your wine as any cask in your cellar. He who pommeled them might come by such a pat as he would be likely to remember."

"I cannot understand it," quoth the seneschal, "for the English knights and nobles whom I have met were not men to brook the insolence of the baseborn."

"Perchance, my fair lord, the poor folk are sweeter and of a better countenance in England," laughed the Lady Rochefort. "Mon Dieu! you cannot conceive to yourself how ugly they are! Without hair, without teeth, all twisted and bent; for me, I cannot think how the good God ever came to make such people. I cannot bear it, I, and so my trusty Raoul goes ever before me with a cudgel to drive them from my path."

"Yet they have souls, fair lady, they have souls!" murmured the chaplain, a white-haired man with a weary, patient face.

"So I have heard you tell them," said the lord of the castle; "and for myself, father, though I am a true son of holy Church, yet I think that you were better employed in saying your mass and in teaching the children of my men at arms, than in going over the countryside to put ideas in these folks' heads which would never have been there but for you. I have heard that you have said to them that their souls are as good as ours, and that it is likely that in another life they may stand as high as the oldest blood of Auvergne. For my part, I believe that there are so many worthy knights and gallant gentlemen in heaven who know how such things should be arranged, that there is little fear that we shall find ourselves mixed up with base

roturiers and swineherds. Tell your beads, father, and con your psalter, but do not come between me and those whom the king has given to me!"

"God help them!" cried the old priest. "A higher King than yours has given them to me, and I tell you here in your own castle hall, Sir Tristram de Rochefort, that you have sinned deeply in your dealings with these poor folk, and that the hour will come, and may even now be at hand, when God's hand will be heavy upon you for what you have done." He rose as he spoke, and walked slowly from the room.

"Pest take him!" cried the French knight. "Now, what is a man to do with a priest, Sir Bertrand? — for one can neither fight him like a man nor coax him like a woman."

"By St. Ives! Tristram, this chaplain of yours seems to me to be a worthy man, and you should give heed to his words, for though I care nothing for the curse of a bad pope, it would be a grief to me to have aught but a blessing from a good priest."

"He shall have four silver candlesticks," said the seneschal, moodily. "And yet I would that he would leave the folk alone. You cannot conceive in your mind how stubborn and brainless they are. Mules and pigs are full of reason beside them. God He knows that I have had great patience with them. It was but last week that, having to raise some money, I called up to the castle Jean Goubert, who, as all men know, has a casketful of gold pieces hidden away in some hollow tree. I give you my word that I did not so much as lay a stripe upon his fool's back, but after speaking with him, and telling him how needful the money was to me, I left him for the night to think over the matter in my dungeon. What think you that the dog did? Why, in the morning we found that he had made a rope from strips of his leathern jerkin, and had hung himself to the bar of the window."

"For me, I cannot conceive such wickedness!" cried the lady.

"And there was Gertrude Le Bœuf, as fair a maiden as eye could see, but as bad and bitter as the rest of them. When young Amory de Valance was here last Lammastide, he looked kindly upon the girl, and even spoke of taking her into his service. What does she do, with her dog of a father? Why, they tie themselves together and leap into the Linden Pool, where the water is five spears' lengths deep. I give you my word that

it was a great grief to young Amory, and it was days ere he could cast it from his mind. But how can one serve people who are so foolish and so ungrateful?"

How the Brushwood Men came to the Chateau of Villefranche.

It was late ere Alleyne Edricson, having carried Sir Nigel the goblet of spiced wine which it was his custom to drink after the curling of his hair, was able at last to seek his chamber. It was a stone-flagged room upon the second floor, with a bed in a recess for him, and two smaller pallets on the other side, on which Aylward and Hordle John were already snoring. Alleyne had knelt down to his evening orisons, when there came a tap at his door, and Ford entered with a small lamp in his hand. His face was deadly pale, and his hand shook until the shadows flickered up and down the wall.

"What is it, Ford?" cried Alleyne, springing to his feet.

"I can scarce tell you," said he, sitting down on the side of the couch, and resting his chin upon his hand. "I know not what to say or what to think."

"Has aught befallen you, then?"

"Yes, or I have been slave to my own fancy. I tell you, lad, that I am all undone, like a fretted bowstring. Hark hither, Alleyne! it cannot be that you have forgotten little Tita, the daughter of the old glass stainer at Bordeaux?"

"I remember her well."

"She and I, Alleyne, broke the lucky groat together ere we parted, and she wears my ring upon her finger. 'Caro mio,' quoth she when last we parted, 'I shall be near thee in the wars, and thy danger will be my danger.' Alleyne, as God is my help, as I came up the stairs this night I saw her stand before me, her face in tears, her hands out as though in warning —I saw it, Alleyne, even as I see those two archers upon their couches. Our very finger tips seemed to meet, ere she thinned away like a mist in the sunshine."

"I would not give overmuch thought to it," answered Alleyne. "Our minds will play us strange pranks."

Ford shook his head. "I saw little Tita as clearly as though I were back at the Rue des Apôtres at Bordeaux," said he. "But the hour is late, and I must go."

"Where do you sleep, then?"

"In the chamber above you. May the saints be with us all!" He rose from the couch and left the chamber, while Alleyne could hear his feet sounding upon the winding stair. The young squire walked across to the window and gazed out at the moonlit landscape.

The window at which he stood was in the second floor of that portion of the castle which was nearest to the keep. In front lay the broad moat, with the moon lying upon its surface, now clear and round, now drawn lengthwise as the breeze stirred the waters. Beyond, the plain sloped down to a thick wood, while further to the left a second wood shut out the view. Between the two an open glade stretched, silvered in the moonshine, with the river curving across the lower end of it.

As he gazed, he saw of a sudden a man steal forth from the wood into the open clearing. He walked with his head sunk, his shoulders curved, and his knees bent, as one who strives hard to remain unseen. Ten paces from the fringe of trees he glanced around, and waving his hand he crouched down, and was lost to sight among a belt of furze bushes. After him there came a second man, and after him a third, a fourth, and a fifth, stealing across the narrow open space and darting into the shelter of the brushwood. Nine and seventy Alleyne counted of these dark figures flitting across the line of the moonlight. Many bore huge burdens upon their backs, though what it was that they carried he could not tell at the distance. Out of the one wood and into the other they passed, all with the same crouching, furtive gait, until the black bristle of trees had swallowed up the last of them.

For a moment Alleyne stood in the window, still staring down at the silent forest, uncertain as to what he should think of these midnight walkers. Then he bethought him that there was one beside him who was fitter to judge on such a matter. His fingers had scarce rested upon Aylward's shoulder ere the bowman was on his feet, with his hand outstretched to his sword.

"Qui va?" he cried. "Holà! mon petit. By my hilt! I thought there had been a camisade. What then, mon gar.?"

"Come hither by the window, Aylward," said Alleyne. "I have seen fourscore men pass from yonder shaw across the glade, and nigh every man of them had a great burden on his back. What think you of it?"

"I think nothing of it, mon camarade! There are as many

masterless folk in this country as there are rabbits on Cowdray Down, and there are many who show their faces by night but would dance in a hempen collar if they stirred forth in the day. On all the French marches are droves of outcasts, reivers, spoilers, and drawlatches, of whom I judge that these are some, though I marvel that they should dare to come so nigh to the castle of the seneschal. All seems very quiet now," he added, peering out of the window.

"They are in the further wood," said Alleyne.

"And there they may bide. Back to rest, mon petit; for, by my hilt! each day now will bring its own work. Yet it would be well to shoot the bolt in yonder door when one is in strange quarters. So!" He threw himself down upon his pallet and in an instant was fast asleep.

It might have been about three o'clock in the morning when Alleyne was aroused from a troubled sleep by a low cry or exclamation. He listened, but, as he heard no more, he set it down as the challenge of the guard upon the walls, and dropped off to sleep once more. A few minutes later he was disturbed by a gentle creaking of his own door, as though some one were pushing cautiously against it, and immediately afterwards he heard the soft thud of cautious footsteps upon the stair which led to the room above, followed by a confused noise and a muffled groan. Alleyne sat up on his couch with all his nerves in a tingle, uncertain whether these sounds might come from a simple cause — some sick archer and visiting leech perhaps — or whether they might have a more sinister meaning. But what danger could threaten them here in this strong castle, under the care of famous warriors, with high walls and a broad moat around them? Who was there that could injure them? He had well-nigh persuaded himself that his fears were a foolish fancy, when his eyes fell upon that which sent the blood cold to his heart, and left him gasping, with hands clutching at the counterpane.

Right in front of him was the broad window of the chamber, with the moon shining brightly through it. For an instant something had obscured the light, and now a head was bobbing up and down outside, the face looking in at him, and swinging slowly from one side of the window to the other. Even in that dim light there could be no mistaking those features. Drawn, distorted, and blood-stained, they were still those of the young fellow-squire who had sat so recently upon his own

couch. With a cry of horror Alleyne sprang from his bed and rushed to the casement, while the two archers, aroused by the sound, seized their weapons and stared about them in bewilderment. One glance was enough to show Edricson that his fears were but too true. Foully murdered, with a score of wounds upon him and a rope round his neck, his poor friend had been cast from the upper window and swung slowly in the night wind, his body rasping against the wall and his disfigured face upon a level with the casement.

"My God!" cried Alleyne, shaking in every limb. "What has come upon us? What devil's deed is this?"

"Here is flint and steel," said John, stolidly. "The lamp, Aylward! This moonshine softens a man's heart. Now we may use the eyes which God hath given us."

"By my hilt!" cried Aylward, as the yellow flame flickered up, "it is indeed young Master Ford, and I think that this seneschal is a black villain, who dare not face us in the day but would murther us in our sleep. By the twang of string! if I do not soak a goose's feather with his heart's blood, it will be no fault of Samkin Aylward of the White Company."

"But, Aylward, think of the men whom I saw yesternight," said Alleyne. "It may not be the seneschal. It may be that others have come into the castle. I must to Sir Nigel ere it be too late. Let me go, Aylward, for my place is by his side."

"One moment, mon gar. Put that steel headpiece on the end of my yew stave. So! I will put it first through the door; for it is ill to come out when you can neither see nor guard yourself. Now, camarades, out swords and stand ready! Holà, by my hilt! it is time that we were stirring!"

As he spoke, a sudden shouting broke forth in the castle, with the scream of a woman and the rush of many feet. Then came the sharp clink of clashing steel, and a roar like that of an angry lion — "Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!" The bowman pulled back the bolt of the door, and thrust out the headpiece at the end of the bow. A clash, the clatter of the steel cap upon the ground, and, ere the man who struck could heave up for another blow, the archer had passed his sword through his body. "On, camarades, on!" he cried; and, breaking fiercely past two men who threw themselves in his way, he sped down the broad corridor in the direction of the shouting.

A sharp turning, and then a second one, brought them to

the head of a short stair, from which they looked straight down upon the scene of the uproar. A square oak-floored hall lay beneath them, from which opened the doors of the principal guest chambers. This hall was as light as day, for torches burned in numerous sconces upon the walls, throwing strange shadows from the tusked or antlered heads which ornamented them. At the very foot of the stair, close to the open door of their chamber, lay the seneschal and his wife: she with her head shorn from her shoulders, he thrust through with a sharpened stake, which still protruded from either side of his body. Three servants of the castle lay dead beside them, all torn and draggled, as though a pack of wolves had been upon them. In front of the central guest chamber stood Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel, half-clad and unarmored, with the mad joy of battle gleaming in their eyes. Their heads were thrown back, their lips compressed, their blood-stained swords poised over their right shoulders, and their left feet thrown out. Three dead men lay huddled together in front of them; while a fourth, with the blood squirting from a severed vessel, lay back with updrawn knees, breathing in wheezy gasps. Further back — all panting together, like the wind in a tree — there stood a group of fierce, wild creatures, bare-armed and bare-legged, gaunt, unshaven, with deep-set murderous eyes and wild beast faces. With their flashing teeth, their bristling hair, their mad leapings and screamings, they seemed to Alleyne more like fiends from the pit than men of flesh and blood. Even as he looked, they broke into a hoarse yell and dashed once more upon the two knights, hurling themselves madly upon their sword points; clutching, scrambling, biting, tearing, careless of wounds if they could but drag the two soldiers to earth. Sir Nigel was thrown down by the sheer weight of them, and Sir Bertrand with his thunderous war cry was swinging round his heavy sword to clear a space for him to rise, when the whistle of two long English arrows, and the rush of the squire and the two English archers down the stairs, turned the tide of the combat. The assailants gave back, the knights rushed forward, and in a very few moments the hall was cleared, and Hordle John had hurled the last of the wild men down the steep steps which led from the end of it.

"Do not follow them," cried Du Guesclin. "We are lost if we scatter. For myself I care not a denier, though it is a poor thing to meet one's end at the hands of such scum; but

I have my dear lady here, who must by no means be risked. We have breathing space now, and I would ask you, Sir Nigel, what it is that you would counsel?"

"By St. Paul!" answered Sir Nigel, "I can by no means understand what hath befallen us, save that I have been woken up by your battle cry, and, rushing forth, found myself in the midst of this small bickering. Harrow and alas for the lady and the seneschal! What dogs are they who have done this bloody deed?"

"They are the Jacks, the men of the brushwood. They have the castle, though I know not how it hath come to pass. Look from this window into the bailey."

"By heaven!" cried Sir Nigel, "it is as bright as day with the torches. The gates stand open, and there are three thousand of them within the walls. See how they rush and scream and wave! What is it that they thrust out through the postern door? My God! it is a man at arms, and they pluck him limb from limb, like hounds on a wolf. Now another, and yet another. They hold the whole castle, for I see their faces at the windows. See, there are some with great bundles on their backs."

"It is dried wood from the forest. They pile them against the walls and set them in a blaze. Who is this who tries to check them? By St. Ives! it is the good priest who spake for them in the hall. He kneels, he prays, he implores! What! villains, would ye raise hands against those who have befriended you? Ah, the butcher has struck him! He is down! They stamp him under their feet! They tear off his gown and wave it in the air! See now, how the flames lick up the walls! Are there none left to rally round us? With a hundred men we might hold our own."

"Oh, for my Company!" cried Sir Nigel. "But where is Ford, Alleyne?"

"He is foully murdered, my fair lord."

"The saints receive him! May he rest in peace! But here come some at last who may give us counsel, for amid these passages it is ill to stir without a guide."

As he spoke, a French squire and the Bohemian knight came rushing down the steps, the latter bleeding from a slash across his forehead.

"All is lost!" he cried. "The castle is taken and on fire, the seneschal is slain, and there is naught left for us."

"On the contrary," quoth Sir Nigel, "there is much left to us, for there is a very honorable contention before us, and a fair lady for whom to give our lives. There are many ways in which a man might die, but none better than this."

"You can tell us, Godfrey," said Du Guesclin to the French squire: "how came these men into the castle, and what succors can we count upon? By St. Ives! if we come not quickly to some counsel we shall be burned like young rooks in a nest."

The squire, a dark, slender stripling, spoke firmly and quickly, as one who was trained to swift action. "There is a passage under the earth into the castle," said he, "and through it some of the Jacks made their way, casting open the gates for the others. They have had help from within the walls, and the men at arms were heavy with wine: they must have been slain in their beds, for these devils crept from room to room with soft step and ready knife. Sir Amory the Hospitaler was struck down with an ax as he rushed before us from his sleeping chamber. Save only ourselves, I do not think that there are any left alive."

"What, then, would you counsel?"

"That we make for the keep. It is unused, save in time of war, and the key hangs from my poor lord and master's belt."

"There are two keys there."

"It is the larger. Once there, we might hold the narrow stair; and at least, as the walls are of a greater thickness, it would be longer ere they could burn them. Could we but carry the lady across the bailey, all might be well with us."

"Nay; the lady hath seen something of the work of war," said Tiphaine, coming forth, as white, as grave, and as unmoved as ever. "I would not be a hamper to you, my dear spouse and gallant friend. Rest assured of this, that if all else fail I have always a safeguard here" — drawing a small silver-hilted poniard from her bosom — "which sets me beyond the fear of these vile and blood-stained wretches."

"Tiphaine," cried Du Guesclin, "I have always loved you; and now, by Our Lady of Rennes! I love you more than ever. Did I not know that your hand will be as ready as your words, I would myself turn my last blow upon you, ere you should fall into their hands. Lead on, Godfrey! A new golden pyx will shine in the minster of Dinan if we come safely through with it."

The attention of the insurgents had been drawn away from murder to plunder, and all over the castle might be heard their

cries and whoops of delight as they dragged forth the rich tapestries, the silver flagons, and the carved furniture. Down in the courtyard half-clad wretches, their bare limbs all mottled with blood stains, strutted about with plumed helmets upon their heads, or with the Lady Rochefort's silken gowns girt round their loins and trailing on the ground behind them. Casks of choice wine had been rolled out from the cellars, and starving peasants squatted, goblet in hand, draining off vintages which De Rochefort had set aside for noble and royal guests. Others, with slabs of bacon and joints of dried meat upon the ends of their pikes, held them up to the blaze or tore at them ravenously with their teeth. Yet all order had not been lost amongst them, for some hundreds of the better armed stood together in a silent group, leaning upon their rude weapons and looking up at the fire, which had spread so rapidly as to involve one whole side of the castle. Already Alleyne could hear the crackling and roaring of the flames, while the air was heavy with heat and full of the pungent whiff of burning wood.

How Five Men held the Keep of Villefranche.

Under the guidance of the French squire the party passed down two narrow corridors. The first was empty, but at the head of the second stood a peasant sentry, who started off at the sight of them, yelling loudly to his comrades. "Stop him, or we are undone!" cried Du Guesclin, and had started to run, when Aylward's great war bow twanged like a harp string, and the man fell forward upon his face, with twitching limbs and clutching fingers. Within five paces of where he lay a narrow and little-used door led out into the bailey. From beyond it came such a Babel of hooting and screaming, horrible oaths and yet more horrible laughter, that the stoutest heart might have shrunk from casting down the frail barrier which faced them.

"Make straight for the keep!" said Du Guesclin, in a sharp, stern whisper. "The two archers in front, the lady in the center, a squire on either side, while we three knights shall bide behind and beat back those who press upon us. So! Now open the door, and God have us in His holy keeping!"

For a few moments it seemed that their object would be attained without danger, so swift and so silent had been their movements. They were halfway across the bailey ere the frantic, howling peasants made a movement to stop them. The

few who threw themselves in their way were overpowered or brushed aside, while the pursuers were beaten back by the ready weapons of the three cavaliers. Unscathed they fought their way to the door of the keep, and faced round upon the swarming mob, while the squire thrust the great key into the lock.

"My God!", he cried, "it is the wrong key."

"The wrong key!"

"Dolt, fool that I am! This is the key of the castle gate; the other opens the keep. I must back for it!" He turned, with some wild intention of retracing his steps, but at the instant a great jagged rock, hurled by a brawny peasant, struck him full upon the ear, and he dropped senseless to the ground.

"This is key enough for me!" quoth Hordle John, picking up the huge stone, and hurling it against the door with all the strength of his enormous body. The lock shivered, the wood smashed, the stone flew into five pieces, but the iron clamps still held the door in its position. Bending down, he thrust his great fingers under it, and with a heave raised the whole mass of wood and iron from its hinges. For a moment it tottered and swayed, and then, falling outward, buried him in its ruin, while his comrades rushed into the dark archway which led to safety.

"Up the steps, Tiphaine!" cried Du Guesclin. "Now round, friends, and beat them back!" The mob of peasants had surged in upon their heels, but the two trustiest blades in Europe gleamed upon that narrow stair, and four of their number dropped upon the threshold. The others gave back, and gathered in a half-circle round the open door, gnashing their teeth and shaking their clenched hands at the defenders. The body of the French squire had been dragged out by them and hacked to pieces. Three or four others had pulled John from under the door, when he suddenly bounded to his feet, and clutching one in either hand dashed them together with such force that they fell senseless across each other upon the ground. With a kick and a blow he freed himself from two others who clung to him, and in a moment he was within the portal with his comrades.

Yet their position was a desperate one. The peasants from far and near had been assembled for this deed of vengeance, and not less than six thousand were within or around the walls of the Chateau of Villefranche. Ill armed and half starved, they

were still desperate men, to whom danger had lost all fears: for what was death that they should shun it to cling to such a life as theirs? The castle was theirs, and the roaring flames were spurting through the windows and flickering high above the turrets on two sides of the quadrangle. From either side they were sweeping down from room to room and from bastion to bastion in the direction of the keep. Faced by an army, and girt in by fire, were six men and one woman; but some of them were men so trained to danger and so wise in war that even now the combat was less unequal than it seemed. Courage and resource were penned in by desperation and numbers, while the great yellow sheets of flame threw their lurid glare over the scene of death.

"There is but space for two upon a step to give free play to our sword arms," said Du Guesclin. "Do you stand with me, Nigel, upon the lowest. France and England will fight together this night. Sir Otto, I pray you to stand behind us with this young squire. The archers may go higher yet and shoot over our heads. I would that we had our harness, Nigel."

"Often have I heard my dear Sir John Chandos say that a knight should never, even when a guest, be parted from it. Yet it will be more honor to us if we come well out of it. We have a vantage, since we see them against the light and they can scarce see us. It seems to me that they muster for an onslaught."

"If we can but keep them in play," said the Bohemian, "it is likely that these flames may bring us succor if there be any true men in the country."

"Bethink you, my fair lord," said Alleyne to Sir Nigel, "that we have never injured these men, nor have we cause of quarrel against them. Would it not be well, if but for the lady's sake, to speak them fair and see if we may not come to honorable terms with them?"

"Not so, by St. Paul!" cried Sir Nigel. "It does not accord with mine honor, nor shall it ever be said that I, a knight of England, was ready to hold parley with men who have slain a fair lady and a holy priest."

"As well hold parley with a pack of ravening wolves," said the French captain. "Ha! Notre Dame Du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!"

As he thundered forth his war cry, the Jacks who had

been gathering before the black arch of the gateway rushed in madly in a desperate effort to carry the staircase. Their leaders were a small man, dark in the face, with his beard done up in two plaits, and another larger man, very bowed in the shoulders, with a huge club studded with sharp nails in his hand. The first had not taken three steps ere an arrow from Aylward's bow struck him full in the chest, and he fell coughing and spluttering across the threshold. The other rushed onwards, and breaking between Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel he dashed out the brains of the Bohemian with a single blow of his clumsy weapon. With three swords through him he still struggled on, and had almost won his way through them ere he fell dead upon the stair. Close at his heels came a hundred furious peasants, who flung themselves again and again against the five swords which confronted them. It was cut and parry and stab as quick as eye could see or hand act. The door was piled with bodies, and the stone floor was slippery with blood. The deep shout of Du Guesclin, the hard, hissing breath of the pressing multitude, the clatter of steel, the thud of falling bodies, and the screams of the stricken, made up such a medley as came often in after years to break upon Alleyne's sleep. Slowly and sullenly at last the throng drew off, with many a fierce backward glance, while eleven of their number lay huddled in front of the stair which they had failed to win.

"The dogs have had enough," said Du Guesclin.

"By St. Paul! there appear to be some very worthy and valiant persons among them," observed Sir Nigel. "They are men from whom, had they been of better birth, much honor and advancement might be gained. Even as it is, it is a great pleasure to have seen them. But what is this that they are bringing forward?"

"It is as I feared," growled Du Guesclin. "They will burn us out, since they cannot win their way past us. Shoot straight and hard, archers; for, by St. Ives! our good swords are of little use to us."

As he spoke, a dozen men rushed forward, each screening himself behind a huge fardel of brushwood. Hurling their burdens in one vast heap within the portal, they threw burning torches upon the top of it. The wood had been soaked in oil, for in an instant it was ablaze, and a long, hissing yellow flame licked over the heads of the defenders, and drove them further up to the first floor of the keep. They had scarce reached it,

however, ere they found that the wooden joists and planks of the flooring were already on fire. Dry and worm eaten, a spark upon them became a smolder, and a smolder a blaze. A choking smoke filled the air, and the five could scarce grope their way to the staircase which led up to the very summit of the square tower.

Strange was the scene which met their eyes from this eminence. Beneath them on every side stretched the long sweep of peaceful country, rolling plain, and tangled wood, all softened and mellowed in the silver moonshine. No light, nor movement, nor any sign of human aid could be seen, but far away the hoarse clangor of a heavy bell rose and fell upon the winter air. Beneath and around them blazed the huge fire, roaring and crackling on every side of the bailey, and even as they looked the two corner turrets fell with a deafening crash, and the whole castle was but a shapeless mass, spouting flames and smoke from every window and embrasure. The great black tower upon which they stood rose like a last island of refuge amid this sea of fire; but the ominous crackling and roaring below showed that it would not be long ere it was engulfed also in the common ruin. At their very feet was the square courtyard, crowded with the howling and dancing peasants, their fierce faces upturned, their clenched hands waving, all drunk with bloodshed and with vengeance. A yell of execration and a scream of hideous laughter burst from the vast throng, as they saw the faces of the last survivors of their enemies peering down at them from the height of the keep. They still piled the brushwood round the base of the tower, and gamboled hand in hand around the blaze, screaming out the doggerel lines which had long been the watchword of the Jacquerie: —

> Cessez, cessez, gens d'armes et piétons,
> De piller et manger le bonhomme,
> Qui de longtemps Jacques Bonhomme
> Se nomme.

Their thin, shrill voices rose high above the roar of the flames and the crash of the masonry, like the yelping of a pack of wolves who see their quarry before them and know that they have well-nigh run him down.

"By my hilt!" said Aylward to John, "it is in my mind that we shall not see Spain this journey. It is a great joy to

me that I have placed my feather bed and other things of price with that worthy woman at Lyndhurst, who will now have the use of them. I have thirteen arrows yet, and if one of them fly unfleshed, then, by the twang of string ! I shall deserve my doom. First at him who flaunts with my lady's silken frock. Clap in the clout, by God ! though a hand's breadth lower than I had meant. Now for the rogue with the head upon his pike. Ha ! to the inch, John. When my eye is true, I am better at rovers than at long-butts or hoyles. A good shoot for you also, John ! The villain hath fallen forward into the fire. But I pray you, John, to loose gently, and not to pluck with the drawing hand, for it is a trick that hath marred many a fine bowman."

Whilst the two archers were keeping up a brisk fire upon the mob beneath them, Du Guesclin and his lady were consulting with Sir Nigel upon their desperate situation.

"'Tis a strange end for one who has seen so many stricken fields," said the French chieftain. "For me one death is as another, but it is the thought of my sweet lady which goes to my heart."

"Nay, Bertrand, I fear it as little as you," said she. "Had I my dearest wish, it would be that we should go together."

"Well answered, fair lady !" cried Sir Nigel. "And very sure I am that my own sweet wife would have said the same. If the end be now come, I have had great good fortune in having lived in times when so much glory was to be won, and in knowing so many valiant gentlemen and knights. But why do you pluck my sleeve, Alleyne."

"If it please you, my fair lord, there are in this corner two great tubes of iron, with many heavy balls, which may perchance be those bombards and shot of which I have heard."

"By St. Ives ! it is true," cried Sir Bertrand, striding across to the recess where the ungainly, funnel-shaped, thick-ribbed engines were standing. "Bombards they are, and of good size. We may shoot down upon them."

"Shoot with them, quotha ?" cried Aylward in high disdain, for pressing danger is the great leveler of classes. "How is a man to take aim with these fool's toys, and how can he hope to do scath with them ?"

"I will show you," answered Sir Nigel ; "for here is the great box of powder, and if you will raise it for me, John, I

will show you how it may be used. Come hither, where the folk are thickest round the fire. Now, Aylward, crane thy neck and see what would have been deemed an old wife's tale when we first turned our faces to the wars. Throw back the lid, John, and drop the box into the fire!"

A deafening roar, a fluff of bluish light, and the great square tower rocked and trembled from its very foundations, swaying this way and that like a reed in the wind. Amazed and dizzy, the defenders, clutching at the cracking parapets for support, saw great stones, burning beams of wood, and mangled bodies hurtling past them through the air. When they staggered to their feet once more, the whole keep had settled down upon one side, so that they could scarce keep their footing upon the sloping platform. Gazing over the edge, they looked down upon the horrible destruction which had been caused by the explosion. For forty yards round the portal the ground was black with writhing, screaming figures, who struggled up and hurled themselves down again, tossing this way and that, sightless, scorched, with fire bursting from their tattered clothing. Beyond this circle of death their comrades, bewildered and amazed, cowered away from this black tower and from these invincible men, who were most to be dreaded when hope was furthest from their hearts.

"A sally, Du Guesclin, a sally!" cried Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! they are in two minds, and a bold rush may turn them." He drew his sword as he spoke and darted down the winding stairs, closely followed by his four comrades. Ere he was at the first floor, however, he threw up his arms and stopped. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "we are lost men!"

"What then?" cried those behind him.

"The wall hath fallen in, the stair is blocked, and the fire still rages below. By St. Paul! friends, we have fought a very honorable fight, and may say in all humbleness that we have done our devoir, but I think that we may now go back to the Lady Tiphaine and say our orisons, for we have played our parts in this world, and it is time that we made ready for another."

The narrow pass was blocked by huge stones littered in wild confusion over each other, with the blue choking smoke reeking up through the crevices. The explosion had blown in the wall and cut off the only path by which they could

descend. Pent in, a hundred feet from earth, with a furnace raging under them and a ravening multitude all round who thirsted for their blood, it seemed indeed as though no men had ever come through such peril with their lives. Slowly they made their way back to the summit, but as they came out upon it the Lady Tiphaine darted forward and caught her husband by the wrist.

"Bertrand," said she, "hush and listen! I have heard the voices of men all singing together in a strange tongue."

Breathless they stood and silent, but no sound came up to them, save the roar of the flames and the clamor of their enemies.

"It cannot be, lady," said Du Guesclin. "This night hath overwrought you, and your senses play you false. What men are there in this country who would sing in a strange tongue?"

"Holà!" yelled Aylward, leaping suddenly into the air with waving hands and joyous face. "I thought I heard it ere we went down, and now I hear it again. We are saved, comrades! By these ten finger bones, we are saved! It is the marching song of the White Company. Hush!"

With upraised forefinger and slanting head, he stood listening. Suddenly there came swelling up a deep-voiced, rollicking chorus from somewhere out of the darkness. Never did choice or dainty ditty of Provence or Languedoc sound more sweetly in the ears than did the rough-tongued Saxon to the six who strained their ears from the blazing keep: —

We'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose flew.

"Ha, by my hilt!" shouted Aylward, "it is the dear old bow song of the Company. Here come two hundred as tight lads as ever twirled a shaft over their thumb nails. Hark to the dogs, how lustily they sing!"

Nearer and clearer, swelling up out of the night, came the gay marching lilt: —

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England.
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;

For men who are free
Love the old yew tree
  And the land where the yew tree grows.
What of the men?
  The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
  The lads of the dale and fell,
Here's to you and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
  And the land where the true hearts dwell.

"They sing very joyfully," said Du Guesclin, "as though they were going to a festival."

"It is their wont when there is work to be done."

"By St. Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, "it is in my mind that they come too late, for I cannot see how we are to come down from this tower."

"There they come, the hearts of gold!" cried Aylward. "See, they move out from the shadow. Now they cross the meadow. They are on the further side of the moat. Holà, camarades, holà! Johnston, Eccles, Cooke, Harward, Bligh! Would ye see a fair lady and two gallant knights done foully to death?"

"Who is there?" shouted a deep voice from below. "Who is this who speaks with an English tongue?"

"It is I, old lad. It is Sam Aylward of the Company; and here is your captain, Sir Nigel Loring, and four others, all laid out to be grilled like an Easterling's herrings."

"Curse me if I did not think that it was the style of speech of old Samkin Aylward," said the voice, amid a buzz from the ranks. "Wherever there are knocks going there is Sammy in the heart of it. But who are these ill-faced rogues who block the path? To your kennels, canaille! What! you dare look us in the eyes? Out swords, lads, and give them the flat of them! Waste not your shafts upon such runagate knaves."

There was little fight left in the peasants, however, still dazed by the explosion, amazed at their own losses, and disheartened by the arrival of the disciplined archers. In a very few minutes they were in full flight for their brushwood homes,

leaving the morning sun to rise upon a blackened and blood-stained ruin, where it had left the night before the magnificent castle of the Seneschal of Auvergne. Already the white lines in the east were deepening into pink as the archers gathered round the keep and took counsel how to rescue the survivors.

"Had we a rope," said Alleyne, "there is one side which is not yet on fire, down which we might slip."

"But how to get a rope?"

"It is an old trick," quoth Aylward. "Holà! Johnston, cast me up a rope, even as you did at Maupertius in the war time."

The grizzled archer thus addressed took several lengths of rope from his comrades, and knotting them firmly together, he stretched them out in the long shadow which the rising sun threw from the frowning keep. Then he fixed the yew stave of his bow upon end and measured the long, thin, black line which it threw upon the turf.

"A six-foot stave throws a twelve-foot shadow," he muttered. "The keep throws a shadow of sixty paces. Thirty paces of rope will be enow and to spare. Another strand, Watkin! Now pull at the end that all may be safe. So! It is ready for them."

"But how are they to reach it?" asked the young archer beside him.

"Watch and see, young fool's head," growled the old bowman. He took a long string from his pouch and fastened one end to an arrow.

"All ready, Samkin?"

"Ready, camarade."

"Close to your hand, then." With an easy pull he sent the shaft flickering gently up, falling upon the stonework within a foot of where Aylward was standing. The other end was secured to the rope, so that in a minute a good strong cord was dangling from the only sound side of the blazing and shattered tower. The Lady Tiphaine was lowered with a noose drawn fast under the arms, and the other five slid swiftly down, amid the cheers and joyous outcry of their rescuers.

Romeo and Juliet

From the painting by William Miller

ROMEO AND JULIET.

By SHAKESPEARE.

[This story is a real tradition of Italian family feuds, assigned to the fourteenth century. Verona has a monument commemorating it.]

Scene: Capulet's Garden. Enter Romeo.

Romeo —

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. —
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were! —
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,
O, that I were a glove upon that hand!
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet — Ah me!

Romeo — She speaks: —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet —

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo —
Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Juliet —
'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy; —
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Romeo — I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet —
What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo — By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Juliet —
My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Romeo —
Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Juliet —
How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo —
With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Juliet —
If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Romeo —

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet —

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Romeo —

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Juliet —

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Romeo —

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet —

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say — Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo —

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Juliet —

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo —

What shall I swear by?

Juliet — Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Romeo — If my heart's dear love—

Juliet —

Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say — It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Romeo —

O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet —

What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Romeo —

The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet —

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo —

Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet —

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Romeo —

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Reënter JULIET, *above.*

Juliet —
Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world: —
Nurse [*within*] —
Madam.
Juliet —
I come, anon: — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —
Nurse [*within*] —
Madam.
Juliet — By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Romeo — So thrive my soul, —
Juliet —
A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*
Romeo —
A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. —
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Reënter JULIET, *above.*

Juliet —
Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo —
It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Juliet —
Romeo!
Romeo — My sweet!
Juliet — At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Romeo — At the hour of nine.

Juliet —
I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Romeo —
Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Juliet —
I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Romeo —
And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Juliet —
'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Romeo —
I would, I were thy bird.
Juliet — Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say — good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Romeo —
Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! —
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Scene : Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Friar —
So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not.
Romeo —
Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Friar —
These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Juliet —
Good even to my ghostly cónfessor.

Friar —
Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet —
As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Romeo —
Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet —
Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar —
Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

Scene : Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Juliet —
Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo —

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet —

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo —

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow!
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet —

It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too;
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Romeo —

More light and light? — more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse —

Madam!

Juliet —

Nurse?

Nurse —

Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Juliet —

Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Romeo —

Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[ROMEO *descends.*

Juliet —

Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days;
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Romeo —

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet —

O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Romeo —

I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet —

O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Romeo —

And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you.
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

GESTA ROMANORUM.

[*I.e.*, "Deeds of the Romans": a name probably fitting well enough the original form of the collection, — stories of the classics, with morals attached, — but irrelevant to what it finally became, a volume of moralized tales from many sources, to inculcate Christianity and especially deference to all members and requirements of the ecclesiastical system. It probably took shape in its present form early in the fourteenth century.]

OF FIDELITY.

THE subject of a certain king fell into the hands of pirates, and wrote to his father for ransom. But the father would not redeem him; so the youth wasted away in prison. Now, he who detained him in chains had a daughter of great beauty and virtue. She was at this time in her twentieth year, and

frequently visited the young man with the hope of alleviating his griefs. But he was too disconsolate to hearken.

It one day fell out that, while the damsel was with him, the youth said to her, "Oh, that you would try to set me free, kind maiden!" She replied, "But how am I to effect it? Thy father, thine own father, will not ransom thee; on what ground then should I, a stranger, attempt it? And suppose that I were induced to do so, I should incur the wrath of my parent, because thine denies the price of thy redemption. Nevertheless, on one condition thou shalt be liberated." "Kind damsel," returned he, "impose what thou wilt; so that it be possible, I will accomplish it." "Promise, then," said she, "to marry me, whenever an opportunity may occur." "I promise," said the youth, joyfully, "and plight thee a faith that shall never be broken."

The girl straightway set him free from his bonds, without her father's knowledge, and fled with him to his own country. When they arrived, the father of the youth welcomed him, and said, "Son, I am overjoyed at thy return; but who is the lady under thy escort?" He replied, "It is the daughter of a king, to whom I am betrothed." The father returned, "On pain of losing thy inheritance, I charge thee, marry her not." "My father," exclaimed the youth, "what hast thou said? My obligations to her are greater than they are to you; for when imprisoned and fettered by my enemy, I implored you to ransom me; but you would not. Now, she not only released me from prison, but from deadly peril — and, therefore, I am resolved to marry her."

The father answered: "Son, I tell thee that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently ought not to espouse her. She deceived her own father, when she liberated thee from prison; for this did her father lose the price of thy ransom. Therefore, I am of opinion that thou canst not confide in her, and consequently ought not to espouse her.[1] Besides, there is another reason. It is true she liberated thee, but it was for the gratification of her passions, and in order to oblige thee to marry her. And since an unworthy passion was the source of thy liberty, I think she ought not to be thy wife."

[1] "Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceived her father, and may thee."
Othello, Act. i. Sc. 3.

When the lady heard such reasons assigned, she answered, "To your first objection, that I deceived my own parent, I reply that it is not true. He deceives who takes away or diminishes a certain good. But my father is so rich that he needs not any addition. When, therefore, I had maturely weighed this matter, I procured the young man's freedom. And if my father had received a ransom for him, he had been but little richer; while you would have been utterly impoverished. Now, in acting thus, I have served you, who refused the ransom, and have done no injury to my parent. As for your last objection, that an unworthy passion urged me to do this, I assert that it is false. Feelings of such a nature arise either from great personal beauty, or from wealth, or honors; or finally, from a robust appearance. None of which qualities your son possessed. For imprisonment had destroyed his beauty; and he had not sufficient wealth even to effect his liberation; while much anxiety had worn away his strength, and left him emaciated and sickly. Therefore, compassion rather persuaded me to free him."

When the father had heard this, he could object nothing more. So his son married the lady with very great pomp, and closed his life in peace.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the son captured by pirates is the whole human race, led by the sin of our first parent into the prison of the devil — that is, into his power. The father who would not redeem him is the world, which aids not man's escape from the evil one, but rather loves to detain him in thraldom. The daughter who visited him in prison is the Divinity of Christ united to the soul; who sympathized with the human species — and who, after his passion, descended into hell and freed us from the chains of the devil. But the celestial Father had no occasion for wealth, because He is infinitely rich and good. Therefore Christ, moved with compassion, came down from heaven to visit us, and took upon Himself our form, and required no more than to be united in the closest bonds with man. So Hosea ii.: "I will marry her to me in faithfulness." But our father, the world, whom many obey, ever murmurs and objects to this. "If thou unitest thyself to God, thou shalt lose my inheritance" — that is the inheritance of this world; because

it is "impossible to serve God and mammon." Matt. vi.: "He who shall leave father, or mother, or wife, or country for my sake, he shall receive an hundredfold, and possess everlasting life." Which may Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, vouchsafe to bestow upon us; who with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

Of remembering Death, and forgetting Things Temporal.

There was an image in the city of Rome standing in an erect posture, with the dexter hand outstretched; and upon the middle finger was written, "Strike here." The image stood a long time in this manner, and no one understood what the inscription signified. It was much wondered at, and commented on; but this was all, for they invariably departed as wise as they came. At last, a certain subtle clerk, hearing of the image, felt anxious to see it; and when he had done so, he observed the superscription, "*Strike here.*' He noticed that when the sun shone upon the image, the outstretched finger was discernible in the lengthened shadow. After a little consideration he took a spade, and where the shadow ceased, dug to the depth of about three feet. This brought him to a number of steps, which led into a subterranean cavity. Not a little exhilarated with his discovery, the clerk prosecuted the adventure.

Descending the steps, he entered the hall of a magnificent palace, in which he perceived a king and a queen and many nobles seated at table, and the hall itself filled with men. They were all habited in costly apparel, and kept the most rigid silence. Looking about, he beheld in one corner of the place a polished stone, called a carbuncle, by the single aid of which the hall was lighted. In the opposite corner stood a man armed with a bow and arrow, in the act of taking aim at the precious stone. Upon his brow was inscribed, "I am what I am: my shaft is inevitable; least of all can yon luminous carbuncle escape its stroke." The clerk, amazed at what he saw, entered the bedchamber, and found a multitude of beautiful women arrayed in purple garments, but not a sound escaped them. From thence he proceeded to the stables, and observed a number of horses and asses in their stalls. He touched them, but they were nothing but stone. He visited

all the various buildings of the palace, and whatsoever his heart desired was to be found there. Returning to the hall, he thought of making good his retreat. "I have seen wonders to-day," said he to himself, "but nobody will credit the relation, unless I carry back with me some incontrovertible testimony."

Casting his eyes upon the highest table, he beheld a quantity of golden cups and beautiful knives, which he approached, and laid his hands upon one of each, designing to carry them away. But no sooner had he placed them in his bosom, than the archer struck the carbuncle with the arrow, and shivered it into a thousand atoms. Instantly the whole building was enveloped in thick darkness, and the clerk, in utter consternation, sought his way back. But being unable, in consequence of the darkness, to discover it, he perished in the greatest misery, amid the mysterious statues of the palace.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the image is the devil; the clerk is any covetous man, who sacrifices himself to the cupidity of his desires. The steps by which he descends are the passions. The archer is death, the carbuncle is human life, and the cup and knife are worldly possessions.

Of the Avaricious Pursuit of Riches, which leads to Hell.

A certain carpenter residing in a city near the sea, very covetous and very wicked, collected a large sum of money, and placed it in the trunk of a tree, which he placed by his fireside, that no one might have any suspicion that it held money. It happened once that, while all his household slept, the sea overflowed its boundaries, broke down that side of the building where the log was situated, and carried it away. It floated many miles, and reached, at length, a city in which there lived a person who kept open house. Arising early in the morning, he perceived the trunk of a tree in the water, and brought it to land, thinking it was nothing but a bit of timber thrown away by some one. He was a liberal, kind-hearted man, and a great benefactor to the poor. It one day chanced

that he entertained some pilgrims in his house; and the weather being extremely cold, he cut up the log for firewood. When he had struck two or three blows with the ax, he heard a rattling sound; and cleaving it in twain, the gold pieces rolled out in every direction. Greatly rejoiced at the discovery, he reposited them in a secure place, until he should ascertain who was the owner.

Now, the carpenter, bitterly lamenting the loss of his money, traveled from place to place in pursuit of it. He came by accident, to the house of the hospitable man who had found the trunk. He failed not to mention the object of his search; and the host, understanding that the money was his, said to himself, "I will prove, if God will, that the money should be returned to him." Accordingly, he made three cakes, the first of which he filled with earth; the second, with the bones of dead men; and in the third, he put a quantity of the gold which he had discovered in the trunk. "Friend," said he, addressing the carpenter, "we will eat three cakes, composed of the best meat in the house. Choose which you will have." The carpenter did as he was directed; he took the cakes and weighed them in his hand, one after another, and finding that with the earth weigh heaviest, he chose it. "And if I want more, my worthy host," added he, "I will have that," laying his hand upon the cake containing the bones. "You may keep the third cake yourself." "I see clearly," murmured the host, "I see very clearly that God does not will the money to be restored to this wretched man." Calling, therefore, the poor and infirm, the blind and the lame, and opening the cake of gold in the presence of the carpenter, to whom he spoke, "Thou miserable varlet, this is thine own gold. But thou preferredst the cake of earth, and dead men's bones. I am persuaded, therefore, that God wills not that I return thee thy money" — without delay, he distributed the whole amongst the paupers, and drove the carpenter away in great tribulation.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the carpenter is any worldly-minded man; the trunk of the tree denotes the human heart, filled with the riches of this life. The host is a wise confessor. The cake of earth is the world; that of the bones of dead men is the flesh; and that of gold is the kingdom of heaven.

Of Feminine Subtlety.

King Darius was a circumspect prince, and had three sons, whom he much loved. On his deathbed he bequeathed the kingdom to his firstborn; to the second, all his own personal acquisitions; and to the third a golden ring, a necklace, and a piece of valuable cloth. The ring had the power to render any one who bore it on his finger beloved; and, moreover, obtained for him whatsoever he sought. The necklace enabled the person who wore it upon his breast to accomplish his heart's desire; and the cloth had such virtue, that whosoever sat upon it and thought where he would be carried, there he instantly found himself. These three gifts the king conferred upon the younger son, for the purpose of aiding his studies; but the mother retained them until he was of a proper age. Soon after the bequests, the old monarch gave up the ghost, and was magnificently buried. The two elder sons then took possession of their legacies, and the mother of the younger delivered to him the ring, with the caution that he should beware of the artifices of women, or he would otherwise lose it. Jonathan (for that was his name) took the ring, and went zealously to his studies, in which he made himself a proficient. But walking on a certain day through the street, he observed a very beautiful woman, with whom he was so much struck, that he took her to him. He continued, however, to use the ring, and found favor with every one, insomuch that whatever he desired he had.

Now, the lady was greatly surprised that he lived so splendidly, having no possessions; and once, when he was particularly exhilarated, tenderly embraced him, and protested that there was not a creature under the sun whom she loved so much as she did him. He ought therefore, she thought, to tell her by what means he supported his magnificence. He, suspecting nothing, explained the virtues of the ring; and she begged that he would be careful of so invaluable a treasure. "But," added she, "in your daily intercourse with men you may lose it: place it in my custody, I beseech you." Overcome by her entreaties, he gave up the ring; and when his necessities came upon him, she asserted loudly that thieves had carried it off.

He lamented bitterly that now he had not any means of subsistence; and, hastening to his mother, stated how he had lost his ring. "My son," said she, "I forewarned you of what would happen, but you have paid no attention to my advice. Here is the necklace; preserve it more carefully. If it be lost, you will forever want a thing of the greatest honor and profit." Jonathan took the necklace, and returned to his studies. At the gate of the city his mistress met him, and received him with the appearance of great joy. He remained with her, wearing the necklace upon his breast; and whatever he thought, he possessed. As before, he lived so gloriously that the lady wondered, well knowing that he had neither gold nor silver. She guessed, therefore, that he carried another talisman; and cunningly drew from him the history of the wonder-working necklace. "Why," said the lady, "do you always take it with you? You may think in one moment more than can be made use of in a year. Let me keep it." "No," replied he, "you will lose the necklace, as you lost the ring; and thus I shall receive the greatest possible injury." "O my lord," replied she, "I have learnt, by having had the custody of the ring, how to secure the necklace; and I assure you no one can possibly get it from me." The silly youth confided in her words, and delivered the necklace.

Now, when all he possessed was expended, he sought his talisman; and she, as before, solemnly protested that it had been stolen. This threw Jonathan into the greatest distress. "Am I mad," cried he, "that after the loss of my ring I should give up the necklace?" Immediately hastening to his mother, he related to her the whole circumstance. Not a little afflicted, she said, "Oh, my dear child, why didst thou place confidence in the woman? People will believe thee a fool: but be wise, for I have nothing more for you than the valuable cloth which your father left: and if you lose that, it will be quite useless returning to me." Jonathan received the cloth, and again went to his studies. The harlot seemed very joyful; and he, spreading out the cloth, said, "My dear girl, my father bequeathed me this beautiful cloth; sit down upon it by my side." She complied, and Jonathan secretly wished that they were in a desert place, out of the reach of man. The talisman took effect; they were carried into a forest on the utmost boundary of the world, where there was not a trace of humanity. The lady wept bitterly, but Jonathan paid no regard to her tears. He solemnly

vowed to Heaven that he would leave her a prey to the wild beasts, unless she restored his ring and necklace; and this she promised to do. Presently, yielding to her request, the foolish Jonathan discovered the power of the cloth; and, in a little time being weary, placed his head in her lap and slept. In the interim, she contrived to draw away that part of the cloth upon which he reposed, and sitting upon it alone, wished herself where she had been in the morning. The cloth immediately executed her wishes, and left Jonathan slumbering in the forest. When he awoke, and found his cloth and his mistress departed, he burst into an agony of tears. Where to bend his steps he knew not; but arising, and fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, he walked along a certain path, until he reached a deep river, over which he must pass. But he found it so bitter and hot, that it even separated the flesh from the bones. Full of grief, he conveyed away a small quantity of that water, and when he had proceeded a little further, felt hungry. A tree upon which hung the most tempting fruit invited him to partake; he did so, and immediately became a leper. He gathered also a little of the fruit, and conveyed it with him. After traveling for some time, he arrived at another stream, of which the virtue was such, that it restored the flesh to his feet; and eating of a second tree, he was cleansed from his leprosy. Some of that fruit he likewise took along with him.

Walking in this manner day after day, he came at length to a castle, where he was met by two men, who inquired what he was. "I am a physician," answered he. "This is lucky," said the others; "the king of this country is a leper, and if you are able to cure him of his leprosy, vast rewards will be assigned you." He promised to try his skill; and they led him forward to the king. The result was fortunate; he supplied him with the fruit of the second tree, and the leprosy left him; and washing the flesh with the water, it was completely restored. Being rewarded most bountifully, he embarked on board a vessel for his native city. There he circulated a report that a great physician was arrived; and the lady who had cheated him of the talismans, being sick unto death, immediately sent for him. Jonathan was so much disguised that she retained no recollection of him, but he very well remembered her. As soon as he arrived, he declared that medicine would avail nothing, unless she first confessed her sins; and if she had defrauded

any one, it must be restored. The lady, reduced to the very verge of the grave, in a low voice acknowledged that she had cheated Jonathan of the ring, necklace, and cloth; and had left him in a desert place to be devoured by wild beasts. When she had said this, the pretended physician exclaimed, "Tell me, lady, where these talismans are?" "In that chest," answered she, and delivered up the keys, by which he obtained possession of his treasures. Jonathan then gave her of the fruit which produced leprosy; and, after she had eaten, of the water which separated the flesh from the bones. The consequence was that she was excruciated with agony, and shortly died. Jonathan hastened to his mother, and the whole kingdom rejoiced at his return. He told by what means God had freed him from such various dangers; and, having lived many years, ended his days in peace.

Application.

My beloved, the king is Christ; the queen mother, the Church; and the three sons, men living in the world. The third son is any good Christian; the ring is faith; the necklace is grace or hope; and the cloth, charity. The concubine is the flesh; the bitter water is repentance, and the first fruit is remorse; the second water is confession, and the second fruit is prayer, fasting, and almsgiving. The leprous king is any sinful man; the ship in which Jonathan embarked is the divine command.

The Three Black Crows.

There were two brothers, of whom one was a layman and the other a parson. The former had often heard his brother declare that there never was a woman who could keep a secret. He had a mind to put this maxim to the test in the person of his own wife, and one night he addressed her in the following manner: "My dear wife, I have a secret to communicate to you, if I were certain that you would reveal it to nobody. Should you divulge it, it would cause me the greatest uneasiness and vexation." "My lord," answered his wife, "fear not; we are one body, and your advantage is mine. In like manner, your injury must deeply affect me." "Well, then," said he,

"know that, my bowels being oppressed to an extraordinary degree, I fell very sick. My dear wife, what will you think? I actually voided a huge black crow, which instantly took wing, and left me in the greatest trepidation and confusion of mind." "Is it possible?" asked the innocent lady; "but, husband, why should this trouble you? You ought rather to rejoice that you are freed from such a pestilent tenant." Here the conversation closed; in the morning, the wife hurried off to the house of a neighbor. "My best friend," said she, "may I tell you a secret?" "As safely as to your own soul," answered the fair auditor. "Why," replied the other, "a marvelous thing has happened to my poor husband. Being last night extremely sick, he voided two prodigious black crows, feathers and all, which immediately flew away. I am much concerned." The other promised very faithfully — and immediately told her neighbor that *three* black crows had taken this most alarming flight. The next edition of the story made it *four;* and in this way it spread, until it was very credibly reported that *sixty* black crows had been evacuated by one unfortunate varlet. But the joke had gone further than he dreamt of; he became much disturbed, and assembling his busy neighbors, explained to them that, having wished to prove whether or not his wife could keep a secret, he had made such a communication. Soon after this, his wife dying, he ended his days in a cloister, where he learnt three letters; of which one was black; the second, red; and the third, white. [This seems merely introduced to tell us, in the application, that the black letter is recollection of our sins; the red, Christ's blood; and the white, the desire of heaven.]

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the layman is any worldly-minded man who, thinking to do one foolish thing without offense, falls into a thousand errors. But he assembles the people — that is, past and present sins — and by confession expurgates his conscience.

[Dr. John Byrom's famous versification of this story will be found in a later volume.]

THE DEATH OF RIENZI.

By BULWER-LYTTON.

(From "The Last of the Tribunes.")

[Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, later Lord Lytton, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years, colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

It was the morning of the 8th of October, 1354. Rienzi, who rose betimes, stirred restlessly in his bed. "It is yet early," he said to Nina, whose soft arm was round his neck; "none of my people seem to be astir. Howbeit, *my* day begins before *theirs*."

"Rest yet, my Cola; you want sleep."

"No; I feel feverish, and this old pain in the side torments me. I have letters to write."

"Let me be your secretary, dearest," said Nina.

Rienzi smiled affectionately as he rose; he repaired to his closet adjoining his sleeping apartment, and used the bath as was his wont. Then dressing himself, he returned to Nina, who, already loosely robed, sat by the writing table, ready for her office of love.

"How still are all things!" said Rienzi. "What a cool and delicious prelude, in these early hours, to the toilsome day."

Leaning over his wife, he then dictated different letters, interrupting the task at times by such observations as crossed his mind.

"So, now to Annibaldi! By the way, young Adrian should join us to-day; how I rejoice for Irene's sake!"

"Dear sister — yes! she loves, — if any, Cola, can so love, — as we do."

"Well, but to your task, my fair scribe. Ha! what noise is that? I hear an armed step — the stairs creak — some one shouts my name."

Rienzi flew to his sword! the door was thrown rudely open, and a figure in complete armor appeared within the chamber.

"How! what means this?" said Rienzi, standing before Nina, with his drawn sword.

The intruder lifted his visor; it was Adrian Colonna.

"Fly, Rienzi! hasten, Signora! Thank Heaven, I can save ye yet! Myself and train released by the capture of Palestrina, the pain of my wound detained me last night at Tivoli. The town was filled with armed men — not *thine*, Senator. I heard rumors that alarmed me. I resolved to proceed onward; I reached Rome, the gates of the city were wide open!"

"How!"

"Your guard gone. Presently I came upon a band of the retainers of the Savelli. My insignia, as a Colonna, misled them. I learned that this very hour some of your enemies are within the city, the rest are on their march, the people themselves arm against you. In the obscurer streets I passed through, the mob were already forming. They took me for thy foe, and shouted. I came hither; thy sentries have vanished. The private door below is unbarred and open. Not a soul seems left in thy palace. Haste — fly — save thyself! Where is Irene?"

"The Capitol deserted! — impossible!" cried Rienzi. He strode across the chambers to the anteroom, where his night guard usually waited — it was empty! He passed hastily to Villani's room — it was untenanted! He would have passed farther, but the doors were secured without. It was evident that all egress had been cut off, save by the private door below, — and *that* had been left open to admit his murderers!

He returned to his room. Nina had already gone to rouse and prepare Irene, whose chamber was on the other side, within one of their own.

"Quick, Senator!" said Adrian. "Methinks there is yet time. We must make across to the Tiber. I have stationed my faithful squires and Northmen there. A boat waits us."

"Hark!" interrupted Rienzi, whose senses had of late been preternaturally quickened. "I hear a distant shout — a familiar shout, 'Viva 'l Popolo!' Why, so say I! These must be friends."

"Deceive not thyself; thou hast scarce a friend at Rome."

"Hist," said Rienzi in a whisper; "save Nina — save Irene. I cannot accompany thee."

"Art thou mad?"

"No! but fearless. Besides, did I accompany, I might but destroy you all. Were I found with you, you would be massacred with me. Without me ye are safe. Yes, even the Senator's wife and sister have provoked no revenge. Save them, noble Colonna! Cola di Rienzi puts his trust in God alone!"

By this time Nina had returned, Irene with her. Afar was heard the tramp — steady — slow — gathering — of the fatal multitude.

"Now, Cola," said Nina, with a bold and cheerful air, and she took her husband's arm, while Adrian had already found his charge in Irene.

"Yes, *now*, Nina!" said Rienzi; "at length we part! If this is my last hour — *in* my last hour I pray God to bless and shield thee! for verily, thou hast been my exceeding solace — provident as a parent, tender as a child, the smile of my hearth, the — the ——"

Rienzi was almost unmanned. Emotions, deep, conflicting, unspeakably fond and grateful, literally choked his speech.

"What!" cried Nina, clinging to his breast, and parting her hair from her eyes, as she sought his averted face. "Part! never! This is my place; all Rome shall not tear me from it!"

Adrian, in despair, seized her hand, and attempted to drag her thence.

"Touch me not, sir!" said Nina, waving her arm with angry majesty, while her eyes sparkled as a lioness whom the huntsmen would sever from her young. "I am the wife of Cola di Rienzi, the Great Senator of Rome, and by his side will I live and die!"

"Take her hence: quick! quick! I hear the crowd advancing."

Irene tore herself from Adrian, and fell at the feet of Rienzi; she clasped his knees.

"Come, my brother, come! Why lose these precious moments? Rome forbids you to cast away a life in which her very self is bound up."

"Right, Irene; Rome is bound up with me, and we will rise or fall together! — no more!"

"You destroy us all!" said Adrian, with generous and impatient warmth. "A few minutes more, and we are lost. Rash man! it is not to fall by an infuriate mob that you have been preserved from so many dangers."

"I believe it," said the Senator, as his tall form seemed to dilate as with the greatness of his own soul. "I shall triumph yet! Never shall mine enemies — never shall posterity say that a *second* time Rienzi abandoned Rome! Hark! 'Viva 'l Popolo?' still the cry of 'THE PEOPLE.' That cry scares none but tyrants! I shall triumph and survive!"

"And I with thee!" said Nina, firmly. Rienzi paused a moment, gazed on his wife, passionately clasped her to his heart, kissed her again and again, and then said, "Nina, I command thee, — Go!"

"Never!"

He paused. Irene's face, drowned in tears, met his eyes.

"We will all perish with you," said his sister; "you only, Adrian, *you* leave us!"

"Be it so," said the knight, sadly; "we will *all* remain," and he desisted at once from further effort.

There was a dead but short pause, broken but by a convulsive sob from Irene. The tramp of the raging thousands sounded fearfully distinct. Rienzi seemed lost in thought; then lifting his head, he said calmly, "Ye have triumphed — I join ye; I but collect these papers, and follow you. Quick, Adrian, save them!" and he pointed meaningly to Nina.

Waiting no other hint, the young Colonna seized Nina in his strong grasp; with his left hand he supported Irene, who with terror and excitement was almost insensible. Rienzi relieved him of the lighter load; he took his sister in his arms, and descended the winding stairs. Nina remained passive — she heard her husband's step behind, it was enough for her — she but turned once to thank him with her eyes. A tall Northman clad in armor stood at the open door. Rienzi placed Irene, now perfectly lifeless, in the soldier's arms, and kissed her pale cheek in silence.

"Quick, my lord," said the Northman, "on all sides they come!" So saying, he bounded down the descent with his burden. Adrian followed with Nina; the Senator paused one moment, turned back, and was in his room, ere Adrian was aware that he had vanished.

Hastily he drew the coverlid from his bed, fastened it to the casement bars, and by its aid dropped (at a distance of several feet) into the balcony below. "I will not die like a rat," said he, "in a trap they have set for me! The whole crowd shall, at least, see and hear me."

This was the work of a moment.

Meanwhile Nina had scarcely proceeded six paces, before she discovered that she was alone with Adrian.

"Ha! Cola!" she cried, "where is he? he has gone!"

"Take heart, lady, he has returned but for some secret papers he has forgotten. He will follow us anon."

"Let us wait, then."

"Lady," said Adrian, grinding his teeth, "hear you not the crowd? on, on!" and he flew with a swifter step. Nina struggled in his grasp — Love gave her the strength of despair. With a wild laugh she broke from him. She flew back — the door was closed, but unbarred; her trembling hands lingered a moment round the spring. She opened it, drew the heavy bolt across the panels, and frustrated all attempt from Adrian to regain her. She was on the stairs, — she was in the room. Rienzi was gone! She fled, shrieking his name, through the State Chambers — all was desolate. She found the doors opening on the various passages that admitted to the rooms below barred without. Breathless and gasping, she returned to the chamber. She hurried to the casement; she perceived the method by which he had descended below; her brave heart told her of his brave design; she saw they were separated. "But the same roof holds us," she cried joyously, "and our fate shall be the same!" With that thought she sank in mute patience on the floor.

Forming the generous resolve not to abandon the faithful and devoted pair without another effort, Adrian had followed Nina, but too late; the door was closed against his efforts. The crowd marched on; he heard their cry change on a sudden; it was no longer "Live the People!" but, "Death to the Traitor!" His attendant had already disappeared, and waking now only to the danger of Irene, the Colonna in bitter grief turned away, lightly sped down the descent, and hastened to the river side, where the boat and his band awaited him.

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people; it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals, and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armory, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter

tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighborhood!

The windows of the hall were yet open, and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony; the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there — the wine, yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armory, and selected from the various suits that which he himself had worn when, nearly eight years ago, he had chased the barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking in his right hand, from the wall, the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoner and the faithful Nina, whose presence he knew not of, the Senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream — from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel — the raging sea received new additions. On they came, their passions excited by their numbers — women and men, children and malignant age — in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath; "Death to the traitor — death to the tyrant — death to him who has taxed the people!" — "*Mora l' traditore che ha fatta la gabella!* — *Mora!*" Such was the cry of the people; such the crime of the Senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol; they filled with one sudden rush the vast space — a moment before so desolate, now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi; his head was bared and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair, grown gray before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood, neither fear, nor anger, nor menace — but deep grief and high resolve — upon his features! A momentary shame, a momentary awe, seized the crowd.

He pointed to the Gonfalon wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began: —

"I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!"

"Hear him not! hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!" cried a voice louder than his own: and Rienzi recognized Cecco del Vecchio.

"Hear him not! down with the tyrant!" cried a more

shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not! death to the death giver!" cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighboring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from Earth to Heaven rose the roar: "Down with the tyrant — down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator, — still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant but determined thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; "*and doubtless*," says the contemporaneous biographer, "*had he but spoken he would have changed them all, and the work been marred.*"

The soldiers of the barons had already mixed themselves with the throng; more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude; darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking, "Way for the torches!" And red in the sunlight the torches tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter, were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand — the right hand that supported the flag of Rome — the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall.

He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion — tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him — a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom — a father when his children rebel against his love, — tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved, but *they changed*, his heart!

"Enough, enough!" he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled

enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice! I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish! I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country! she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

With that feeling, Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise — of escape; he left the hall, passed through the humbler rooms devoted to the servitors and menials, found in one of them a coarse working garb; indued himself with it, placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old "*fantastico riso*," "When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!" With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke — the wood crackled, the lead melted — with a crash fell the severed gates — the dreadful entrance was opened to all the multitude — the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time! He passed the flaming door — the smoldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed — he was in the middle of the crowd. "Plenty of pillage within," he said to the bystanders, in the Roman *patois*, his face concealed by his load: "Down, down with the traitor." The mob rushed past him — he went on — he gained the last stair descending into the open streets — he was at the last gate — liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. "Pass not — whither goest thou?"

"Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!" cried a voice behind — it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head — Rienzi stood revealed!

"I *am* the Senator!" he said in a loud voice. "Who dare touch the Representative of the People?"

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting

flames, the gray image reflected a lurid light, and glowed — (that grim and solemn monument!) — as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing round him. The whole Capitol, wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna — the Orsini — the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death. . . .

As Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth — as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him — a voice, shrill, sharp, and wild, was heard above all the clamor. At the casement of the palace (the casement of her bridal chamber) Nina stood! — through the flames that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone visible! Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol — a blackened and smoldering mass!

At that hour a solitary boat was gliding swiftly along the Tiber. Rome was at a distance; but the lurid glow of the conflagration cast its reflection upon the placid and glassy stream: fair beyond description was the landscape — soft beyond all art of painter and of poet, the sunlight quivering over the autumnal herbage, and hushing into tender calm the waves of the golden river!

Adrian's eyes were strained towards the towers of the Capitol, distinguished by the flames from the spires and domes around; senseless, and clasped to his guardian breast, Irene was happily unconscious of the horrors of the time.

"They dare not — they dare not," said the brave Colonna, "touch a hair of that sacred head! If Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall forever! As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem!"

Scarce had he spoken, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off, a dull crash (deadened by the distance) traveled to his ear, and the next moment the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere, — making all Rome itself the funeral pyre of THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES!

STORIES FROM THE "DECAMERON."

BY GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

[GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO, Italian novelist, poet, and scholar, was born probably at Certaldo, Italy, in 1313, the son of a Florentine merchant. At first he engaged in mercantile pursuits, but, finding a business life uncongenial, studied the classics, especially Greek, and became one of the most learned men of his time. He served the Florentine state on several occasions as ambassador, and from 1373 to 1374 filled the chair instituted at Florence for the exposition of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His death, which occurred December 21, 1375, at Certaldo, was hastened by that of his friend Petrarch. Boccaccio's name is chiefly associated with the "Decameron," probably written 1344–1350, but not published until 1353. It is a collection of one hundred stories, supposed to be narrated by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who have fled to a country villa to escape the plague which visited Florence in 1348. Other works are: "Il Filocopo," "Il Filostrato," "Fiammetta," and four Latin works on mythological and historical subjects.]

ITALIAN PRACTICAL JOKING.

THERE dwelt not long since, in our city of Florence, a place which has indeed always possessed a variety of character and manners, a painter named Calandrino, a man of simple mind, and much addicted to novelties. The most part of his time he spent in the company of two brother painters, the one called Bruno, and the other Buffalmacco, both men of humor and mirth, and somewhat satirical. These men often visited Calandrino, and found much entertainment in his original and unaffected simplicity of mind. There lived in Florence at the same time a young man of very engaging manners, witty, and agreeable, called Maso del Saggio, who, hearing of the extreme simplicity of Calandrino, resolved to derive some amusement from his love of the marvelous, and to excite his curiosity by some novel and wonderful tales. Happening, therefore, to meet him one day in the church of St. John, and observing him

attentively engaged in admiring the painting and sculpture of the tabernacle, which had been lately placed over the altar in that church, he thought he had found a fit opportunity of putting his scheme in execution, and acquainting one of his friends with his intentions, they walked together to the spot where Calandrino was seated by himself, and seeming not to be aware of his presence, began to converse between themselves of the qualities of various kinds of precious stones, of which Maso spoke with all the confidence of an experienced and skillful lapidary. Calandrino lent a ready ear to their conference, and rising from his seat, and perceiving from their loud speaking that their conversation was not of a private nature, he accosted them.

Maso was not a little delighted at this, and pursuing his discourse, Calandrino at length asked him where these stones were to be found. Maso replied: "They mostly abound in Berlinzone, near a city of the Baschi, in a country called Bengodi, in which the vines are tied with sausages, a goose is sold for a penny, and the goslings given into the bargain; where there is also a high mountain made of Parmesan grated cheese, whereon dwell people whose sole employ is to make macaroni and other dainties, boiling them with capon broth, and afterwards throwing them out to all who choose to catch them; and near to the mountain runs a river of white wine, the best that was ever drunk, and without one drop of water in it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Calandrino, "what a delightful country to live in! but pray, sir, tell me, what do they with the capons after they have boiled them?"

"The Baschi," said Maso, "eat them all!"

"Have you," said Calandrino, "ever been in that country?"

"How," answered Maso, "do you ask me, if I were ever there? a thousand times at the least!"

"And how far, I pray you, is this happy land from our city?" quoth Calandrino.

"In truth," replied Maso, "the miles are scarcely to be numbered; but for the most part we travel when we are in our beds at night, and if a man dream aright, he may be there in a few minutes."

"Surely, sir," said Calandrino, "it is further hence than to Abruzzo?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Maso, "but to a willing mind no travel is tedious."

Calandrino, observing that Maso delivered all these speeches with a steadfast and grave countenance, and without any gesture that he could construe into distrust, gave as much credit to them as to any matter of manifest truth, and said with much simplicity: "Believe me, sir, the journey is too far for me to undertake; but if it were somewhat nearer I should like to accompany you thither to see them make this macaroni, and take my fill of it. But now we are conversing, allow me, sir, to ask you whether or not any of the precious stones you just now spoke of are to be found in that country?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Maso, "there are two kinds of them to be found in those territories, and both possessing eminent virtues. The one kind are the sandstones of Settigniano, and of Montisci, which are of such excellent quality that when millstones or grindstones are to be made, they knead the sand as they do meal, and make them in what form they please, in which respect they have a saying there, That grace is from God, and millstones from Montisci! Such plenty are there of these millstones, so lightly here esteemed among us as emeralds are with them, that there are whole mountains of them far greater than our Montemorello, which shine with a prodigious brightness at midnight, if you will believe me. They moreover cut and polish these millstones, and enchase them in rings, which are sent to the great Soldan, who gives whatever price they ask for them. The other is a stone which most of our lapidaries call heliotropium, and is of admirable virtue, for whoever carries it about his person is thereby rendered invisible as long as he pleases."

Calandrino then said, "This is wonderful indeed; but where else are these latter kind to be found?"

To which Maso replied, "They are not unfrequently to be found on our Mugnone."

"Of what size and color is this stone?" said Calandrino.

"It is of various sizes," replied Maso, "some larger than others, but uniformly black."

Calandrino, treasuring up all these things in his mind, and pretending to have some urgent business on hand, took leave of Maso, secretly proposing to himself to go in quest of these stones; but resolved to do nothing until he had first seen his friends Bruno and Buffalmacco, to whom he was much attached. He went therefore immediately in pursuit of them, in order that they three might have the honor of first discovering these

stones, and consumed the whole morning in looking for them. At last recollecting that they were painting in the convent of the sisters of Faenza, neglecting all other affairs, and though the cold was extreme, he ran to them in all haste, and thus addressed them: —

"My good friends, if you will follow my advice, we three may shortly become the richest men in Florence, for I have just now learnt from a man of undeniable veracity, that in Mugnone there is to be found a stone which renders any person that carries it about him invisible at his pleasure; and if you will be persuaded by me, we will all three go there before any one else to look for it, and we shall find it to a certainty, because I know its description; and when we have found it, we have nothing to do but to put it in our pockets, and go to the tables of the bankers and money changers, which we see daily loaded with gold and silver, and help ourselves to as much as we please. Nobody can detect us, for we shall be invisible, and we shall thus speedily become rich without toiling all day on these church walls like slimy snails, as we poor artists are forced to do."

Bruno and Buffalmacco, hearing this, began to smile, and, looking archly at each other, seemed to express their surprise, and greatly commended the advice of Calandrino. Buffalmacco then asked Calandrino what the stone was called. Calandrino, who had but a stupid memory, had utterly forgotten the name of the stone, and therefore said, "What need have we of the name, since we are so well assured of its virtues? Let us not delay any longer, but go off in search of it."

"But of what shape is it?" said Bruno.

Calandrino replied: "They are to be found of all shapes, but uniformly black: therefore it seems to me that we had better collect all the stones that we find black, and we shall then be certain to find it among them: but let us depart without further loss of time."

Bruno signified his assent; but turning to Buffalmacco said: "I fully agree with Calandrino, but I do not think that this is the proper time for our search, as the sun is now high, and is so hot that we shall find all the stones on Mugnone dried and parched, and the very blackest will now seem whitest. But in the morning when the dew is on the ground, and before the sun has dried the earth, every stone will have its true color. Besides, there are many laborers now working in the plain, who, seeing us occupied in so serious a search, may guess what we

are seeking for, and may chance to find the stones before us, and we may then have our labor for our pains. Therefore, in my opinion, this is an enterprise that should be taken in hand early in the morning, when the black stones will be easily distinguished from the white, and the festival day were the best of all others, as there will be nobody abroad to discover us."

Buffalmacco applauded the advice of Bruno, and Calandrino assenting to it, they agreed that Sunday morning next ensuing should be the time when they would all go in pursuit of the stone, but Calandrino entreated them above all things not to reveal it to any person living, as it was confided to him in strict secrecy. Falling therefore on other subjects, Calandrino told them the wonders he had heard of the land of Bengodi, maintaining with solemn oaths and protestations that they were all true. Calandrino then took his departure, and the other two agreed upon the course they should pursue with him for their own amusement.

Calandrino waited impatiently for the Sunday morning, when he called upon his companions before break of day. They all three went out of the city at the gate of San Gallo, and did not halt until they came to the plain of Mugnone, where they immediately commenced their search for the marvelous stone. Calandrino went stealing on before the other two, persuading himself that he was born to find the heliotropium; and looking on every side of him, he rejected all other stones but the black, with which he first filled his breast, and afterwards both his pockets. He then took off his large painting apron, which he fastened with his girdle in the manner of a sack, and filled it also; and still not satisfied, he spread abroad his cloak, which being also loaded with stones, he bound up carefully for fear of losing the very least of them. Buffalmacco and Bruno during this time attentively eyed Calandrino, and observing that he had now completely loaded himself, and that their dinner hour was drawing nigh, Bruno, according to their scheme of merriment, said to Buffalmacco, pretending not to see Calandrino, although he was not far from them, "Buffalmacco, what is become of Calandrino?"

Buffalmacco, who saw him close at hand, gazing all around as if desirous to find him, replied, "I saw him even now before us hard by."

"Undoubtedly," said Bruno, "he has given us the slip, and gone secretly home to dinner, and making fools of us,

has left us to pick up black stones on these scorching plains of Mugnone."

"Indeed he has served us right," said Buffalmacco, "for allowing ourselves to be gulled by such stories, nor could any but we two have been so credulous as to believe in the virtues of this heliotropium."

Calandrino, hearing them make use of these words while he stood so near to them, imagined that he had possessed himself of the genuine stone, and that by virtue of its qualities he was become invisible to his companions. His joy was now unbounded, and without saying a word he resolved to return home with all speed, leaving his friends to provide for themselves.

Buffalmacco, perceiving his intent, said to Bruno, "Why should we remain here any longer? let us return to the city."

To which Bruno replied: "Yes! let us go; but I vow to God, Calandrino shall no more make a fool of me, and were I now as near him as I was not long since, I would give him such a remembrance on the heel with this flint stone, as should stick by him for a month, and teach him a lasting lesson for abusing his friends;" and ere he had well finished his words, he struck Calandrino a violent blow on the heel with the stone. Though the blow was evidently very painful, Calandrino still preserved his silence, and only mended his pace. Buffalmacco, then selecting another large flint stone, said to Bruno, "Thou seest this pebble! If Calandrino were but here, he should have a brave knock on the loins;" and taking aim, he threw it, and struck Calandrino a violent blow on the back; and then all the way along the plain of Mugnone they did nothing but pelt him with stones, jesting and laughing until they came to the gates of San Gallo. They then threw down the remainder of the stones they had gathered, and stepping before Calandrino into the gateway, acquainted the guards with the whole matter; who, in order to support the jest, would not seem to see Calandrino as he passed by them, and were exceedingly amused to observe him sweat and groan under his burthensome load.

Without resting himself in any place, he proceeded straight to his own house, which was situated near to the mills: fortune favoring him so far in the course of his adventures that as he passed along the river side, and afterwards through part of the city, he was neither met nor seen by any one, as every-

body was then at dinner. Calandrino, ready to sink under his burthen, at length entered his own house. His wife, a handsome and discreet woman of the name of Monna Tessa, happened to be standing at the head of the stairs on his arrival, and being disconcerted and impatient at his long absence, somewhat angrily exclaimed, "I thought that the devil would never let thee come home! All the city have dined, and yet we must remain without our dinner."

When Calandrino heard these words, and found that he was not invisible to his wife, he fell into a fit of rage, and exclaimed, "Wretch as thou art, thou hast utterly undone me; but I will reward thee for it:" and ascending into a small room, and there ridding himself of his burthen of stones, he ran down again to his wife, and seizing her by the hair of the head, and throwing her on the ground, beat and kicked her in the most unmerciful manner, giving her so many blows, in spite of all her tears and submission, that she was not able to move.

Buffalmacco and Bruno, after they had spent some time in laughter with the guards at the gate, followed Calandrino at their leisure, and arriving at the door of his house, and hearing the disturbance upstairs between Calandrino and his wife, they called out to him. Calandrino, still in a furious rage, came to the window, and entreated they would come up to him. They, counterfeiting great surprise, ascended the stairs, and found the chamber floor covered with stones, and Calandrino's wife seated in a corner, her limbs severely bruised, her hair disheveled, and her face bleeding, and on the other side Calandrino himself wearied and exhausted, flung on a chair. After regarding him for some time, they said: —

"How now, Calandrino, art thou about building a house, that thou hast provided thyself with so many loads of stones?" and then added, "And, Monna Tessa! what has happened to her? You surely have been beating her. What is the meaning of this?"

Calandrino, exhausted with carrying the stones, and with his furious gust of passion, and moreover with the misfortune which he considered had befallen him, could not collect sufficient spirits to speak a single word in reply. Whereupon Buffalmacco said further, "Calandrino, if you have cause for anger in any other quarter, yet you should not have made such mockery of your friends as you have done to-day, carrying us out to the plains of Mugnone, like a couple of fools, and leaving us there

without taking leave of us, or so much as bidding us good day. But be assured this is the last time thou wilt ever serve us in this manner."

Calandrino, somewhat recovered, replied, "Alas! my friends, be not offended; the case is very different to what you imagine. Unfortunate man that I am! the rare and precious stone that you speak of I found, and will relate the whole truth to you. You must know then, that when you asked each other the first time, what was become of me, I was hard by you, not more than two yards' distance; and perceiving that you saw me not, I went before you, smiling to myself to hear you vent your rage upon me;" and proceeding in his discourse, he recounted all that had happened on his way home; and to convince them showed them where he was struck on the back and on the heel; and further added: "As I passed through the gates, I saw you standing with the guards, but by virtue of the stone I carried in my bosom, was undiscovered of you all, and in going through the streets I met many friends and acquaintances, who are in the daily habit of stopping and conversing with me, and yet none of them addressed me, as I passed invisible to them all. But at length arriving at my own house, this fiend of a woman waiting on the stairs' head, by ill luck happened to see me, as you well know that women cause all things to lose their virtue; so that I, who might have called myself the only happy man in Florence, am now the most miserable of all. Therefore did I justly beat her as long as my strength would allow me, and I know no reason why I should not yet tear her in a thousand pieces, for I may well curse the day of our marriage, and the hour she entered my house."

Buffalmacco and Bruno, when they heard this, feigned the greatest astonishment, though they were ready to burst with laughter, hearing Calandrino so confidently assert that he had found the wonderful stone, and lost it again by his wife's speaking to him. But when they saw him rise in a rage, with intent to beat her again, they stepped between them, protesting that his wife was in no wise to blame, but rather he himself, who knowing beforehand that women cause all things to lose their virtue, had not expressly commanded her not to be seen in his presence all that day, until he had satisfied himself of the real qualities of the stone; and that doubtless Providence had deprived him of this good fortune, because though his friends had accompanied him and assisted him in the search, he had

deceived them, and had not allowed them to participate in the benefit of the discovery. After much more conversation they with difficulty reconciled him to his wife, and, leaving him overwhelmed with grief for the loss of the heliotropium, took their departure.

Conversion by the Law of Contraries.

Some parts of Pamfilo's story made them laugh heartily, and the whole was much commended by the ladies, who had been very attentive ; and, as it was now ended, the queen ordered Neiphile, in the next seat to her, to go on in the manner prescribed. That lady, being as affable in behavior as her person was beautiful, very cheerfully complied, and began in this manner : —

Pamfilo has showed us in his novel the great goodness of God in not regarding any errors of ours, which proceed from the blindness and imperfection of our nature. I intend to set forth in mine how the same goodness of God displays itself in the most plain and evident manner, by bearing with the vices of those persons, who, though bound to give testimony concerning it, both in their words and actions, yet do the reverse —a truth by which we may be taught more steadily to persevere in what we believe.

At Paris there lived, as I have been told, a great merchant, and worthy man called Jeannot de Chivigni, a dealer in silk, and an intimate friend to a certain rich Jew, whose name was Abraham, a merchant also, and a very honest man. Jeannot, being no stranger to Abraham's good and upright intentions, was greatly troubled that the soul of so wise and well-meaning a person should perish through his unbelief. He began, therefore, in the most friendly manner, to entreat him to renounce the errors of Judaism, and embrace the truth of Christianity, which he might plainly see flourishing more and more, and, as being the most wise and holy institution, gaining ground, whereas the religion of the Jews was dwindling to nothing. Abraham answered, that he esteemed no religion like his own ; he was born in it, and in it he intended to live and die ; nor could anything make him alter his resolution. All this did not hinder Jeannot from beginning the same arguments over again in a few days, and setting forth, in as awkward a manner as a merchant must be supposed to do, for what reasons our religion ought to be preferred : and though the Jew was well

read in their law, yet, whether it was his regard to the man, or that Jeannot had the spirit of God upon his tongue, he began to be greatly pleased with his arguments ; but continued obstinate, nevertheless, in his own creed, and would not suffer himself to be converted. Jeannot, on the other hand, was no less persevering in his earnest solicitations, insomuch that the Jew was overcome by them at last, and said : "Look you, Jeannot, you are very desirous I should become a Christian, and I am so much disposed to do as you would have me, that I intend in the first place to go to Rome, to see him whom you call God's vicar on earth, and to consider his ways a little, and those of his brother cardinals. If they appear to me in such a light that I may be able to comprehend by them, and by what you have said, that your religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will then become a Christian ; otherwise I will continue a Jew as I am."

When Jeannot heard this he was much troubled, and said to himself : "I have lost all my labor, which I thought well bestowed, expecting to have converted this man ; for should he go to Rome, and see the wickedness of the clergy there, so far from turning Christian, were he one already, he would certainly again become a Jew." Then addressing Abraham, he said : "Nay, my friend, why should you be at the great trouble and expense of such a journey ? Not to mention the dangers, both by sea and land, to which so rich a person as yourself must be exposed, do you think to find nobody here that can baptize you ? Or if you have any doubts and scruples, where will you meet with abler men than are here to clear them up for you, and to answer such questions as you shall put to them ? You may take it for granted that the prelates yonder are like those you see in France, only so much the better as they are nearer to the principal pastor. Then let me advise you to spare yourself the trouble of this journey, until such time as you may want some pardon or indulgence, and then I may probably bear you company."

"I believe it is as you say," replied the Jew ; "but the long and the short of the matter is, that I am fully resolved, if you would have me do what you have so much solicited, to go thither ; else I will in no wise comply."

Jeannot, seeing him determined, said, "God be with you !" and, supposing that he would never be a Christian after he had seen Rome, gave him over for lost. The Jew took horse, and

made the best of his way to Rome, where he was most honorably received by his brethren, the Jews; and, without saying a word of what he was come about, he began to look narrowly into the manner of living of the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates, and of the whole court; and, from what he himself perceived, being a person of keen observation, and from what he gathered from others, he found that, from the highest to the lowest, they were given to all sorts of lewdness, without the least shame or remorse; so that the only way to obtain anything considerable was, by applying to prostitutes of every description. He observed, also, that they were generally drunkards and gluttons, and, like brutes, more solicitous about their bellies than anything else. Inquiring farther, he found them all such lovers of money that they would not only buy and sell men's blood in general, but even the blood of Christians, and sacred things, of what kind soever, whether benefices or pertaining to the altar; that they drove as great a trade in this way as there is in selling cloth and other commodities in Paris; that to palpable simony they had given the plausible name of procuration, and debaucheries they called supporting the body; as if God had been totally unacquainted with their wicked intentions, and, like men, was to be imposed upon by the names of things. These, and other things which I shall pass over, gave great offense to the Jew, who was a sober and modest person; and now thinking he had seen enough, he returned home.

As soon as Jeannot heard of his arrival he went to see him, thinking of nothing so little as of his conversion. They received one another with a great deal of pleasure; and in a day or two, after the traveler had recovered from his fatigue, Jeannot began to inquire of him what he thought of the holy father, the cardinals, and the rest of the court. The Jew immediately answered: "To me it seems as if God was much kinder to them than they deserve; for, if I may be allowed to judge, I must be bold to tell you that I have neither seen devotion, sanctity, or anything good in the clergy of Rome; but, on the contrary, luxury, avarice, gluttony, and worse than these, if worse things can be, are so much in fashion with all sorts of people that I should rather esteem the court of Rome to be a forge, if you allow the expression, for diabolical operations than things divine; and, for what I can perceive, your pastor, and consequently the rest, strive with their whole might and skill to

overthrow the Christian religion, and to drive it from off the face of the earth, even where they ought to be its chief succor and support. But as I do not see this come to pass, which they so earnestly aim at; on the contrary, that your religion gains strength, and becomes every day more glorious; I plainly perceive that it is upheld by the spirit of God, as the most true and holy of all. For which reason, though I continued obstinate to your exhortations, nor would suffer myself to be converted by them, now I declare to you that I will no longer defer being made a Christian. Let us go then to the church, and do you take care that I be baptized according to the manner of your holy faith."

Jeannot, who expected a quite different conclusion, was the most overjoyed man that could be; and taking his friend to our Lady's church at Paris, he requested the priests there to baptize him, which was done forthwith. Jeannot, being his sponsor, gave him the name of John, and afterwards took care to have him well instructed in our faith, in which he made a speedy proficiency, and became, in time, a good and holy man.

The Three Rings.

This novel having been universally applauded, Filomena thus began: Neiphile's story put me in mind of a ticklish case that befell a certain Jew; for as enough has been said concerning God and the truth of our religion, it will not be amiss if we descend to the actions of men. I proceed, therefore, to the relation of a thing which may make you more cautious for the time to come, in answering questions that shall be put to you. For you must know that as a man's folly often brings him down from the most exalted state of life to the greatest misery, so shall his good sense secure him in the midst of the utmost danger, and procure him a safe and honorable repose. There are many instances of people being brought to misery by their own folly, but these I choose to omit, as they happen daily. What I purpose to exemplify, in the following short novel, is the great cause for comfort to be found in the possession of a good understanding.

Saladin was so brave and great a man that he had raised himself from an inconsiderable station to be Sultan of Babylon, and had gained many victories over both Turkish and Christian princes. This monarch, having in divers wars, and by many

extraordinary expenses, run through all his treasure, some urgent occasion fell out that he wanted a large sum of money. Not knowing which way he might raise enough to answer his necessities, he at last called to mind a rich Jew of Alexandria, named Melchizedeck, who let out money at interest. Him he believed to have wherewithal to serve him ; but then he was so covetous that he would never do it willingly, and Saladin was loath to force him. But as necessity has no law, after much thinking which way the matter might best be effected, he at last resolved to use force under some color of reason. He therefore sent for the Jew, received him in a most gracious manner, and making him sit down, thus addressed him : " Worthy man, I hear from divers persons that thou art very wise and knowing in religious matters ; wherefore I would gladly know from thee which religion thou judgest to be the true one, viz.: the Jewish, the Mahometan, or the Christian ? " The Jew (truly a wise man) found that Saladin had a mind to trap him, and must gain his point should he exalt any one of the three religions above the others ; after considering, therefore, for a little how best to avoid the snare, his ingenuity at last supplied him with the following answer : —

" The question which your Highness has proposed is very curious ; and, that I may give you my sentiments, I must beg leave to tell a short story. I remember often to have heard of a great and rich man, who, among his most rare and precious jewels, had a ring of exceeding beauty and value. Being proud of possessing a thing of such worth, and desirous that it should continue forever in his family, he declared, by will, that to whichsoever of his sons he should give this ring, him he designed for his heir, and that he should be respected as the head of the family. That son to whom the ring was given made the same law with respect to his descendants, and the ring passed from one to another in long succession, till it came to a person who had three sons, all virtuous and dutiful to their father, and all equally beloved by him. Now the young men, knowing what depended upon the ring, and ambitious of superiority, began to entreat their father, who was now grown old, every one for himself, that he would give the ring to him. The good man, equally fond of all, was at a loss which to prefer ; and, as he had promised all, and wished to satisfy all, he privately got an artist to make two other rings, which were so like the first that he himself scarcely knew the true one. When he found his end

approaching, he secretly gave one ring to each of his sons; and they, after his death, all claimed the honor and estate, each disputing with his brothers, and producing his ring; and the rings were found so much alike that the true one could not be distinguished. To law then they went, as to which should succeed, nor is that question yet decided. And thus it has happened, my Lord, with regard to the three laws given by God the Father, concerning which you proposed your question: every one believes he is the true heir of God, has his law, and obeys his commandments; but which is in the right is uncertain, in like manner as with the rings."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had very cleverly escaped the net which was spread for him: he therefore resolved to discover his necessity to him, and see if he would lend him money, telling him at the same time what he had designed to do, had not that discreet answer prevented him. The Jew freely supplied the monarch with what he wanted; and Saladin afterwards paid him back in full, made him large presents, besides maintaining him nobly at his court, and was his friend as long as he lived.

The Pot of Basil.

Eliza having concluded her novel, which was commended by the king, Filomena was then ordered to begin. Full of pity for the two unhappy lovers last mentioned, she heaved a deep sigh, and said: My novel will not be concerning people of such high rank as those of whom Eliza has spoken, but perhaps it may be equally moving; and I am led to it from her mentioning Messina, where the thing happened.

There lived at Messina three young merchants, who were brothers, and left very rich by their father: they had an only sister, named Isabella, a lady of worth and beauty, who, whatever was the reason, was yet unmarried. Now they had in their employ a young man of Pisa, called Lorenzo, who managed all their affairs. He was a young man of very agreeable person and manners, and being often in Isabella's company, she loved him, and he forsook all others for her sake; nor was it long before their mutual desires were consummated. This affair was carried on between them for a considerable time, without the least suspicion; till one night it happened, as Isabella was going to Lorenzo's chamber, that the eldest brother saw her,

without her knowing it. This afflicted him greatly ; yet, being a prudent man, he made no discovery, but lay considering with himself till morning what course was best to take. He then related to his brothers what he had seen with regard to their sister and Lorenzo, and, after a long debate, it was resolved to seem to take no notice of it for the present, but to make away with him privately, the first opportunity, that they might remove all cause of reproach both to their sister and themselves. Continuing in this resolution, they behaved with the same freedom and civility to Lorenzo as ever, till at length, under a pretense of going out of the city, upon a party of pleasure, they carried him along with them, and arriving at a lonesome place, fit for their purpose, they slew him, unprepared as he was to make any defense, and buried him on the spot. Then, returning to Messina, they gave it out that they had sent him on a journey of business, which was easily believed, because they frequently did so.

After some time Isabella, thinking that Lorenzo made a long stay, began to inquire earnestly of her brothers concerning him, and this she did so often that at last one of them said to her, "What have you to do with Lorenzo that you are continually teasing us about him? If you inquire any more, you shall receive such an answer as you will by no means like." This grieved her exceedingly, and, fearing she knew not what, she remained without asking any more questions; yet all the night would she lament and complain of his long stay ; and thus she spent her life in a tedious and anxious waiting for his return; till one night it happened that, having wept herself to sleep, he appeared to her in a dream, all pale and ghastly, with his clothes rent in pieces, and she thought that he spoke to her thus: "My dearest Isabel, thou grievest incessantly for my absence, and art continually calling upon me ; but know that I can return no more to thee, for the last day that thou sawest me thy brothers put me to death." And, describing the place where they had buried him, he bade her call no more upon him, nor ever expect to see him again, and disappeared.

Isabella woke up, implicitly believing the vision, and wept bitterly. In the morning, not daring to say anything to her brothers, she resolved to go to the place mentioned in the dream, to be convinced of the reality. Accordingly, having leave to go a little way into the country, along with a companion of hers, who was acquainted with all her affairs, she went

thither, and clearing the ground of the dried leaves with which it was covered, she observed where the earth seemed to be lightest, and dug there. She had not searched far before she came to her lover's body, which she found in no degree wasted; this informed her of the truth of her vision, and she was in the utmost concern on that account; but, as that was not a fit place for lamentation, she would willingly have taken the corpse away with her, to give it a more decent interment; but finding herself unable to do that, she cut off the head, which she put into a handkerchief, and covering the trunk again with mold, she gave the head to her maid to carry, and returned home without being perceived. She then shut herself up in her chamber, and lamented over her lover's head till she had washed it with her tears, and then she put it into a flowerpot, having folded it in a fine napkin, and covering it with earth, she planted sweet herbs therein, which she watered with nothing but rose or orange water, or else with her tears, accustoming herself to sit always before it, and devoting her whole heart unto it, as containing her dear Lorenzo.

The sweet herbs, what with her continual bathing, and the moisture arising from the putrefied head, flourished exceedingly, and sent forth a most agreeable odor. Continuing this manner of life, she was observed by some of the neighbors, and they related her conduct to her brothers, who had before remarked with surprise the decay of her beauty. Accordingly, they both reprimanded her for it, and, finding that ineffectual, stole the pot from her. She, perceiving that it was taken away, begged earnestly of them to restore it, which they refusing, she fell sick. The young men wondered much why she should have so great a fancy for it, and were resolved to see what it contained: turning out the earth, therefore, they saw the napkin, and in it the head, not so much consumed but that, by the curled locks, they knew it to be Lorenzo's, which threw them into the utmost astonishment, and fearing lest it should be known, they buried it privately, and withdrew themselves thence to Naples. The young lady never ceased weeping, and calling for her pot of flowers, till she died: and thus terminated her unfortunate love. But, in some time afterwards, the thing became public, which gave rise to this song: —

Most cruel and unkind was he,
That of my flowers deprived me, — etc.

The Falcon.

The queen, now observing that only she and Dioneo were left to speak, said pleasantly to this effect: As it is now come to my turn, I shall give you, ladies, a novel something like the preceding one, that you may not only know what influence the power of your charms has over a generous heart, but that you may learn likewise to bestow your favors of your own accord, and where you think most proper, without suffering Fortune to be your directress, who disposes blindly, and without the least judgment whatsoever.

You must understand then, that Coppo di Borghese (who was a person of great respect and authority among us, and whose amiable qualities, joined to his noble birth, had rendered him worthy of immortal fame) in the decline of life used to divert himself among his neighbors and acquaintances, by relating things that had happened in his day, and this he knew how to do with more exactness and elegance of expression than any other person: he, I say, amongst other pleasant stories, used to tell us that at Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, son of Filippo Alberighi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Monna Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, he was continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as pure in conduct as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself.

As Federigo continued to live in this manner, spending profusely, and acquiring nothing, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now it happened, after he was thus brought low, the lady's husband fell sick, and, being very rich, he made a will by which he left all his substance to an only son, who was almost

grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. Monna Giovanna now being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo; whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; and the boy, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it.

This being so, the boy soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said: "Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well." She was in some perplexity at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, "How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and which is all he has in the world to maintain him? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?" Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved, at all events, to make him easy, and not send, but go herself. She then replied, "Set your heart at rest, my boy, and think only of your recovery; for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do." This afforded him such joy that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to Federigo's little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and after the usual compliments, she said: "Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for the losses you have sustained on my account; what

I mean is that I have brought a companion to take a neighborly dinner with you to-day." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth anything at any time it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you : and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again ; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said : "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a laborer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table."

Although his poverty was extreme, never till now had he been so sensible of his past extravagance ; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and longing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own laborer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, seized it, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without farther thought, then, he wrung its head off, and gave it to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left ; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden, to tell Monna Giovanna that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the good hawk, not knowing what it was.

After dinner was over, and they had sat chatting a little while together, the lady thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and addressed him courteously in this manner : "Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for : but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or

diversion left you in your small circumstances; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring it back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have it, so that I may be able to say that my child's life has been restored to me through your gift, and that he and I are under perpetual obligations to you."

Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to fulfill it, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she at first attributed to his reluctance to part with his favorite bird, and expected that he was going to give her a flat denial; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said: "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still been contrary to me in many things, and sorely I have felt them; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor dwelling, to which in my prosperity you would never deign to come: you also entreat a small present from me, which it is wholly out of my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favor you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something choicer than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me that I shall never be at peace as long as I live:" and saying this, he produced the hawk's feathers, feet, and talons. The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, in her heart all the while extolling the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase.

Having now no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she took leave of Federigo, and returned sadly to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time; but being left rich and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again. This

went against her inclination, but finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said: "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have none but Federigo de gli Alberighi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said: "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, *that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.*" They, hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and of such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs than he had been before.

SONNETS OF BOCCACCIO.

TRANSLATED BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

To one who had censured his public Exposition of Dante.

If Dante mourns, there wheresoe'er he be,
That such high fancies of a soul so proud
Should be laid open to the vulgar crowd,
(As, touching my Discourse, I'm told by thee,)
This were my grievous pain; and certainly
My proper blame should not be disavowed;
Though hereof somewhat, I declare aloud,
Were due to others, not alone to me.
False hopes, true poverty, and therewithal
The blinded judgment of a host of friends,
And their entreaties, made that I did thus.
But of all this there is no gain at all
Unto the thankless souls with whose base ends
Nothing agrees that's great or generous.

Inscription for a Portrait of Dante.

Dante Alighieri, a dark oracle
Of wisdom and of art I am; whose mind
Has to my country such great gifts assigned
That men account my powers a miracle.

My lofty fancy passed as low as Hell,
As high as Heaven, secure and unconfined;
And in my noble book doth every kind
Of earthly lore and heavenly doctrine dwell.
Renownèd Florence was my mother, — nay,
Stepmother unto me her piteous son,
Through sin of cursed slander's tongue and tooth.
Ravenna sheltered me so cast away;
My body is with her, — my soul with One
For whom no envy can make dim the truth.

Of his last sight of Fiammetta.

Round her red garland and her golden hair
I saw a fire about Fiammetta's head;
Thence to a little cloud I watched it fade,
Than silver or than gold more brightly fair;
And like a pearl that a gold ring doth bear,
Even so an angel sat therein, who sped
Alone and glorious throughout heaven, arrayed
In sapphires and in gold that lit the air.
Then I rejoiced as hoping happy things,
Who rather should have then discerned how God
Had haste to make my lady all his own,
Even as it came to pass. And with these stings
Of sorrow, and with life's most weary load
I dwell, who fain would be where she is gone.

Of three Girls and of their Talk.

By a clear well, within a little field
Full of green grass and flowers of every hue,
Sat three young girls, relating (as I knew)
Their loves. And each had twined a bough to shield
Her lovely face; and the green leaves did yield
The golden hair their shadow; while the two
Sweet colors mingled, both blown lightly through
With a soft wind forever stirred and stilled.
After a little while one of them said,
(I heard her,) "Think! If ere the next hour struck,
Each of our lovers should come here to-day,
Think you that we should fly or feel afraid?"
To whom the others answered, "From such luck
A girl would be a fool to run away."

A GROUP OF ITALIAN POETS.

TRANSLATED BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[For biographical sketch of Rossetti, see page 282.]

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

ON A WET DAY.

As I walked thinking through a little grove,
Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,
Saying — "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
"O here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily? love!"
"And there are violets!"
"Farther for roses! O the lovely pets!
The darling beauties! O the nasty thorn!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "O don't! it's a grasshopper!"
"Come, run! come, run!
Here's bluebells!" "O what fun!"
"Not that way! stop her!"
"Yes! this way!" "Pluck them then!"
"O, I've found mushrooms! O look here!" "O, I'm
Quite sure that farther on we'll get wild thyme."
"O, we shall stay too long; it's going to rain;
There's lightning; O! there's thunder!"
"O shan't we hear the vesper bell? I wonder."
"Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing!
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing —
Fly away, O die away?"
"O, I hear something; hush!"
"Why, where? what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush."
So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it:
Till with the stir they make
Out scurries a great snake.
"O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! Alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream again,
And then in heavy drops comes down the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying,
And flying, and stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;—

One sets her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood, and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground,
And still as, screaming, hustling, without rest,
They run this way and that and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

CIULLO D'ALCAMO.

Dialogue: Lover and Lady.

He.

Thou sweetly smelling fresh red rose
That near thy summer art,
Of whom each damsel and each dame
Would fain be counterpart;
Oh! from this fire to draw me forth
Be it in thy good heart:
For night or day there is no rest with me,
Thinking of none, my lady, but of thee.

She.

If thou hast set thy thoughts on me,
Thou hast done a foolish thing.
Yea, all the pine wood of this world
Together might'st thou bring,
And make thee ships, and plow the sea
Therewith for corn-sowing,
Ere any way to win me could be found:
For I am going to shear my locks all round.

He.

Lady, before thou shear thy locks
I hope I may be dead:

For I should lose such joy thereby
And gain such grief instead.
Merely to pass and look at thee,
Rose of the garden-bed,
Has comforted me much, once and again.
Oh! if thou wouldst but love, what were it then!

She.

Nay, though my heart were prone to love,
I would not grant it leave.
Hark! should my father or his kin
But find thee here this eve,
Thy loving body and lost breath
Our moat may well receive.
Whatever path to come here thou dost know,
By the same path I counsel thee to go.

He.

And if thy kinsfolk find me here,
Shall I be drowned then? Marry,
I'll set, for price against my head,
Two thousand agostari.
I think thy father would not do't
For all his lands in Bari.
Long life to the Emperor! Be God's the praise!
Thou hear'st, my beauty, what thy servant says.

She.

And am I then to have no peace
Morning or evening?
I have strong coffers of my own
And much good gold therein;
So that if thou couldst offer me
The wealth of Saladin,
And add to that the Soldan's money-hoard,
Thy suit would not be anything toward.

He.

I have known many women, love,
Whose thoughts were high and proud,
And yet have been made gentle by
Man's speech not overloud.

If we but press ye long enough,
At length ye will be bowed;
For still a woman's weaker than a man.
When the end comes, recall how this began.

She.

God grant that I may die before
Any such end do come, —
Before the sight of a chaste maid
Seem to me troublesome!
I marked thee here all yestereve
Lurking about my home,
And now I say, "Leave climbing, lest thou fall,
For these thy words delight me not at all."

He.

How many are the cunning chains
Thou hast wound round my heart!
Only to think upon thy voice
Sometimes I groan apart.
For I did never love a maid
Of this world, as thou art,
So much as I love thee, thou crimson rose.
Thou wilt be mine at last: this my soul knows.

She.

If I could think it would be so,
Small pride it were of mine
That all my beauty should be meant
But to make thee to shine.
Sooner than stoop to that, I'd shear
These golden tresses fine,
And make one of some holy sisterhood;
Escaping so thy love, which is not good.

He.

If thou unto the cloister fly,
Thou cruel lady and cold,
Unto the cloister I will come
And by the cloister hold;

For such a conquest liketh me
Much better than much gold;
At matins and at vespers I shall be
Still where thou art. Have I not conquered thee?

She.

Out and alack! wherefore am I
Tormented in such wise?
Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour,
In whom my best hope lies,
O give me strength that I may hush
This vain man's blasphemies!
Let him seek through the earth; 'tis long and broad:
He will find fairer damsels, O my God!

He.

I have sought through Calabria,
Lombardy, and Tuscany,
Rome, Pisa, Lucca, Genoa,
All between sea and sea:
Yea, even to Babylon I went
And distant Barbary:
But not a woman found I anywhere
Equal to thee, who art indeed most fair.

She.

If thou have all this love for me,
Thou canst no better do
Than ask me of my father dear
And my dear mother too:
They willing, to the abbey-church
We will together go,
And, before Advent, thou and I will wed;
After the which, I'll do as thou hast said.

He.

These thy conditions, lady mine,
Are altogether naught;
Despite of them, I'll make a net
Wherein thou shalt be caught.
What, wilt thou put on wings to fly?
Nay, but of wax they're wrought, —

They'll let thee fall to earth, not rise with thee:
So, if thou canst, then keep thyself from me.

She.

Think not to fright me with thy nets
And suchlike childish gear;
I am safe pent within the walls
Of this strong castle here;
A boy before he is a man
Could give me as much fear.
If suddenly thou get not hence again,
It is my prayer thou mayst be found and slain.

He.

Wouldst thou in very truth that I
Were slain, and for thy sake?
Then let them hew me to such mince
As a man's limbs may make!
But meanwhile I shall not stir hence
Till of that fruit I take
Which thou hast in thy garden, ripe enough:
All day and night I thirst to think thereof.

She.

None have partaken of that fruit,
Not counts nor cavaliers:
Though many have reached up for it,
Barons and great seigneurs,
They all went hence in wrath because
They could not make it theirs.
Then how canst *thou* think to succeed alone
Who has not a thousand ounces of thine own?

He.

How many nosegays I have sent
Unto thy house, sweet soul!
At least till I am put to proof,
This scorn of thine control.
For if the wind, so fair for thee,
Turn ever and wax foul,
Be sure that thou shalt say when all is done,
"Now is my heart heavy for him that's gone."

She.

If by my grief thou couldst be grieved,
God send me a grief soon!
I tell thee that though all my friends
Prayed me as for a boon,
Saying, "Even for the love of us,
Love thou this worthless loon,"—
Thou shouldst not have the thing that thou dost hope.
No, verily; not for the realm o' the Pope.

He.

Now could I wish that I in truth
Were dead here in thy house:
My soul would get its vengeance then;
Once known, the thing would rouse
A rabble, and they'd point and say,—
"Lo! she that breaks her vows,
And, in her dainty chamber, stabs!" Love, see:
One strikes just thus: it is soon done, pardie!

She.

If now thou do not hasten hence,
(My curse companioning,)
That my stout friends will find thee here
Is a most certain thing:
After the which, my gallant sir,
Thy points of reasoning
May chance, I think, to stand thee in small stead.
Thou hast no friend, sweet friend, to bring thee aid.

He.

Thou sayest truly, saying that
I have not any friend:
A landless stranger, lady mine,
None but his sword defend.
One year ago, my love began,
And now, is this the end?
Oh! the rich dress thou worest on that day
Since when thou art walking at my side alway!

She.

So 'twas my dress enamored thee!
What marvel? I did wear

A cloth of samite silver-flowered,
And gems within my hair.
But one more word; if on Christ's Book
To wed me thou didst swear,
There's nothing now could win me to be thine:
I had rather make my bed in the sea-brine.

He.

And if thou make thy bed therein,
Most courteous lady and bland,
I'll follow all among the waves,
Paddling with foot and hand;
Then when the sea hath done with thee,
I'll seek thee on the sand.
For I will not be conquered in this strife:
I'll wait, but win; or losing, lose my life.

She.

For Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three times I cross myself.
Thou art no godless heretic,
Nor Jew, whose God's his pelf:
Even as I know it then, meseems,
Thou needs must know thyself
That woman, when the breath in her doth cease,
Loseth all savor and all loveliness.

He.

Woe's me! Perforce it must be said
No craft could then avail:
So that if thou be thus resolved,
I know my suit must fail.
Then have some pity, of thy grace!
Thou mayst, love, very well;
For though thou love not me, my love is such
That 'tis enough for both — yea, overmuch.

She.

Is it even so? Learn, then, that I
Do love thee from my heart.
To-morrow, early in the day,
Come here, but now depart.
By thine obedience in this thing
I shall know what thou art,

And if thy love be real or nothing worth;
Do but go now, and I am thine henceforth.

He.

Nay, for such promise, my own life,
I will not stir a foot.
I've said, if thou wouldst tear away
My love even from its root,
I have a dagger at my side
Which thou mayst take to do't:
But as for my going hence, it will not be.
O hate me not! my heart is burning me.

She.

Think'st thou I know not that thy heart
Is hot and burns to death?
Of all that thou or I can say,
But one word succoreth.
Till thou upon the Holy Book
Give me thy bounden faith,
God is my witness that I will not yield:
For with thy sword 'twere better to be killed.

He.

Then on Christ's Book, borne with me still
To read from and to pray,
(I took it, fairest, in a church,
The priest being gone away,)
I swear that my whole self shall be
Thine always from this day.
And now at once give joy for all my grief,
Lest my soul fly, that's thinner than a leaf.

She.

Now that this oath is sworn, sweet lord,
There is no need to speak:
My heart that was so strong before,
Now feels itself grow weak.
If any of my words were harsh,
Thy pardon: I am meek
Now, and will give thee entrance presently.
It is best so, sith so it was to be.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

Canzone: A Dispute with Death.

"O sluggish, hard, ingrate, what doest thou?
Poor sinner, folded round with heavy sin,
Whose life to find out joy alone is bent.
I call thee, and thou fall'st to deafness now;
And, deeming that my path whereby to win
Thy seat is lost, there sitt'st thee down content,
And hold'st me to thy will subservient.
But I into thy heart have crept disguised:
Among thy senses and thy sins I went,
By roads thou didst not guess, unrecognized.
Tears will not now suffice to bid me go,
Nor countenance abased, nor words of woe."

Now when I heard the sudden dreadful voice
Wake thus within to cruel utterance,
Whereby the very heart of hearts did fail,
My spirit might not any more rejoice,
But fell from its courageous pride at once,
And turned to fly, where flight may not avail.
Then slowly 'gan some strength to reinhale
The trembling life which heard that whisper speak,
And had conceived the sense with sore travail;
Till in the mouth it murmured, very weak,
Saying: "Youth, wealth, and beauty, these have I:
O Death! remit thy claim, — I would not die."

Small sign of pity in that aspect dwells
Which then had scattered all my life abroad
Till there was comfort with no single sense.
And yet almost in piteous syllables,
When I had ceased to speak, this answer flowed:
"Behold what path is spread before thee hence;
Thy life has all but a day's permanence.
And is it for the sake of youth there seems
In loss of human years such sore offense?
Nay, look unto the end of youthful dreams.
What present glory does thy hope possess,
That shall not yield ashes and bitterness?"

But, when I looked on Death made visible,
From my heart's sojourn brought before mine eyes,
And holding in her hand my grievous sin,

I seemed to see my countenance, that fell,
Shake like a shadow: my heart uttered cries,
And my soul wept the curse that lay therein.
Then Death: "Thus much thine urgent prayer shall win:—
I grant thee the brief interval of youth
At natural pity's strong soliciting."
And I (because I knew that moment's ruth
But left my life to groan for a frail space)
Fell in the dust upon my weeping face.

So, when she saw me thus abashed and dumb,
In loftier words she weighed her argument,
That new and strange it was to hear her speak;
Saying: "The path thy fears withhold thee from
Is thy best path. To folly be not shent,
Nor shrink from me because thy flesh is weak.
Thou seest how man is sore confused, and eke
How ruinous Chance makes havoc of his life,
And grief is in the joys that he doth seek;
Nor ever pauses the perpetual strife
'Twixt fear and rage; until beneath the sun
His perfect anguish be fulfilled and done."

"O Death! thou art so dark and difficult,
That never human creature might attain
By his own will to pierce thy secret sense;
Because, foreshadowing thy dread result,
He may not put his trust in heart or brain,
Nor power avails him, nor intelligence.
Behold how cruelly thou takest hence
These forms so beautiful and dignified,
And chain'st them in thy shadow chill and dense,
And forcest them in narrow graves to hide;
With pitiless hate subduing still to thee
The strength of man and woman's delicacy."

"Not for thy fear the less I come at last,
For this thy tremor, for thy painful sweat.
Take therefore thought to leave (for lo! I call:)
Kinfolk and comrades, all thou didst hold fast, —
Thy father and thy mother, — to forget
All these thy brethren, sisters, children, all.
Cast sight and hearing from thee; let hope fall;
Leave every sense and thy whole intellect,
These things wherein thy life made festival:
For I have wrought thee to such strange effect

That thou hast no more power to dwell with these
As living man. Let pass thy soul in peace."

Yea, Lord. O Thou, the Builder of the spheres,
Who, making me, didst shape me, of Thy grace,
In Thine own image and high counterpart;
Do Thou subdue my spirit, long perverse,
To weep within Thy will a certain space,
Ere yet Thy thunder come to rive my heart.
Set in my hand some sign of what Thou art,
Lord God, and suffer me to seek out Christ, —
Weeping, to seek Him in Thy ways apart;
Until my sorrow have at length sufficed
In some accepted instant to atone
For sins of thought, for stubborn evil done.

Disheveled and in tears, go, song of mine,
To break the hardness of the heart of man:
Say how his life began
From dust, and in that dust doth sink supine:
Yet, say, the unerring spirit of grief shall guide
His soul, being purified,
To seek its Maker at the heavenly shrine.

FAZIO DEGLI UBERTI.

Canzone: His Portrait of his Lady, Angiola of Verona.

I look at the crisp golden-threaded hair
Whereof, to thrall my heart, Love twists a net:
Using at times a string of pearls for bait,
And sometimes with a single rose therein.
I look into her eyes which unaware
Through mine own eyes to my heart penetrate;
Their splendor, that is excellently great,
To the sun's radiance seeming near akin,
Yet from herself a sweeter light to win.
So that I, gazing on that lovely one,
Discourse in this wise with my secret thought: —
"Woe's me! why am I not,
Even as my wish, alone with her alone, —
That hair of hers, so heavily uplaid,
To shed down braid by braid,
And make myself two mirrors of her eyes
Within whose light all other glory dies?"

I look at the amorous, beautiful mouth,
The spacious forehead which her locks inclose,
The small white teeth, the straight and shapely nose,
And the clear brows of a sweet penciling.
And then the thought within me gains full growth,
Saying, "Be careful that thy glance now goes
Between her lips, red as an open rose,
Quite full of every dear and precious thing;
And listen to her gracious answering,
Born of the gentle mind that in her dwells,
Which from all things can glean the nobler half.
Look thou when she doth laugh
How much her laugh is sweeter than aught else."
Thus evermore my spirit makes avow
Touching her mouth; till now
I would give anything that I possess,
Only to hear her mouth say frankly, "Yes."

I look at her white, easy neck, so well
From shoulders and from bosom lifted out;
And at her round cleft chin, which beyond doubt
No fancy in the world could have designed.
And then, with longing grown more voluble,
"Were it not pleasant now," pursues my thought,
"To have that neck within thy two arms caught,
And kiss it till the mark were left behind?"
Then, urgently: "The eyelids of thy mind
Open thou: if such loveliness be given
To sight here, — what of that which she doth hide?
Only the wondrous ride
Of sun and planets through the visible heaven
Tells us that there beyond is Paradise.
Thus, if thou fix thine eyes,
Of a truth certainly thou must infer
That every earthly joy abides in her."

I look at the large arms, so lithe and round, —
At the hands, which are white and rosy too, —
At the long fingers, clasped and woven through,
Bright with the ring which one of them doth wear.
Then my thought whispers: "Were thy body wound
Within those arms, as loving women's do,
In all thy veins were born a life made new
Which thou couldst find no language to declare.
Behold, if any picture can compare

With her just limbs, each fit in shape and size,
Or match her angel's color like a pearl.
She is a gentle girl
To see; yet when it needs, her scorn can rise.
Meek, bashful, and in all things temperate,
Her virtue holds its state;
In whose least act there is that gift expressed
Which of all reverence makes her worthiest."

Soft as a peacock steps she, or as a stork
Straight on herself, taller and statelier:
'Tis a good sight how every limb doth stir
Forever in a womanly sweet way.
"Open thy soul to see God's perfect work,"
(My thought begins afresh,) "and look at her
When with some lady-friend exceeding fair
She bends and mingles arms and locks in play.
Even as all lesser lights vanish away,
When the sun moves, before his dazzling face,
So is this lady brighter than all these.
How should she fail to please, —
Love's self being no more than her loveliness?
In all her ways some beauty springs to view;
All that she loves to do
Tends alway to do her honor's single scope:
And only from good deeds she draws her hope."

Song, thou canst surely say, without pretense,
That since the first fair woman ever made,
Not one can have displayed
More power upon all hearts than this one doth,
Because in her are both
Loveliness and the soul's true excellence: —
And yet (woe's me!) is pity absent thence?

THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

By PETRARCH.

(Translated by Charles Bagot Cayley.)

[Petrarch (Francesco Petrarca), the famous Italian lyric poet and scholar, was the son of a Florentine notary named Petracco, who was exiled at the same time with Dante and settled in Arezzo. Here Petrarch was born, July 20, 1304, and when eight years old removed to the papal city of Avignon, where he began his education. Later he spent seven years in the study of law at Montpellier and Bologna, but his own inclinations led him to devote attention to the Latin classics. It was at Avignon that he first met Laura, who exercised such a great influence on his life. She is now generally identified with Laure de Noves, who married Hugo de Sade in 1325, two years before her meeting with the poet. In 1353 Petrarch left Avignon; resided in various cities in northern Italy, being chiefly employed on various diplomatic missions; and died at the village of Arquà, near Padua, July 18, 1374. Petrarch himself based his hopes of immortality upon his Latin works, particularly upon "Africa," an epic poem, for which he received a laurel crown at Rome. But he is now remembered solely for the "Rime" or "Canzoniére," comprising sonnets and odes in honor of Laura. They are among the earliest Italian lyrics.]

Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair
So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;

And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,
Under the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A sighing have I gone from shore to shore,
By night and day, through drought and through the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with altered hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore, —
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are passed by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.

SONNETS OF PETRARCH.

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD GARNETT.

(Written during Laura's life.)

YE WHO attend the desultory flow
  Of sighing strains whereon my heart I fed,
  Young on youth's path of devious error sped,
And other man in part than I am now:
On song mid words and tears swayed to and fro,
  By idle hope and idle grief bested,
  He, whom Life's hand on ways of Love hath led,
Pardon, I hope, yea, pity will bestow.
But well I mark how byword I became
  Long in the people's mouth, and often hence
  I droop dejected in mine own esteem:

And for the fruit of folly gather shame,
Self-condemnation, and intelligence
That all brief joy of earth is but a dream.

The southern window where one Sun is shown
When such its will, one only at noontide;
The window of the north, where cold airs chide,
In briefest days by breath of Boreas blown;
The rock whereon in open day alone
My Lady sits and lets her fancies glide;
And every spot that e'er, beatified,
Her veiling shadow or light foot hath known;
And pass where I by Love was overta'en;
And novel Spring awakening ancient smart
As other Aprils come with other years;
And words and looks that in the midmost heart
Imprinted ineffaceably remain;
Persuade mine eyes to render up their tears.

Blessed for aye the day, the month, the year,
Season and time, and hour, and moment's space,
And lovely land and favorable place,
Where on my neck was laid the yoke I bear!
And blest the tender trouble and sweet care
Begot when Love and I did first embrace:
And blest the bow and shaft whose ruddy trace
The heart in its deep core shall ever wear!
And words unsummed wherewith my Lady's name,
So oft invoked, upon the air I sped;
And sighing and lament, and passion's flame;
And blest all songs and music that have spread
Her laud afar; and thought that comes and came
For her alone, unto all other dead.

Now that so many times, so many ways,
We proof have made of man's uncertain lot,
Unto the Good Supreme, that faileth not,
Our errant hearts reverting let us raise.
Man's life is as a mead, where winds and strays
The serpent in green herb and flowery plot,
And, be some charm from goodly prospect got,
'Tis but the more the drowsy soul to daze.

Be the few wise your guides, ye who would reach
  Untroubled life, and calm of closing day;
  And clamor of the rabble disavow.
But of myself what hear I? Thou dost teach,
  Friend, the right road whence thou thyself didst stray
  So oft, and never yet so far as now.

River, this husk of me well mayest thou
  Bear on thy fleet and potent flood away,
  But the free soul these veils of flesh array
Not to thy might or other might doth bow.
Scorning all shifts of sail or helm or prow,
  Direct on favoring breeze she takes her way;
  Wind, wave, and sheet and oar her nothing stay,
Bound upon beating wing to golden bough.
Po, king of rivers, first in pride and might,
  Encountering the sun when day he leads,
  And fairer light forsaking in the West;
'Tis but my earthly part thy torrent speeds:
  The other, in soft plumes of Love bedight,
  Wings back her way to her beloved nest.

Oblivion for her freight, my bark divides
  Wild seas, 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis borne
  At wintry midnight, o'er her course forlorn
My Lord — say rather enemy — presides.
At every oar a fierce dark thought derides
  Death and the hurricane it holds in scorn;
  And sails by drenching blasts are split and torn
Of sighs, hopes, passions, storming on all sides.
Tears fall in torrents, angers rise in mist
  To soak and slack the tackling's fretted cord
  Of ignorance and error jointly wound.
The two sweet stars which guided me are missed;
  Reason and Skill have perished overboard;
  Methinks the haven hardly shall be found.

Stand we here, Love, our glory to survey;
  Things Nature overpassing, wondrous, new;
  Behold what sweet of her doth Earth imbue;
Behold what light in her doth Heaven display.
See Art impearl, impurple, gild the array
  Of mortal charms none other may indue;
  See her feet traverse and her eyes review
The cloistered vales of her enshadowed way.

Herbage and troops of many-tinted flowers
Sprinkled beneath yon old dark ilex-stem
Pray for her tender foot's imprinted trace:
And starry sparks, alit as evening lowers,
Throb mid transparent skies that joy with them
To image the sereneness of her face.

Boons but to few by liberal Heaven allowed,
Higher that mere humanity can find;
Gray wisdom 'neath a golden brow confined;
Beauty divine in lowly woman bowed:
Secrets of fascinations unavowed;
Melody making echo in the mind;
Carriage angelic; spirit none can bind,
Breaking the stubborn, tamer of the proud:
And eyes at whose command the heart stands still,
Potent the soul to ravish and replace,
And light bestow on darkness and abyss:
Converse high, eloquent, and affable
Of silvery speech with sighing interspace —
These spells have wrought my metamorphosis.

(Written after Laura's death.)

The lofty Column and the Laurel green,
Whose shade was shelter for my weary thought,
Are broken; mine no longer that which sought
North, south, and east and west shall not be seen.
Ravished by Death the treasures twain have been
Whereby I wended with glad courage fraught,
By land or lordship ne'er to be rebought,
Or golden heap or gem of Orient sheen.
If this the high arbitrament of Fate,
What else remains for me than visage bent,
And eye embathed and spirit desolate?
O life of man, in prospect excellent!
What scarce slow striving years accumulate
So lightly in a morning to be spent!

If plaintive note of birds, or rustle lent
To swaying bough by breeze of summertide,
Or muffled murmur of clear streams that glide
On channeled path 'twixt flowers and grasses pent,

Comes where I sit and write on Love intent;
Then her whom Heaven revealed, and Earth doth hide,
I see and feel and know, how, from my side
Sundered so far, she answers my lament.
Why thus before the time wear life away?
She pitying saith, wherefore incessant run
Thine eyes with bitter waters? weep, I pray,
No more for me, who endless life have won
By death, and opened to eternal day
The eyes I seemed to shut unto the Sun.

The eyes whose praise I penned with glowing thought,
And countenance and limbs and all fair worth
That sundered me from men of mortal birth,
From them dissevered, in myself distraught:
The clustering locks, with golden glory fraught;
The sudden-shining smile, as angels' mirth,
Wonted to make a paradise on earth;
Are now a little dust, that feels not aught.
Still have I life, who rail and rage at it,
Lorn of Love's light that solely Life endears;
Mastless before the hurricane I flit;
Be this my last of lays to mortal ears;
Dried is the ancient fountain of my wit,
And all my music melted into tears.

Recalling the sweet look and golden head
So lowly bent, whereof now Heaven is proud,
Visage angelic, tones not ever loud,
Whose music joy, whose memory woe hath bred;
Certes, I now were numbered with the dead,
Had not that One, of whom 'tis not avowed
If chaster or more beauteous, earthward bowed,
At dawn's approach unto my succor sped.
How pure in pious tenderness our greeting!
With what attention doth she note and weigh
The long sad tale I ever am repeating!
Till smitten by the morning's vanward ray,
With dewy cheek and eye she fades, retreating
To Heaven, as one familiar with the way.

MEDIÆVAL PERSIAN POETS.

Sadi, Rúmi, Jami.

By EDWARD B. COWELL.

[Edward B. Cowell, the famous Orientalist, and friend of Edward Fitzgerald, whom he turned to the Oriental studies which immortalized him, was born 1826; educated at Magdalen College, Oxford; in 1856 became Professor of History in the Presidency College, Calcutta, and in 1858 principal of the Government Sanskrit College as well. Returning to England in 1864, in 1867 he was made Professor of Sanskrit in Cambridge University. His life work, besides the college lectures, has been the editing and translation of Sanskrit and other Hindu works, and the preparation of text-books.]

Persian poetry, as we see it in its highest efforts, possesses a peculiar charm, not more from the novelty of its images, than the warm atmosphere of poetic feeling, which bathes them as with a tropic glow. The poet projects himself everywhere: nature and life present themselves to his view, deeply colored by his present emotions, while he sings. Hence the higher Persian poetry is rarely descriptive: it rarely bursts out into that enthusiastic admiration of Nature in herself, which forms so marked a feature in all the poetry of the Hindus. Persian poets may describe the aspects of Nature, under the varying succession of the seasons, but they paint them from the head rather than the heart; their pictures are vague and indefinite; and instead of opening their bosoms to the impulse and inspiration of the hour, they too often weary us with extravagant metaphors, or bewilder us with inexplicable conceits.

The peculiar feature of Persian poetry — its distinguishing charm — is the mystical tone which universally pervades it. This mystical tone is not confined to mere isolated passages; with but few exceptions it extends its influence everywhere. By this we do not mean that it is everywhere obtruding itself; for this perpetual intrusion would annihilate the charm, one main element of which consists in the vague and undefined feeling of its presence. The outer form of the poem may appear a romance or a song; it may tell of the loves of Yusuf and Zulaikha, or of Majnun and Laili; or it may plant us by the bowers of Mosella, amid the light-hearted revelry of the wine-worshipers of Shiraz, and to the idle listener the words may have conveyed nothing more. But just as in Caldron's comedy of "The Open Secret" (El Secreto à Voces), the very words, which to common persons of the drama only conveyed

a common meaning, bore to the two partners of the secret the whole history of their sorrows and joys, so to the ear, which is rightly attuned, in these utterances of the Persian Muse, echoes of a deeper harmony untwine themselves from the confusion of sounds. This mystical meaning never obtrudes itself; we may, if we will, pass it by, confining ourselves exclusively to those passages which sing of a mortal love, or an earthly summer and wine. But the vague and undefined shadow remains; the feeling of a greater presence will still hang over us; and

> "Memories of his music shall descend
> With the pure spirits of the sunless hours,
> Sink through our hearts, like dew into the flowers,
> And haunt us without end."

The following ode of Hafiz will serve as an interesting specimen of a large class of these poems: it appears to be addressed to an earthly object, who is apparently dissatisfied with the poet's mystic idolatry; and the ode seems intended to justify his abstracted passion, while it shows (like Spenser's odes to heavenly and earthly love) how —

> "Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
> An outward show of things, that only seem."

When thou hearest the words of the wise, say not, there is an error;
Oh, heart-stealer, thou knowest not their meaning, — the error is here.
My thoughts stoop not to the present or futurity;
Allah be blessed for the passion which rages in my heart!
Wounded as I am, there is something, I know not what, within my soul,
Which, while I keep silence, bursts forth in loud and tumultuous cries.
My heart rushes forth from the veil; where art thou, oh minstrel?
Or raise that lament again; at its note my hopes revive.
Never have I paid regard to the things of the world;
For it was thy cheek, which in my eyes adorned it so fair.
I cannot sleep for the image, which I carry with me at night;
The languor of an hundred sleepless nights is mine, — where is the wine-tavern?
For this in the Magian's wine-tavern they hold me in honor,
For in my heart is burning the perpetual fire.
What melody was that which the minstrel played?
Life hath passed, yet the echo still fills my soul.

Last night they raised within me the proclamation of thy love,
And the chambers of Hafiz's breast still ring to the sound!

There is a similar passage in the poet Jami : —

In this wine-tavern of pleasant stories,
I hear no echo of the heavenly strain.
My friends have drunk wine and are gone,
They have emptied the tavern and are gone!
And I see no wise man among the idle revelers,
In whose hand is a cup of the mystic wine.

Another of Hafiz's wilder odes, which we subjoin, will help to give the English reader a very different idea of his poetry to that usually entertained. We have been too much accustomed to consider his works, as indeed those of most of the Persian poets, as the careless effusions of the Eastern reveler, absorbed in the pleasures of the hour, — effusions bright, indeed, with all the rich hues of Eastern coloring, like the skies over his head, or the gardens around him, but yet transient as the summer's roses, or the nightingale's notes which welcomed them. This may be true of much of Eastern poetry as regards its form; but under all this outer imagery lies an inner meaning of far other and more permanent interest, where feelings and desires of the soul find an utterance, which we should in vain seek in the pagan literature of Greece or Rome.

My heart's phœnix is on the wing, — the highest heaven is its nest;
Sick of the body's cage, and weary of the world,
When once it takes its flight from off this heap of ashes,
Once more will it fix its roost at the gate of that rose-garden.
When once it flies from the world, the Sidrah tree shall be its home,
For know that our loved one's resting-place is on heaven's highest pinnacle.
In the two worlds it hath no home save high above the highest heaven;
Of knowledge is its essence, and in all space is not found its place.
On the head of the world shall many a shadow of good fortune fall,
If once our phœnix pass over it with its wings outspread.
Oh Hafiz, forlorn as thou art, while thou proclaimest the unity of God,
Write with the pen of his grace on the pages of Spirits and Mankind!

Our space will not allow us to enter into any detailed account of the peculiar doctrines of the Sufis; but there is the

less need for such details, as the various sects among them are by no means agreed on the several points of their system. Sir John Malcolm has well said that "the essence of Sufeyism is poetry," as, indeed, the Persian temperament might easily lead us to anticipate. The value or interest of its philosophy does not consist in its logical accuracy, or the pitiless rigor of its deductive method, such as we cannot help admiring in the Pantheistic subtleties of the Hindu; for those qualities are totally foreign to the Persian mind. Sufeyism, in fact, has risen from the bosom of Mohammedanism, as a vague protest of the human soul in its instinctive longings after a purer creed. Music, Poetry, and the Arts are the unconscious aspirations of the soul, as it hurries along in its restless impulses through the world, stung by the echo of *Alast!* yet ringing in its ear, but with no visible object to claim the passionate adoration which it burns to pour forth. The odes of Sufeyism, as we find them in the diwáns of Hafiz and Jelaleddin, are supposed to be the natural expression of these vague and mysterious longings; in these its dumb and struggling aspirations find a voice, while it passes from stage to stage in the journey of Sufi development, learning to recognize the divine origin with continually clearer intuition, as it gradually escapes from matter and its selfish tendencies.

Human speech, however, is weak and imperfect; and, since ordinary language is only framed to convey the daily wants and impressions of mankind, these higher experiences of the soul can only be represented by symbols and metaphors. Hence the Sufi poets adopt a form of expression which to the uninitiated ear can convey no such depth of meaning. Under the evil of an earthly passion, and the woes of a temporal separation, they disguise the dark riddle of human life, and the celestial banishment, which lies beyond the threshold of existence; and under the joys of revelry and intoxication they figure mystical transports and divine ecstasies. In the words of their great Manlá, "they profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in their sect, all is mystery within mystery." To similar purport speaks the poet Jami, —

> Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup I call thee;
> Sometimes the lure, sometimes the net I call thee.
> Except thy name, there is no letter on the tablet of the universe;
> Say by what appellation shall I call thee?

Persian poetry may be lyrical, as in the odes of Hafiz, or romantic, as in the Yusuf of Jami, or it may string together moral apologues, as in the Rose-garden of Sadi; but nearly all the Persian poets were Sufis, and Sufeyism formed the burden of their song. Thus, amidst all the moving pictures of Jami's celebrated romance, which float before the reader's eye like some gorgeous panorama of Eastern scenery, — amidst all the various scenes of Zulaikha's hopes, disappointments, and despair, there comes ever and anon the mystic voice of the poet, as the hierophant's to the awestruck ἐπόπτης in some pageant of the ancient mysteries, — reminding us in a few pregnant couplets that it is no mere common love story which he is singing, but something of older date, — a sorrow, whose birth-time stretches far back

"Into the deep immortal ancient time."

* * * * * * * * *

We pass on to Sadi of Shiraz, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and whose Gulistán or Rose-garden has long enjoyed something of a European celebrity, having been published at Amsterdam in 1651, by Gentius, with an uncouth Latin translation. Sadi's writings are a very favorable specimen of those collections of moral apologues which are so popular in the East. His two best works are the Gulistán and Bostán; the former in prose, interspersed with distichs and quatrains, and sometimes with longer poems; the latter entirely in verse. The Gulistán has been translated by Professor Eastwick, who has also edited the original text, and from his translation we give the following very graceful fable: —

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass, and said, "Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my Lord I grew."

The Bostán has never been translated into English, although much of it well deserves it. Sadi, unlike many Eastern authors, is never wearisome; his stories are always short, and his remarks pithy and to the point. His vein of poetry is not of the highest order; but his thoughts are graceful, and his

language exquisitely polished; and there is a genial fund of strong good sense and humor, which never fails to refresh the reader. The following apologue will not be new to some readers, for Jeremy Taylor has given it from a Jewish source in his "Liberty of Prophesying," yet it may still come with a certain novelty and freshness in the form of a genuine Oriental apologue of Sadi.

I have heard, that for one whole week no wayfarer
Came to the open tent of the "friend of God."
With no happy heart would he take his morning meal,
Unless some forlorn wanderer came in from the desert.
Forth he fared from his tent, and looked on every side,
To the skirts of the valley did he direct his gaze.
There saw he an old man, like a willow, alone in the desert,
His head and hair white with the snows of age.
With affectionate kindness he bade him welcome;
After the manner of the munificent he made his salutation:
"Oh, thou," he said, "who art dear as the apple of mine eye,
Deign to honor me by partaking of my bread and salt!"
With a glad assent the old man leaped up and set forth,
For well knew he the saint's character, — on whom be peace.
The servants in charge of Abraham's tent
Placed in the seat of honor that poor old man;
And the master bade them make ready to eat,
And they all sate in order round the table.
But when they commenced their solemn grace in the name of God,
They heard no response from the old man's lips.
Abraham said to him, "Oh, old man of ancient days,
I see not in thee the religion and devotion of age;
Is it not thy custom, when thou eatest bread,
To name the name of the Lord, who giveth that daily meed?"
He answered, "I never practice customs,
Which I have not learned from the old priest of the Fire-worshipers!"
Then knew the prophet of blessed omen
That the old man was a lost unbeliever;
And he drove him ignominiously from his tent,
When he saw the stranger in his foulness in the presence of the pure.
Then came there an angel from the glorious Creator,
And with awful majesty rebuked the prophet;
"For a hundred years, oh Abraham, have I given him daily food and life;
And canst not thou bear his presence for a single hour?"

The following apologue from the Gulistán may remind us of the well-known story of the Greek philosopher, who, when

asked to explain the nature of God, demanded a day to consider his answer, and on the morrow demanded a second respite, and so on for each succeeding day; until at last he confessed his inability to grapple with the problem, each day only serving to bring out more of its vastness, as he thought over it.

A holy man bowed his head on the bosom of contemplation, and was immersed in the ocean of mystic reverie. When he recovered from his vision, one of his friends said to him, "From that garden, where you have been, what gift have you brought for us?" He answered, "I purposed in my heart, that, when I reached the rose-bush, I would fill my lap with the flowers, and bring them as a present to my friends; but when I came there, the scent of the rose so intoxicated me that my garment slipped from my hands!"

Our next author is Jelaleddin Rúmi, who was born at Balkh, in Khorassan, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and died in 1260, having passed the whole of his life as a Sufi.

His great work is the Mesnavi, a long poem in six defters, or cantos, in many respects one of the most remarkable productions of the Eastern mind. It is written in the form of apologues. Amidst these stories are interspersed, with no sparing hand, long digressions of Sufi doctrine, which are continually leading us away from the apologue to the obscurest depths of mysticism. The stories themselves are generally easy, and told in a delightful style; but the disquisitions which interrupt them are often "darker than the darkest oracles," and unintelligible even to the Persians themselves without a copious commentary. When he is clear, no Persian poet can surpass his depth of thought or beauty of imagery; the flow of fine things runs on unceasing as from a river-god's urn. The apologue which we have selected is only a specimen among many such which might tempt insertion; we have omitted all the mystical digressions, which here, as elsewhere, mar the clear flow of the story; and we give the fable in its own simplicity, leaving it to speak for itself of the mystical moral which it is intended to convey.

There was once a merchant, who had a parrot,
A parrot fair to view, confined in a cage;
And when the merchant prepared for a journey,
He resolved to bend his way towards Hindustan.
Every servant and maid in his generosity

He asked what present he should bring them home,
And each one named what he severally wished,
And to each one the good master promised his desire.
Then he said to the parrot, "And what gift wishest thou,
That I should bring to thee from Hindustan?"
The parrot replied, "When thou seest the parrots there,
Oh, bid them know of my condition.
Tell them, that 'a parrot, who longs for their company,
Through heaven's decree is confined in my cage.
He sends you his salutation, and demands his right,
And seeks from you help and counsel.
He says, "Is it right I in my longings
Should pine and die in this prison through separation?
Is it right that I should be here fast in this cage,
While you dance at will on the grass and the trees?
Is this the fidelity of friends,
I here in a prison, and you in a grove?
Oh remember, I pray you, that bower of ours,
And our morning draughts in the olden time;
Oh remember all our ancient friendships,
And all the festive days of our intercourse!"'"
The merchant received its message,
The salutation which he was to bear to its fellows;
And when he came to the borders of Hindustan,
He beheld a number of parrots in the desert.
He stayed his horse, and he lifted his voice,
And he repeated his message, and deposited his trust;
And one of those parrots suddenly fluttered,
And fell to the ground, and presently died.
Bitterly did the merchant repent his words;
"I have slain," he cried, "a living creature.
Perchance this parrot and my little bird were close of kin,
The bodies perchance were two and their souls one.
Why did I this? why gave I the message?
I have consumed a helpless victim by my foolish words!
My tongue is as flint, and my lips as steel;
And the words that burst from them are sparks of fire.
Strike not together in thy folly the flint and steel,
Whether for the sake of kind words or vain boasting;
The world around is as a cotton-field by night;
In the midst of cotton, how shall the sparks do no harm?"
The merchant at length completed his traffic,
And he returned right glad to his home once more.
To every servant he brought a present,
To every maid he gave a token;

And the parrot said, "Where is my present?
Tell all that thou hast said and seen!"
He answered, "I repeated thy complaints
To that company of parrots, thy old companions,
And one of those birds, when it inhaled the breath of thy sorrow
Broke its heart, and fluttered, and died."
And when the parrot heard what its fellow had done,
It too fluttered, and fell down, and died.
When the merchant beheld it thus fall,
Up he sprang, and dashed his cap to the ground,
"Oh, alas!" he cried, "my sweet and pleasant parrot,
Companion of my bosom and sharer of my secrets!
Oh alas! alas! and again alas!
That so bright a moon is hidden under a cloud!"
After this, he threw its body out of the cage;
And lo! the little bird flew to a lofty bough.
The merchant stood amazed at what it had done,
Utterly bewildered he pondered its mystery.
It answered, "Yon parrot taught me by its action:
'Escape,' it told me, 'from speech and articulate voice,
Since it was thy voice that brought thee into prison;'
And to prove its own words itself did die."
It then gave the merchant some words of wise counsel,
And at last bade him a long farewell.
"Farewell, my master, thou hast done me a kindness,
Thou hast freed me from the bond of this tyranny.
Farewell, my master, I fly towards home;
Thou shalt one day be free like me!"

Besides the Mesnavi, Jelaleddin also wrote a collection (or Diwán) of mystical odes, which are full of very remarkable passages. The following has been rendered into English verse by the late Professor Falconer, in the *Asiatic Journal* of 1842: his translation, which we subjoin, is not less admirable for fidelity to the spirit of the original than for elegance of diction as a composition: —

Seeks thy spirit to be gifted
With a deathless life?
Let it seek to be uplifted
O'er earth's storm and strife.

Spurn its joys — its ties dissever;
Hopes and fears divest;
Thus aspire to live forever —
Be forever blest!

Faith and doubt leave far behind thee;
Cease to love or hate;
Let no Time's illusions blind thee;
Thou shalt Time outdate.

Merge thine individual being
In the Eternal's love;
All this sensuous nature fleeing
For pure bliss above.

Earth receives the seed and guards it;
Trustfully it dies;
Then with teeming life rewards it
For self-sacrifice!

With green leaf and clustering blossom
Clad, and golden fruit,
See it from earth's cheerless bosom
Ever sunward shoot!

Thus, when self-abased, Man's spirit
From each earthly tie
Rises disenthralled t' inherit
Immortality!

The following extract from the same work will show how Jelaleddin, and indeed the Sufis generally, endeavor to sublime the letters of Mohammedanism, in order to express their own more elevated views, — how they adopt the various formulæ of the creed, while they expand them indefinitely by their own system of interpretation. To enable our readers to understand its allusions, we add the following extract from Sir John Malcolm: "Mohammed's doctrine is termed Islám, faith is termed Inám, *i.e.* a belief of the creed; and religion in its practical sense Deen. The duties of religion or practice are prayer according to the prescribed forms, alms, fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca."

Oh! thou who layest a claim to Islám,
Without the inner meaning thy claim hath no stability.
Learn what are the pillars of the Mussulman's creed, —
Fasting, pilgrimage, prayer and alms.
Know that fasting is abstinence from the fashions of mankind,
For in the eye of the soul this is the true mortification.
Pilgrimage to the place of the wise

Is to find escape from the flame of separation.
Alms are the flinging at His feet
All else beside Him in the whole range of possibilities.
Depart from self that thou may'st be joined to him,
Wash thy hands of self that thou may'st obtain thy prayer.
If thou fulfillest these four "pillars of Islám,"
In the path of religion (deen) a thousand souls of mine are thy ransom!

The odes of Hafiz, which Western readers have been taught to regard as the careless effusions of an epicurean votary of pleasure, are regarded in a far different light in the East, where, supported by traditional interpretation and the precedent of so many avowed mystical writings, the Sufis have unanimously claimed him as their own. That in Hafiz's poems the tone of mysticism is far less open and unequivocal than in those of Jelaleddin, we readily admit, and in many of his odes a European reader would hardly recognize its existence; but in others it stands out in such a marked prominence that it at once arrests the attention, and it is, we believe, by the light of these that the former are to be truly understood. We have already given two odes, which no system of interpretation can narrow down to earth and time; and we now add two others, which although on the surface they do not wear such a Sufi form, are yet, we believe, to be understood in the same symbolical sense: —

The red rose is in bloom, and the nightingale is intoxicated, —
'Tis the proclamation of gladness, ye mystical worshipers of wine.
The foundations of our penitence, whose solidity seemed as of stone, —
See this cup of glass, how easily hath it shattered them!
Bring wine, for in the audience-hall of the Spirit's Independence
What is sentinel or sultan, what the wise man or the intoxicated?
Since from this caravanserai with its two gates departure is inevitable,
What matter whether the arch of life's lodging be high or low?
Only by toil and pain can the post of joy be won;
Yea, they have affixed the condition of evil to the compact of Alast.
For existence or non-existence vex not thy soul, — be glad of heart;
For non-existence is the end of every perfection that is.
The pomp of Asaf, and his steed of the wind, and his flying circle of birds, —
All have passed to the wind and their lord derived no profit!
Rise not on the wing to quit the path, for the winged arrow
Takes the air for a little space, but it sinks to the earth at last!
The tongue of thy pen, oh Hafiz, what thanks shall it utter,
That men carry the gift of thy words from hand to hand!

The following ode has more of passion than we usually find in Hafiz ; several of the couplets are admirable examples of that extreme condensation of thought, which so strongly characterizes his poetry, in contradistinction to other Persian writers : —

Should a thousand enemies purpose my destruction,
If thou art my friend, I care not for enemies.
'Tis the hope of thy presence which keeps me alive ;
Else in a hundred ways from thy absence am I threatened by death.
Unless every moment I inhale thy odor from the breeze,
Every minute for sorrow shall I rend my collar, like the rose.
Whither shall I go ? what shall I do ? what help shall I devise ?
For I am slain by the tortures of Fortune's tyranny.
Can my eyes, for thy image, fall into sleep ? Away with the thought !
Can my heart be patient under thy absence ? God forbid !
If thou smitest the blow, it is well, for thou art the plaster,
If thou givest the poison, it is well, for thou art the antidote.
Death from the stroke of thy sword is to me life immortal ;
The only value of life is to offer it a sacrifice to thee.
I will not turn my reins, if thou smitest me with thy scimiter;
I will make my head my shield, nor raise my hand from the saddle-bow.
How should every eye see thee as thou art ?
Every one comprehends according to his power of seeing,
Hafiz will then be honored in the eyes of men,
When he lays the head of poverty in the dust at thy door.

We can only add a brief account of Jami, a poet of the fifteenth century, whose seven poems (called in Persia "The Seven Thrones") abound with beautiful passages, and are likewise deeply imbued with Persian mysticism. We have already alluded to his poem on the loves of Yusuf and Zulaikha; we therefore confine our extracts to two of his other works.

The first of these, the Tuhfat-ul-Ahrár, or the Gift of the Noble, is a collection of mystical apologues, interspersed with short digressions on various points of Sufi doctrine. . . .

The other poem, the Salámán and Absál, is an allegory, which describes the connection of the soul and the body under the form of a love story, and relates the gradual disentanglement of the soul from material ties, as it rises nearer and nearer to the contemplation of heavenly beauty. From it we select the opening invocation, one of the most remarkable passages in the whole range of Persian poetry. The reader of Sufi

writings is continually reminded how near at times the more passionate language of St. Augustine or St. Bernard approaches that of the great Sufi poets, if we only modify the Pantheism, which is so native to the East.

Oh! Thou whose memory refreshes the lover's soul,
The water of whose kindness moistens the lover's tongue,
From Thee hath fallen a shadow of the world,
And earth's fair ones have traded on this as their whole capital.
Earth's lovers fall in homage before that shadow,
At the sight of that capital they are filled with frenzy.
Ere from Laili rose the secrets of Thy beauty,
Her love excited no flame in Majnun.
Ere thou hadst made Shérin's lips like sugar,
Her two lovers' hearts were not filled with blood.
Ere thou hadst given Azrá her silver cheeks,
No quicksilver tears filled Wámik's eyes.
From Thee, and Thee alone, comes mention of beauty and love;
Lover and loved, there is none save Thee.
The beauty of earth's fair ones is a veil before Thee,
Thou hast hidden Thy face behind the veil.
It is Thou that with Thine own beauty deckest the veil;
'Tis for this that the heart is fixed thereon as on a veiled bride.
Long enough hath Thy divine face been concealed by the veil;
We cannot distinguish Thy face from the curtain.
How long wilt Thou shoot Thy glances from behind its folds,
With a whole world enraptured at the picture of the veil?
It is time for Thee to remove the veil from before Thee,
And to display Thy face unclouded by its screen;
That I may be lost in the revelation of Thyself,
And freed from all power to distinguish good or ill;
That I may be Thy lover, enlightened by Thee,
With my eyes sealed to all other objects.
Thy goings are concealed under the various forms of truth;
Under all the creatures we see only Thee.
Though I look forth from every place of seeing,
In all the world I behold none other but Thee.
Thou adornest Thyself under the image of the world,
Thou art the keen-eyed censor in the guise of man.
There is no admission for separate personality within Thy sacred chamber;
There is no mention there of great or small.
From separate consciousness, oh, make me united to Thyself,
Oh! grant me a place in Thy assembly,
That like the Kurd in the story, escaped from personality,

I may say, "Is it I, O God, or is it Thou?
If it be I, then whence this knowledge and power?
And if it be Thou, whence this weakness and frailty?"

A GHAZAL OF HAFIZ.

(Literal translation by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Wilberforce Clarke.)

[Hafiz (Shems-ed-Din Muhammad), the greatest Persian lyrical poet, was born at Shiraz early in the fourteenth century; lived there, and died there about 1388. See previous article for the character of his work.]

If that bold one of Shīrāz gain our heart,
For his dark mole I will give Samarkand and Bukhāra.

Saki! give the wine remaining, for in Paradise thou wilt not have
The bank of the water of Ruknābād nor the rose of the garden of Musallā.

Alas! These saucy dainty ones, sweet of work, the torment of the city,
Take patience from the heart even as the men of Tūrkīstān take the tray of plunder.

The beauty of the Beloved is in no need of our imperfect love;
Of luster and color and mole and tricked line (of eyebrow) what need hath the lovely face?

By reason of that beauty daily increasing that Yūsuf had, I knew that love for him would bring
Zulaikhā forth from the screen of chastity.

The tale of minstrel and of love utter; little seek the mystery of time;
For this mystery, none solved by skill and shall not solve.

O Soul! hear the counsel of the Murshid (or pious wise man);
For dearer than the soul hold happy youths the counsel of the wise old man.

O Murshid! thou spakest ill of me; and now I am happy.
God Most High forgive thee, thou spakest well:
The bitter reply suiteth the ruddy lip, sugar-eating.

Thou utterest a ghazal, and threadest pearls (of verse). HAFIZ, come
and sweetly sing,
That on thy verse the sky may scatter the cluster of the Pleiades.

(The same: translated by Sir William Jones.)

Sweet maid, if thou would charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarkand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show,
A stream so clear as Ruknābād,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our dearest haunts infest,
Their dear, destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender heart invades
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New luster to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of Art?

Speak not of Fate! Ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty hath such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But, ah! sweet maid! my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise,
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay;
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;
But, oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

MEDITATIONS.

By HAFIZ.

(Translated by E. H. Palmer.)

O Cupbearer! fill up the goblet, and hand it around to us all!
For to Love that seemed easy at first these unforeseen troubles befall.

In the hope that the breeze of the South will blow yon dark tresses apart
And diffuse their sweet perfume around, O what anguish is caused to the heart!

Ay! sully your prayer mat with wine, if the elder encourage such sin!
For the traveler surely should know all the manners and ways of the inn.

What rest or what comfort for me can there be in the Loved One's abode,
When the bell is incessantly tolling to bid us each pack up his load?

The darkness of night and the fear of the waves and the waters that roar: —
How should they be aware of our state, who are roaming in safety ashore?

I yielded me up to delight, and it brought me ill fame at the last.
Shall a secret be hidden which into a general topic has passed?

Wouldst thou dwell in His presence? then never thyself unto absence betake!
Till thou meetest the One whom thou lovest, the world and its pleasures forsake!

ZULAIKHA.

By JAMI. 1414–1492.

(Translated by R. T. H. Griffith.)

. . . There was a King in the West. His name
Taimùs, was spread wide by the drum of Fame.
Of royal power and wealth possessed,
No wish unanswered remained in his breast.
His brow gave luster to Glory's crown,
And his foot gave the thrones of the Mighty renown.
With Orion from heaven his host to aid,
Conquest was his when he bared his blade.
His child Zulaikha was passing fair:
None in his heart might with her compare,—
Of his royal house the most brilliant star,
A gem from the chest where the treasures are.
Praise cannot equal her beauty; no!
But its faint, faint shadow my pen may show.
Like her own bright hair falling loosely down,
I will touch each charm to her feet from her crown.
May the soft reflection of that bright cheek
Lend light to my spirit and bid me speak!
And that flashing ruby, her mouth, bestow
The power to tell of the things I know!
Her stature was like to a palm tree grown
In the Garden of Grace, where no sin is known;
Bedewed by the love of her father the King,
She mocked the cypress that rose by the spring.
Sweet with the odor of musk, a snare
For the heart of the Wise, was the maiden's hair;
Tangled at night, in the morning through
Her long thick tresses a comb she drew,
And cleft the heart of the musk deer in twain
As for that rare odor he sighed in vain.

A dark shade fell from her loose hair sweet
As jasmine over the rose of her feet.
A broad silver tablet her forehead displayed
For the heaven-set lessons of beauty made;
Under its edge two inverted Núns
Showed black as musk their splendid half-moons,
And beneath them lively and bright were placed
Two Sáds by the pen of her Maker traced.
From Nún to the ring of the Mim there rose
Pure as silver, like Alif, her nose.
To the cipher, her mouth, add Alif: then
She had ten strong spells for the conquest of men.
That laughing ruby to view exposed
A Sín when the knot of her lips unclosed
At the touch of her pure white teeth, and between
The lines of crimson their flash was seen.
Her face was the garden of Iram, where
Roses of every hue are fair.
The dusky moles that enhanced the red
Were like Moorish boys playing in each rose bed.
Of silver that paid no tithe, her chin
Had a well with the Water of Life therein.
If a sage in his thirst came near to drink,
He would feel the spray ere he reached the brink;
But lost were his soul if he nearer drew,
For it was a well and a whirlpool too.
Her neck was of ivory. Thither drawn,
Came with her tribute to beauty the fawn;
And the rose hung her head at the gleam of the skin
Of the shoulders fairer than jessamine.
Her breasts were orbs of a light most pure,
Twin bubbles new risen from Fount Kafúr;
Two young pomegranates grown on one spray,
Where bold hope never a finger might lay.
The touchstone itself was proved false when it tried
Her arms' fine silver thrice purified;
But the pearl-pure amulets fastened there
Were the hearts of the holy absorbed in prayer.
The loveliest gave her their souls for rue;
And round the charm their own heartstrings drew.
Her arms filled her sleeves with silver from them
Whose brows are bound with a diadem.
To labor and care her soft hand lent aid,
And to wounded hearts healing unction laid.
Like reeds were those taper fingers of hers

To write on each heart love's characters.
Each nail on those fingers so long and slim
Showed a new moon laid on a full moon's rim;
And her small closed hand made the moon confess
That she never might rival its loveliness.
Two columns fashioned of silver upheld
That beauty which never was paralleled;
And, to make the tale of her charms complete,
They were matched by the shape of her exquisite feet, —
Feet so light and elastic no maid might show,
So perfectly fashioned from heel to toe, —
If on the eye of a lover she stepped,
Her foot would float on the tear he wept.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

By JÁMI.

(Version of Edward Fitzgerald.)

Alas for those who having tasted once
Of that forbidden vintage of the lips
That, pressed and pressing, from each other draw
The draught that so intoxicates them both,
That, while upon the wings of Day and Night
Time rustles on, and moons do wax and wane,
As from the very Well of Life they drink,
And, drinking, fancy they shall never drain.
But rolling Heaven from his ambush whispers,
"So in my license is it not set down:
Ah for the sweet societies I make
At morning, and before the Nightfall break,
Ah for the bliss that coming Night fills up,
And Morn looks in to find an empty Cup!"

Once in Baghdad a poor Arab,
After weary days of fasting,
Into the Khalifah's banquet-
Chamber, where, aloft in State
Harún the Great at supper sate,
Pushed and pushing, with the throng,
Got before a perfume-breathing
Pasty like the lip of Shirin
Luscious, or the Poet's song.

Soon as seen, the famisht clown
Seizes up and swallows down.
Then his mouth undaunted wiping —
"Oh, Khalifah, hear me swear,
While I breathe the dust of Baghdad,
Ne'er at any other Table
Than at Thine to sup or dine."
Grimly laughed Harún, and answered:
"Fool! who think'st to arbitrate
What is in the hands of Fate —
Take and thrust him from the Gate!"

While a full Year was counted by the Moon,
Salámán and Absál rejoiced together,
And neither Sháh nor Sage his face beheld.
They questioned those about him, and from them
Heard something: then himself to presence summoned,
And all the truth was told. Then Sage and Sháh
Struck out with hand and foot in his redress.
And first with Reason, which is also best;
Reason that rights the wanderer; that completes
The imperfect; Reason that resolves the knot
Of either world, and sees beyond the Veil.
For Reason is the fountain from of old
From which the Prophets drew, and none beside:
Who boasts of other inspiration, lies —
There are no other Prophets than The Wise.

And first The Shah: — "Salámán, Oh my Soul,
Light of the eyes of my Prosperity,
And making bloom the court of Hope with rose;
Year after year, Salámán, like a bud
That cannot blow, my own blood I devoured,
Till, by the seasonable breath of God,
At last I blossomed into thee, my Son;
Oh, do not wound me with a dagger thorn;
Let not the full-blown rose of Royalty
Be left to wither in a hand unclean.
For what thy proper pastime? Bat in hand
To mount and manage Rakhsh along the Field;
Not, with no weapon but a wanton curl
Idly reposing on a silver breast.
Go, fly thine arrow at the antelope
And lion — let me not My lion see
Slain by the arrow eyes of a Ghazál.
Go, challenge Zál or Rustam to the Field,
And smite the warriors' neck; not, flying them,

Beneath a woman's foot submit thine own,
O wipe the woman's henna from thy hand,
Withdraw thee from the minion who from thee
Dominion draws, and draws me with thee down;
Years have I held my head aloft, and all
For Thee — Oh, shame if thou prepare my Fall!"

When before SHIRÚYEH'S *dagger*
KAI KHUSRAU, *his Father fell,*
He declared this Parable —
"Wretch! — There was a branch that waxing
Wanton o'er the root he drank from,
At a draught the living water
Drained wherewith himself to crown;
Died the root — and with him died
The branch — and barren was brought down!"

The SHÁH ceased counsel, and The Sage began.
"O last new vintage of the Vine of Life
Planted in Paradise; Oh, Master-stroke,
And all-concluding flourish of the Pen
KUN FA YAKUN; Thyself prime Archetype,
And ultimate Accomplishment of MAN!
The Almighty hand, that out of common earth
Thy mortal outward to the perfect form
Of Beauty molded, in the fleeting dust
Inscribed HIMSELF, and in thy bosom set
A mirror to reflect HIMSELF in Thee.
Let not that dust by rebel passion blown
Obliterate that character: nor let
That Mirror, sullied by the breath impure,
Or form of carnal beauty fore-possest,
Be made incapable of the Divine.
Supreme is thine Original degree,
Thy Star upon the top of Heaven; but Lust
Will bring it down, down even to the Dust!"

Quoth a Muezzin to the crested
Cock — "Oh, Prophet of the Morning,
Never Prophet like to you
Prophesied of Dawn, nor Muezzin
With so shrill a voice of warning
Woke the sleeper to confession,
Crying, 'LA ALLAH ILLA 'LLAH,
MUHAMMAD RASULUHU.'
One, methinks, so rarely gifted
Should have prophesied and sung
In Heav'n, the Birds of Heav'n among,

Not with these poor hens about him,
Raking in a heap of dung."
"And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
Once I was; but by my foolish
Lust to this uncleanly living
With my sorry mates about me
Thus am fallen. Otherwise,
I were prophesying Dawn
Before the gates of Paradise."

Of all the Lover's sorrows, next to that
Of Love by Love forbidden, is the voice
Of friendship turning harsh in Love's reproof,
And overmuch of Counsel — whereby Love
Grows stubborn, and recoiling unsupprest
Within, devours the heart within the breast.
Salámán heard; his Soul came to his lips;
Reproaches struck not Absál out of him,
But drove Confusion in; bitter became
The drinking of the sweet draught of Delight
And warned the splendor of his Moon of Beauty.
His breath was Indignation, and his heart
Bled from the arrow, and his anguish grew.
How bear it? — By the hand of Hatred dealt,
Easy to meet — and deal with, blow for blow;
But from Love's hand which one must not requite,
And cannot yield to — what resource but Flight?
Resolved on which, he victualed and equipped
A Camel, and one night he led it forth,
And mounted — he with Absál at his side,
Like sweet twin almonds in a single shell.
And Love least murmurs at the narrow space
That draws him close and closer in embrace.

When the Moon of Canaan YUSUF
In the prison of Egypt darkened,
Nightly from her spacious Palace-
Chamber, and its rich array,
Stole ZULAIKHA *like a fantom*
To the dark and narrow dungeon
Where her buried Treasure lay.
Then to those about her wond'ring
"Were my Palace," she replied,
"Wider than Horizon-wide,
It were narrower than an Ant's eye,
Were my Treasure not inside:
And an Ant's eye, if but there
My Lover, Heaven's horizon were."
* * * * *

When they had sailed their vessel for a Moon,
And marred their beauty with the wind o' the Sea,
Suddenly in mid sea revealed itself
An Isle, beyond imagination fair;
An Isle that all was Garden; not a Flower,
Nor Bird of plumage like the flower, but there;
Some like the Flower, and others like the Leaf;
Some, as the Pheasant and the Dove adorned
With crown and collar, over whom, alone,
The jeweled Peacock like a Sultan shone;
While the Musicians, and among them Chief
The Nightingale, sang hidden in the trees
Which, arm in arm, from fingers quivering
With any breath of air, fruit of all kind
Down scattered in profusion to their feet,
Where fountains of sweet water ran between,
And Sun and shadow chequer-chased the green.
Here Iram-garden seemed in secrecy
Blowing the rosebud of its Revelation;
Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn
Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

Salámán saw the Isle, and thought no more
Of Further — there with Absál he sate down,
Absál and He together side by side
Together like the Lily and the Rose,
Together like the Soul and Body, one.
Under its trees in one another's arms
They slept — they drank its fountains hand in hand —
Paraded with the Peacock — raced the Partridge —
Chased the green Parrot for his stolen fruit,
Or sang divisions with the Nightingale.
There was the Rose without a thorn, and there
The Treasure and no Serpent to beware —
Oh, think of such a Mistress at your side
In such a Solitude, and none to chide!

Said to WAMIK *one who never*
Knew the Lover's passion — "Why
Solitary thus and silent
Solitary places haunting,
Like a Dreamer, like a Specter,
Like a thing about to die?"
Wamik answered — "Meditating
Flight with Azra to the Desert:
There by so remote a Fountain
That, whichever way one traveled,

League on league, one yet should never
See the face of Man; forever
There to gaze on my Beloved;
Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
Grew to Being Her I gaze on,
She and I no more, but in One
Undivided Being blended.
All that is by Nature twain
Fears or suffers by, the pain
Of Separation: Love is only
Perfect when itself transcends
Itself and, one with that it loves,
In undivided Being blends."

When by and by the SHÁH was made aware
Of that heart-breaking Flight, his royal robe
He changed for ashes, and his Throne for dust,
And wept awhile in darkness and alone.
Then rose; and, taking counsel from the SAGE,
Pursuit set everywhere afoot: but none
Could trace the footsteps of the flying Deer.
Then from his secret Art the Sage-Vizyr
A Magic Mirror made; a Mirror like
The bosom of All-wise Intelligence
Reflecting in its mystic compass all
Within the sev'nfold volume of the World
Involved; and, looking in that Mirror's face,
The SHÁH beheld the face of his Desire.
Beheld those Lovers, like that earliest pair
Of Lovers, in this other Paradise
So far from human eyes in the mid sea,
And yet within the magic glass so near
As with a finger one might touch them, isled.
The SHÁH beheld them; and compassion touched
His eyes and anger died upon his lips;
And armed with Righteous Judgment as he was,
Yet, seeing those two Lovers with one lip
Drinking that cup of Happiness and Tears
In which Farewell had never yet been flung,
He paused for their Repentance to recall
The lifted arm that was to shatter all.

The Lords of Wrath have perished by the blow
Themselves had aimed at others long ago.
Draw not in haste the sword, which Fate, may be,
Will sheathe, hereafter to be drawn on Thee.

Farhád, who the shapeless mountain
Into human likeness molded,
Under Shirin's *eyes as slavish*
Potters' earth himself became.
Then the secret fire of jealous
Frenzy, catching and devouring
Kai Khusrau, *broke into flame.*
With that ancient Hag of Darkness
Plotting, at the midnight Banquet
Farhád's *golden cup he poisoned,*
And in Shirin's *eyes alone*
Reigned — But Fate that Fate revenges,
Arms Shirúyeh *with the dagger*
That at once from Shirin *tore,*
And hurled him lifeless from his throne.

But as the days went on, and still The Shah
Beheld his Son how in the Woman lost,
And still the Crown that should adorn his head,
And still the Throne that waited for his foot,
Both trampled under by a base desire,
Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied —
Then from the sorrow of The Shah fell Fire;
To Gracelessness ungracious he became,
And, quite to shatter that rebellious lust,
Upon Salámán all his Will, with all
His Sage-Vizyr's Might-magic armed, discharged.
And Lo! Salámán to his Mistress turned,
But could not reach her — looked and looked again,
And palpitated tow'rd her — but in vain!
Oh Misery! As to the Bankrupt's eyes
The Gold he may not finger! or the Well
To him who sees a-thirst, and cannot reach,
Or Heav'n above revealed to those in Hell!
Yet when Salámán's anguish was extreme,
The door of Mercy opened, and he saw
That Arm he knew to be his Father's reacht
To lift him from the pit in which he lay:
Timidly tow'rd his Father's eyes his own
He lifted, pardon-pleading, crime-confest,
And drew once more to that forsaken Throne,
As the stray bird one day will find her nest.

One was asking of a Teacher,
"How a Father his reputed
Son for his should recognize?"
Said the Master, "By the stripling,

As he grows to manhood, growing
Like to his reputed Father,
Good or Evil, Fool or Wise.

"Lo the disregarded Darnel
With itself adorns the Wheat-field,
And for all the vernal season
Satisfies the farmer's eye;
But the hour of harvest coming,
And the thrasher by and by,
Then a barren ear shall answer,
'Darnel, and no Wheat, am I.'"

Yet Ah, for that poor Lover! "Next the curse
Of Love by Love forbidden, nothing worse
Than Friendship turned in Love's reproof unkind,
And Love from Love divorcing" — Thus I said:
Alas, a worse, and worse, is yet behind —
Love's back-blow of Revenge for having fled!

SALÁMÁN bowed his forehead to the dust
Before his Father; to his Father's hand
Fast — but yet fast, and faster, to his own
Clung one, who by no tempest of reproof
Or wrath might be dissevered from the stem
She grew to: till, between Remorse and Love,
He came to loathe his Life and long for Death.
And, as from him SHE would not be divorced,
With Her he fled again: he fled — but now
To no such Island centered in the sea
As lulled them into Paradise before;
But to the Solitude of Desolation,
The Wilderness of Death. And as before
Of sundry scented woods along the shore
A shallop he devised to carry them
Over the waters whither foot nor eye
Should ever follow them, he thought — so now
Of sere wood strewn about the plain of Death,
A raft to bear them through the wave of Fire
Into Annihilation, he devised,
Gathered and built; and, firing with a Torch,
Into the central flame ABSÁL and He
Sprung hand in hand exulting. But the SAGE
In secret all had ordered; and the Flame,
Directed by his self-fulfilling WILL
Devouring Her to ashes, left untouched
SALÁMÁN — all the baser metal burned,
And to itself the authentic Gold returned.

PIERS PLOWMAN'S DREAM.

By WILLIAM LANGLEY or LANGLAND.

(From "The Vision of Piers Plowman," probably written in 1362. Modernized in spelling, but not otherwise changed.)

[The author is not known with any certainty. His name is usually written Langland, but Professor Skeat gives strong reasons for the other form.]

In a summer season
When soft was the sun,
I shoop me into shrouds[1]
As I a sheep[2] were,
In habit as an eremite
Unholy of works,
Went wide into this world
Wonders to hear;
Ac [and] on a May morning
On Malvern hills
Me befell a ferley,[3]
Of fairy[4] methought.
I was weary for-wandered[5]
And went me to rest
Under a broad bank
By a burn's side;
And as I lay and leaned,
And looked on the waters,
I slumbered into a sleeping,
It sweyed[6] so merry.
Then gan I meten[7]
A marvelous sweven,[8]
That I was in a wilderness,
Wist I never where,
And as I beheld[9] into the East
On high to the sun,
I saw a tower on a toft[10]
Triely y-maked,[11]
A deep dale beneath,
A dungeon therein,

[1] Put on clothes. [2] Shepherd. [3] Marvel. [4] The supernatural. [5] With wandering. [6] Sounded. [7] Dream. [8] Dream. [9] Looked. [10] Hill. [11] Finely built.

With deep ditches and dark
And dreadful of sight.
A fair field full of folk
Found I there between,
Of all manner of men,
The mean and the rich,
Working and wandering,
As the world asketh.
Some putten them to the plow
Pleiden[1] full selde,[2]
In setting and sowing
Swonken[3] full hard,
And wonnen that[4] wasters
With gluttony destroyeth.
And some putten them to pride,
Appareled them thereafter,
In contenaunce[5] of clothing
Coming disguised.
In prayers and penances
Putten them many,
All for the love of our Lord
Liveden full strayte,[6]
In hope to have after
Heaven-rich bliss;
As ancres[7] and eremites
That holden them in their cells,
And covet naught in country
To carryen about,
For no lickerish living
Their likame[8] to please.
And some chosen chaffer,[9]
They cheveden[10] the better
As it seemeth to our sight
That such men thriveth.
And some mirths to make,
As minstrels konne,[11]
And getten gold with their glee,
Guiltless I leeve.[12]
Ac japers and janglers[13]
Judas' children,
Feignen them fantasies,
And fools them maketh,

[1] Played. [2] Seldom. [3] Labored. [4] Won what. [5] Appearance. [6] Strict. [7] Anchorites. [8] Body. [9] Trade. [10] Achieved. [11] Know. [12] Believe. [13] Jesters and "fakirs."

And have their wit, at will
To work, if they would.
That [what] Paul preacheth of them
I will not prove it here;
But "Qui loquitur turpiloquium"[1]
Is Lucifer's hine.[2]
Bidders[3] and beggars
Fast about yede,[4]
With their bellies and their bags
Of bread fully crammed;
Faiteden[5] for their food,
Fought at the ale.
In gluttony, God wot,
Go they to bed,
And risen with ribaldry,
Those Roberdes knaves;[6]
Sleep and sorry sloth
Sueth[7] them ever.
Pilgrims and palmers
Plighten[8] them together
For to seek Saint James
And saints at Rome.
They went forth in their way,
With many wise tales,
And had leave to lie
All their lives after.
I saw some that saiden
They had y-sought saints;
To each-a tale that they told
Their tongue was tempered to lie
More than to say sooth,
It seemed by their speech.
Eremites on a heap[9]
With hooked staves
Went to Walsingham,
And their wenches after,
Great lobies[10] and long
That loth were to swink;[11]
Clothed them in capes,
To be known from othere;
And shapen them[12] eremites,
Their ease to have.

[1] Who speaks vile talk. [2] Hind, servant. [3] Petitioners. [4] Go. [5] Cozened. [6] Footpads. [7] Follow. [8] Pledged. [9] In a crowd. [10] Clowns. [11] Work. [12] Made themselves.

I found there friars,
All the four orders,[1]
Preaching the people
For profit of themselves;
Glossed the gospel
As them good liked;
For covetise of copies,[2]
Construed it as they would.
Many of these master friars
Now clothen them at liking,
For their money and their merchandise
Marchen together.
For sith charity hath been chapman,[3]
And chief to shrive lords,[4]
Many ferlies[5] have fallen
In a few years;
But[6] holy church and they
Hold better together,
The most mischief on mold[7]
Is mounting well fast.
There preached a pardoner,[8]
As he a priest were;
Brought forth a bull
With many bishops' seals,
And said that himself might
Assoilen them all
Of falsehood of fasting,[9]
Of avows y-broken.
Lewd[10] men loved it well,
And liked his words;
Comen up kneeling
To kissen his bulls.
He bouched[11] them with his brevet[12]
And bleared their eyen,[13]
And raughte[14] with his rageman[15]
Rings and brooches.
Thus they give their gold
Gluttons to keep,
And leveth[16] in such losels[17]
As lechery haunten.

[1] Franciscans, Augustines, Dominicans, and Carmelites. [2] Desire of being churchmen. [3] Turned merchant. [4] Lords purchase pardon by gifts. [5] Marvels. [6] Except. [7] Earth. [8] Peddler of "indulgences." [9] Breaking fast days. [10] Lay or ignorant. [11] Closed their mouths. [12] Letter of commission. [13] Dimmed their eyes, imposed on them. [14] Reached, obtained. [15] Catalogue—of sins to be pardoned. [16] Believe. [17] Rogues.

Were the bishop y-blessed,
And worth[1] both his eares,
His seal should not be sent
To deceive the people.
Ac [but] it is not by the bishop[2]
That the boy[3] preacheth;
For the parish priest and the pardoner
Parten[4] the silver,
That the poraille[5] of the parish
Should have, if they ne were.[6]
Parsons and parish priests
Plained them to the bishop
That their parishes were povere[7]
Since the pestilence time, —
To have a license and leave
At London to dwell,
And singen there for simony;
For silver is sweet.
Bishops and bachelors,
Both masters and doctors,
That have cure[8] under Christ,
And crowning in token
And sign that they sholden
Shriven their parishions,
Preach and pray for them,
And the povere[7] feed,
Liggen[9] at London,
In Lenten and else.[10]
Some serven the king,
And his silver tellen
In chequer and chancelry,
Challenge[11] his debts
Of wards and of wardmotes,[12]
Weyves and streyves.[13]
And some serve as servants
Lords and ladies,
And instead of stewards
Sitten and demen;[14]
Their mass and their matins
And many of their hours[15]
Are done undevoutly;

[1] Possessed of. [2] For the bishop's account. [3] Underling. [4] Divide. [5] Poor. [6] But for them. [7] Poor. [8] Care — of souls. [9] Lie, remain. [10] Other times. [11] Claim. [12] Guardianships and city courts. [13] Waifs and strays. [14] Judge — decide on household questions. [15] Of devotion.

Dread is at the last,
Lest Christ in consistory
A-curse full many.
I perceived of the power
That Peter had to keep
To binden and unbinden,
As the book telleth;
How he it left[1] with love,
As our Lord highte;[2]
Amongst four virtues,
That cardinals are called,
And closing gates.
There is Christ in his Kingdom
To close and to shut,[3]
And to open it to them,
And heaven bliss show.
Ac of the cardinals at court
That caught of[4] that name,
And power presumed in them
A pope to make,
To have that power that Peter had,
Impugn I nelle,[5]
For in love and lettruse
The election belongeth,[6]
Forthi[7] can and can naught
Of court speak more.
Then came there a king,
Knighthood him led,
Might of the commons[8]
Made him to reign.
And then came kind wit,[9]
And clerks he made,
For to counsel the king,
And the common[8] save.
The king and the knighthood
And clergy both,
Casten that the commune
Should themselves find.[10]
The common contrived
Of kind wit[9] crafts,
And for profit of all the people
Plowmen ordained,

[1] Dwelt there. [2] Ordered. [3] Fasten. [4] Utilized. [5] Will not.
[6] All goes by favor in love and learning. [7] Therefore. [8] Community.
[9] Mother-wit. [10] Support them.

To till and to travail,
As true life asketh.
The king and the commune
And kind wit the third,
Shapen[1] law and leauté,[2]
Each man to know his own.
Then looked up a lunatic,
A lean thing withal,
And, kneeling to the king,
Clergially he said: —
"Christ keep thee, Sir King!
And thy kingric,
And ene[3] thee lead thy land,
So loyalty thee lovye [love],
And for thy rightful ruling
Be rewarded in heaven." . . .
With that ran there a rout
Of ratons[4] at once,
And small mice with them
More than a thousand,
And comen to a council
For the common profit;
For a cat of the country
Came when him liked,
And overleapt them lightly
And laughed them at his will,
And played with them perilously,
And pushed about.
"For doubt of diverse dreads (?)
We dare not well look;
And if we grudge of his gamen,[5]
He will grieven us all,
Scratchen us, or clawen us,
And in his clutches hold,
That us loatheth the life
Ere he let us pass.
Might we with any wit
His will withstand,
We might be lords aloft
And liven at our ease."
A raton of renown,
Most re[aso]nable of tongue,
Said for a sovereign
Help to himself: —

[1] Formed. [2] Loyalty. [3] Give. [4] Rats. [5] Play.

"I have y-seen segges,[1]" quoth he,
"In the cité of London,
Bearen beighes[2] full bright
Abouten their necks,
And some collars of crafty work;
Uncoupled[3] they went
Both in warren and in waste
Where themselves liked;
And otherwhile they are elsewhere,
As I here tell;
Were there a bell on their beigh,
By Jesu, as methinketh,
Men might witten where they went,
And away run!
"And right so," quoth that raton,
"Reason me showeth,
To bugge[4] a bell of brass,
Or of bright silver,
And knitten it on a collar,
For our common profit,
Whe[the]r he ride or rest,
Or runneth to play:
And if him list for to laike,[5]
Then look we mowen,[6]
And peeren in[7] his presence
The while him play liketh;
And if him wratheth, beware,
And his way shonye."[8]
All this rout of ratons
To this reason they assented.
Ac though the bell was y-brought,
And on the beigh hanged,
There ne was raton in all the rout,
For all the realm of France,
That durst have bounden the bell,
About the cattes neck,
Ne hangen it about the cattes hals,[9]
All Engeland to win.
All helden them unhardy,
And their counsel feeble;
And letten their labor lost
And all their long study.
A mouse that much good
Couthe,[10] as methought,

[1] Men. [2] Neckbands. [3] Unfettered. [4] Buy. [5] Sport. [6] May. [7] Appear. [8] Shun. [9] Neck. [10] Knew.

Strook[1] forth sternly,
And stood before them all,
And to the rout of ratons
Rehearsed these words: —
"Though we killen the cat,
Yet should there come another
To catchen us and all our kind,
Though we cropen under benches.
Forthi I counsel all the common
To let the cat worth,[2]
And be we never bold
The bell him to show;
For I heard my sire say,
Is seven year y-passed,
There[3] the cat is a kitten,
The court is full elenge;[4]
That witnesseth holy writ,
Who so will it read:
'Woe to the land where a boy is king!' etc.
For may no rank their rest have
For ratons by night;
The while he catcheth conings[5]
He coveteth not your caroyne,[6]
But feedeth him all with venison;
Defame we him never.
For better is a little loss
Than a long sorrow,
The maze[7] among us all,
Though we miss a shrew;
For many men's malt
We mice would destroy,
And also ye rout of ratons
Rend men's clothes,
Nere[8] the cat of that court
That can you overleap;
For had ye rats your will,
Ye couthe not rule yourselves.
"I say for me," quoth the mouse,
"I see so muchel after,
Shall never the cat ne the kitten
By my counsel be prieved,
Through carping[9] of this collar
That costed me never.

[1] Advanced. [2] Be. [3] Since. [4] Mournful. [5] Conies. [6] Carrion — base flesh. [7] Confusion. [8] Were there not. [9] Prating.

And though it had costened me catal,[1]
Beknowen[2] it I nolde,[3]
But suffer, as himself would,
To do as him liketh
Coupled and uncoupled,
To catch what he mowe.[4]
Forthi each-a wise wight I warn,
Wit well his own."
What this metels[5] bemeaneth,
Ye men that be merry
Divine ye, for I ne dare,
By dear God in heaven.
Yet hoved[6] there an hundred
In howves[7] of silk,
Sergeants it beseemed,
That serveden at the bar,
Pleteden[8] for pennies
And pounds the law;
And naught for love of our Lord
Unclose their lips once.
Thou mightest better meet mist
On Malvern Hills,
Than get a mom[9] of their mouth,
Till money he showed.
Barons and burgesses,
And bondmen all,
I saw in this assembly,
As ye shall hereafter,
Bakesters and brewsters,
And butchers many;
Woolen websters,
And weavers of linen,
Tailors and tinkers,
And tollers in markets,
Masons and miners,
And many other crafts,
Of all kin living laborers
Lopen[10] forth some. . . .
All this I saw sleeping,
And seven sithes[11] more.

[1] Capital, property. [2] Acknowledge. [3] Would not. [4] May.
[5] Dream. [6] Dwelt. [7] Hoods. [8] Pleading. [9] Sound.
[10] Leapt. [11] Times.

ON CHURCH TEMPORALITIES.

By JOHN WYCLIF.

[JOHN WYCLIF, or WICKLIFFE, the greatest of English church reformers, was born in Yorkshire, about 1320; studied at Oxford, became master of Balliol before 1360, and shortly after took orders. Made chaplain to Edward III., from 1366 he was the nation's ablest literary champion against the claims of the papacy (then under French control at Avignon) to the tribute begun by King John in acknowledgment of holding the Crown from the Holy See. He thus grew into, and put into polemic writings of immense force and influence, convictions which were the basis of the English Reformation: chiefly, that a church was a purely spiritual body; that in its civil embodiment it was subject to civil jurisdiction; that it could hold no property except as delegated by and at the sufferance of the State; that excommunication was void except for spiritual offenses and so far as justified by the sin of the subject; and, most important of all, that the soul needed no priesthood to mediate for it with God, and sacraments were not indispensable. In 1374 he was second on a royal commission to confer with the papal delegate at Bruges on abuses complained of by Parliament. He became a powerful preacher in London, excited great alarm, and was prosecuted for his opinions in 1377; but protected by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the trial broke up in a riot against the duke's retainers. Later, Gregory XI. condemned eighteen tenets drawn from Wyclif's writings, and ordered his imprisonment and trial; but no attention was paid to the order, except a summons by the bishops to a hearing. He appeared before them, but another mob and a royal message directing his acquittal rescued him again. He continued to write against obedience to the papacy's political claims; and the schism of 1378 from the election of two rival popes thoroughly disgusting him with the institution, he sent priests through the country to preach to the people in their own tongue, and translated the Bible, to give all men the power of private judgment and overthrow what he regarded as the spiritual despotism based on services in a dead language. In 1381 he gave forth a set of theses denying transubstantiation; the University condemned them, and John of Gaunt ordered him to keep silence on the subject. The next year the archbishop of Canterbury held a long council which condemned twenty-four propositions from his writings and imprisoned some of his adherents; but the University stood by him, and he lived the short remnant of his life to December 31, 1384, in peace, even his itinerant preachers being unmolested. In 1428, during the reaction in the boyhood of Henry VI., his remains were dug up and burned.]

OPEN teaching and God's law, old and new, open ensample of Christ's life and his glorious apostles, and love of God, dread of pains and God's curse, and hope of great reward in the bliss of heaven, should stir all priests and religious to live in great meekness and willful povert[y] of the gospel, and discreet penance, and travail to stop pride, covetise, and fleshly lusts and idleness of worldly men, and run fast to heaven by right way of God's commandments, and to forsake trust in wealth of this false world, and all manner falseness hereof;

for the end of this false worldly life is bitter death, and strong pains of hell in body and soul withouten end.

Three things should move lords to compel clerks to this holy life of Christ and his apostles. The first is dread of God's curse and pains in this world, in purgatory and hell; and desiring of God's blessing, and peace, and prosperity of realms. The second is winning of holy life, both of clerks, lords, and commons. The third is strengthening of realms, and destroying of sins in each estate, and the Church.

First, kings and lords should wit that they be ministers and vicars of God, to venge sin and punish misdoers, and praise good doers, as Peter and Paul teach. And herefore teaches Saint Isidore in the law of the Church, that this is office of kings and lords, by dread and bodily rigor to constrain men to hold God's law, when they will not by preaching of priests; and God shall ask reckoning of worldly lords, where holy church increases by their government. Then, sith priests leave meekness, and take worldly pride and boast, and forsake willful povert of the gospel, and take worldly lordships by hypocrisy of vain prayers, with burning covetise, wrongs, extortions, and selling of sacraments, and leave discreet penance and ghostly [spiritual] travail, and live in gluttony, wasting poor men's goods, and in idleness and vanity of this world, lords be in debt [under obligation] to amend these sins: for else they love not God, for they do not execution of God's hests, and venge not wrong despite of God; but they venge wrongs done to themselves, and look that their own commandments be kept up, [with] great pain. Also Paul saith, that not only men doing sin be worthy of death, but also they that consent to them. Then, sith lords may amend these great sins of pride, covetise, and extortions, and simony of clerks, they be damnable with the sinners, but [except] if they do; and then they be cursed of God for breaking of his hests, and for they love not Jesus Christ. And great vengeance cometh for maintaining of sin, and breaking of God's hests, as God's law shoveth in many places. And sith adversities and worries come for sin's reigning that be not amended, lords should have neither prosperity nor peace till these sins be amended. For no man withstanding thus God's laws shall have peace. For lords have here lordships by God to destroy sin, and maintain righteousness and holy life; then, if they pay not to God his rent, wit they well God must punish them, as he teacheth in his law.

And certes, if lords do well this office, they shall surely come to the bliss of heaven.

The second profit is winning of holy life on each side. For now prelates and great religious possessions be so occupied about worldly lordships and plea and business in heart, that they may not be in devotion of praying, and thought of heavenly things, and of their own sins and other men's, and study and preaching of the gospel, and visiting and comforting of poor men in their dioceses and lordships. And the goods that be over their own sustenance and necessaries, that should be departed among poor men most needy, be now wasted in feasts of lords and rich men, in feasts and robes and gifts of men of law, in all countries where their lordships be, and in rich clerks of the Chancery, of the Common Bench and King's Bench, and in the Checker [Exchequer] and of justices and sheriffs and stewards and bailiffs, that little or naught cometh to them, or their churches and convents, but name of the world, and thought and business and care and sorrow. And for dread of loss of these temporalities, they dare not reprove sin of lords and mighty men, nor freely damn covetise in worldly men, nor in maintaining of false plea; they be openly smitted in [smutched with] all these sins, and many more. And thus is true teaching of God's law, and ensample of holy life, withdrawn from lords and commons for these worldly lordships of clerks, and simony, pride, extortions, and all manner sin and maintaining of sin is brought in.

And yet they have parish churches approprid to worldly rich bishops and abbots that have many thousand marks more than enough. And this appropring is gotten by false suggestion made to Antichrist, by leasings made to lords, and covetise and simony and wasting of poor men's goods. And yet they do not the office of curates, neither in teaching, nor preaching, nor giving of sacraments, nor receiving of poor men in the parish; but set there an idiot for vicar or parish priest, that cannot and may not do the office of a good curate, and yet the poor parish findeth [supports] him. And no tongue may tell in this world what sin and wrong cometh hereby. For as Robert Grosted [Grosseteste] saith, when appropriation of parish churches is made to such religious, of all evils that cometh by wayward curates is made a perpetuation. And thus they have worldly lordships, and rule not the people nor maintain the land as lords. And when [something gone] care of sould and dimes [tithes] and offerings, and govern not the people in teaching and preach-

ing and sacraments, as curates, and have riches, and treasure more than any worldly man, and travail not therefore as merchants and laborers. And, as Bernard saith, they take the winning and gifts of each degree in the Church, and travail not therefore. And therefore they should go where is none but everlasting error and pain. This covetise, simony, and more sins, should go away from clerks if they had no secular lordship ; and holy life and povert should turn to them, and new teaching and good ensample to all manner men.

The third profit is stabling of realms and destroying of sins. For parish churches appropriated thus should freely be given to clerks able of cunning [knowledge] and life, and true teaching in word and deed. And then should the clergy be stronger, and people of better life. And secular lordships, that clerks have full falsely against God's law, and spend them so wickedly, should be given wisely by the king and witty [sagacious] lords to poor gentlemen, that would justly govern the people, and maintain the land against enemies ; and then might our land be stronger by many thousand men-at-arms than it is now, withouten any new cost of lords or talliage of the poor commons, be discharged of great heavy rent, and wicked customs brought up by covetous clerks, and of many talliages and extortions, by which they be now cruelly pilled [pillaged] and robbed. And thus the restoring of lordships to secular men, as they due [should be] by Holy Writ, and by bringing of clerks to meekness and willful povert and busy ghostly travail, as lived Christ and his apostles, should sin be destroyed in each degree of the Church, and holy life brought in, and secular lords much strengthened, and the poor commons relieved, and good government, both ghostly and worldly, come again, and righteousness and truth and rest and peace and charity. And hereto should each Christian man help, by all his will, heart, cunning, and power.

And if worldly clerks of the Chancery or Chequer see that the king and lords may not thus amend the clergy, turn their temporalities into secular men's hands, for dread of cause ; see that they babble much of Antichrist's curse and his clerks, and magnify that for their own pride and covetise, but they speak not of curse of God that our lords run in, for they maintain not Christ's ordinance in the clergy. And to Lucifer's clerks, that it is all one to babble that our lords may not take again the temporalities from Antichrist's clerks, and to babble that our lords may not hold and maintain God's hests and Christ's

own ordinance : be these worldly clerks ware, that they counsel not our lords to run into God's curse, to maintain high prelates and religious, against state of apostles and their own profession, for gold, robes, and fees that they take of Antichrist's clerks. But wit lords well though all clerks in earth curse them, forasmuch as they travail with clean conscience to bring clerks to this holy life, ensampled and commanded of Christ, and to restore secular lordships to secular men as they should by God's law, that God and all angels and saints bless them for this righteousness ; and then man's curse harmeth nothing, nor interdicting, nor any censures that Satan may fain.

Almight[y] God, stir our clerks, our lords and our commons, to maintain thy rightful ordinance that Jesus Christ made for clerks, and to dread curse of God and not curse of Antichrist, and to desire speedily the honor of God and bliss of heaven, more than their own honor and worldly joy.

A CHAPTER FROM WYCLIF'S VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

Matthew VII.

Nile *ye* deme, that *ye* be not demed ; for in what doom *ye* demen, *ye* schulen be demed, and in what measure *ye* meten, it schal be meten a*ye*n to *you*. But what seest thou a litil mote in the i*ye* of thi brother, and seest not a beem in thin owne i*ye* ? Or hou seist thou to thi brothir, Brothir, suffre I schal do out a mote fro thin i*ye*, and lo ! a beem is in thin owne i*ye* ? Ipocrite, do thou out first the beem of thin i*ye*, and thanne thou schalt se to do out the mote of the i*ye* of thi brothir. Nile *ye* *yyue* [give] hooli thing to houndis, nethir caste *ye* *youre* margaritis bifore swyne, lest perauenture thei defoulen hem with her feet, and *the houndis* be turned, and al to-tere *you*. Axe *ye*, and it schal be *youun* to *you* ; seke *ye*, and *ye* schulen fynde ; knocke *ye*, and it schal be openyed to *you*. For ech that axith, takith ; and he that sekith, fyndith ; and it schal be openyed to hym, that knocketh. What man of *you* is, that if his sone axe hym breed, whethir he wole take hym a stoon ? Or if he axe fische, whethir he wole take hym an edder ? Therfor if *ye*,

whanne *ye* ben yuele [evil] men, kunnen *yyue yiftis* to *youre* sones, hou myche more *youre* fadir that is in heuenes schal *yyue* good thingis to men that axen hym? Therfor alle thingis, what euere thingis *ye* wolen that men do to *you*, do *ye* to hem, for this is the lawe and the prophetis. Entre *ye* bi the streyt *yate*; for the *yate* that ledith to perdicioun is large, and the weie *is* broode, and there ben many that entren bi it. Hou streit is the *yate*, and narw*y* the weye, that ledith to lijf, and ther ben fewe that fynden it. Be *ye* war of fals prophetis, that comen to *you* in clothingis of scheep, but withynne forth thei ben as wolues of raueyn; of her fruytis *ye* schulen knowe hem. Whether men gaderen grapis of thornes, or figus of breris? So euery good tre makith good fruytis; but an yuel tre makith yuel fruytis. A good tre may not make yuel fruytis, nethir an yuel tre make good fruytis. Euery tre that makith not good fruyt, schal be kyt down, and schal be cast in to the fier. Therfor of her fruytis *ye* schulen knowe hem. Not ech man that seith to me, Lord, Lord, schal entre in to the kyngdom of heuenes; but he that doith the wille of my fadir that is in heuenes, he schal entre in to the kyngdoom of heuenes. Many schulen seie to me in that dai, Lord, Lord, whether we han not prophesied in thi name, and han caste out feendis in thi name, and han doon many vertues in thi name? And thanne Y schal knouleche to hem, That Y knewe *you* neuere; departe awei fro me, *ye* that worchen wickidnesse. Therfor ech man that herith these my wordis, and doith hem, schal be maad lijk to a wise man, that bildid his hous on a stoon. And reyn felde doun, and flodis camen, and wyndis blewen, and russchiden in to that hous; and it felde not doun, for it was foundun on a stoon. And euery man that herith these my wordis, and doith hem not, is lijk to a fool, that hath bildid his hous on grauel. And reyn cam doun, and floodis camen, and wyndis blewen, and thei hurliden a*y*en that hous; and it felde doun, and the fallyng doun therof was greet. And it was doon, whanne Jhesus hadde endid these wordis, the puple wondride on his techyng; for he tau*y*te hem, as he that hadde power, and not as the scribis of hem, and the Farisees.

LACONICS.

By GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

I

What shall these clothes, thus many-fold,
Lo, this hotè summer's day?
After great heat cometh cold;
No man cast his pilch[1] away.

II

Of all this world the large compáss
It will not in mine armès twine:
Whoso muckel will embrace,
Little thereof he shall distrayn.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

By CHAUCER.

[Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great English poet, was born about 1340, son of a London vintner. He was sent abroad on many embassies, and later became a prosperous London customs official and a knight of the shire; but from 1386 till the end of Richard II.'s reign (1399) he was out of favor, and very poor. Henry IV. granted him a comfortable pension shortly after winning the throne; but Chaucer died the next year, October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His one great work is "The Canterbury Tales."]

The Prologue.

Whan that Aprillë with his shourës sotë[2]
The drought of March hath percëd to the rotë,
And bathëd every veine in swich[3] licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetë brethë
Enspirëd hath in every holte[4] and hethë
The tendrë croppës and the yongë sonnë
Hath in the Ram his halfë cours y-ronnë,
And smalë fowlës maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,

[1] Fur coat. [2] Sweet. [3] Such. [4] Grove.

So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strange strondes,
To ferne halwes[1] kouthe[2] in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they wer seke.

Befel, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle[3]
In felawship, and pilgrims wer they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed[4] atte beste.[5]

And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,[6]
That I was of hir[7] felawship anon,
And made forward erly for to rise,
To take our way ther as I you devise.

But nathëles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tell you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed to me,
And which they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first beginne.

The Knight.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,[8]
And therto had he ridden, no man ferre,[9]
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

[1] Distant Saints. [2] Known. [3] Fallen. [4] Accommodated. [5] In the best manner. [6] Every one of them. [7] Their. [8] War. [9] Farther.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonnë.[1]
Ful often time he had the bord begonne[2]
Aboven allë nations in Pruce.[3]
In Lettowe hadde he reysëd[4] and in Rucë,
No cristen man so oft of his degre.
In Gernade[5] at the siege eek had he be
Of Algesir, and rid in Belmarie.[6]
At Leyes[7] was he, and at Satalie,[8]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretë see[9]
At many a noble arive[10] hadde he be.
At mortal batails hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramassene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke[11] worthy knight had ben also
Somtimë with the lord of Palatie,[12]
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.[13]
And though that he was worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In all his lif, unto no maner[14] wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his aray,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gay.
Of fustian he werëd a gipon,[15]
Allë besmotred[16] with his habergeon,
For he was late y-com from his viage,[17]
And he wentë for to don[18] his pilgrimage.

The Young Squire.

With him ther was his sone a yong Squier,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockës crull[19] as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was I gesse.

[1] Alexandria was captured A.D. 1365, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who, however, immediately abandoned it.

[2] *I.e. he had been placed at the head of the table;* or, possibly, won chief place in tourneys.

[3] *Pruce*, Prussia; *Lettowe*, Lithuania; *Ruce*, Russia. [4] Journeyed.

[5] The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish King of Granada in 1344.

[6] Palmyra. [7] Layas, in Armenia. [8] Attalia. [9] The Mediterranean.

[10] *Arive*, disembarkation. [11] Same. [12] Palathia, in Anatolia. [13] Great renown. [14] No kind of person. [15] A short cassock. [16] Smutted. [17] Journey. [18] Perform. [19] Curled.

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly delivre,[1] and grete of strengthe.
And he had ben somtime in chevachie,[2]
In Flaundres, in Artois, and Picardie,
And born him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded[3] was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of freshë flourës, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting[4] al the day,
He was as fresh, as is the month of May.
Short was his goun, with slevës long and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayrë ryde.
He coude songës make, and wel endite,
Juste and eek dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he lovëd, that by nightertale[5]
He slep no more than doth a nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.

His Groom.

A Yeman[6] hadde he, and serváns no mo
At that time, for him lustë ride so;[7]
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwës[8] bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dress his takel[9] yemanly:
His arwës droupëd not with fethers lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed[10] had he, with a broun visage.
Of woodcraft coude[11] he wel al the usage.
Upon his arm he bare a gay bracér,[12]
And by his side a swerd and bokelér,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneisëd[13] wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre[14] on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bar, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothly as I gesse.

[1] Agile, nimble. [2] Military expedition. [3] Embroidered. [4] Playing on the flute. [5] Nighttime. [6] *Yeman*, or *yeoman*, is an abbreviation of *yeongeman*, as *youthe* is of *yeongthe*. [7] He preferred to ride so. [8] Arrows with peacock feathers. [9] Bows and arrows. [10] *I.e.* round, like a nut, probably from being cropped. [11] Knew. [12] Armor for the arm. [13] Equipped. [14] A figure of St. Christopher.

The Prioress.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretest oth n'as but by Seint Eloy;[1]
And she was clepëd madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sang the servicë divine,
Entunëd in hir nose ful semëly;
And French she spak ful fayre and fetisly,[2]
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For French of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At metë wely-taught was she withalle;
She let no morsel from hir lippës falle,
Ne wet hir fingrës in hir saucë depe.
Wel coud she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
That no dropë ne fell upon hir brest.
In curtesie was set ful moch hir lest.[3]
Hir over lippë wipëd she so clene,
That in hir cuppë was no ferthing[4] sene
Of gresë, whan she dronken had hir draught
Ful semëly after hir mete she raught.[5]
And sikerly[6] she was of greet disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peinëd hir to contrefeten[7] chere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitoús,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it wer ded or bledde.
Of smalë houndës had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel brede.[8]
But sorë wept she if on of hem wer dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerdë[9] smert:[10]
And al was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semëly hir wimple[11] y-pinched was;
Hir nosë tretis;[12] hir eyen grey as glas;
Hir mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she had a fayr forehed.
It was almost a spannë brod I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.

[1] Either read Seinte Loy, St. Eligius or Seynt Eloy, St. Louis. [2] Neatly, cleverly. [3] Delight, pleasure. [4] Fourth part; hence, bit. [5] Reached. [6] Surely. [7] She took great pains to assume. [8] Best flour bread. [9] A stick. [10] Hardly. [11] A covering for the neck. [12] Long and well proportioned.

Full fetis[1] was hir cloke, as I was ware.
Of smal coral about hir arm she bare
A pair of bedës, gauded[2] all with grene;
And theron heng a broch of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first y-write a crounëd A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hir had she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestës thre.

The Monk.

A Monk ther was, a fayr for the maistrie,[3]
An outrider, that lovëd venerie;[4]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deintë hors had he in stable:
And whan he rood, men might his bridel here
Gingéling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eek as loude, as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as[5] this lord was keper of the celle,
The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
Because that it was old and somdel streit,
This ilke monk let oldë thingës pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pullëd hen,[6]
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkëles,
Is likned to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
But thilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opiniön was good.
What[7] shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,[8]
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondës, and laboure,
As Austin bit?[9] how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink[10] to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure[11] aright:
Greihounds he had as swift as foul in flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.

[1] Neat, tasteful. [2] With green gawdes, or large Paternoster beads.
[3] *A fair one; for the maistrie*, excellent above all others. MS. *Bod.* 761. *Secreta h. Samp de Clowburnel*, fol. 17 b. Ciroigne bone *pur la maistrie* a briser et a meurer apostemes, etc. — *Tyrwhitt.* [4] Hunting. [5] Where. [6] Bald or scurvy; a molting. [7] Why. [8] Mad. [9] Biddeth. [10] Labor. [11] A hard rider, from *prick*, to spur on a horse.

I saw his sleevs purfilëd at the hond
With gris,[1] and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fastne his hood under his chinne,
He had of gold y-wrought a curious pinne:
A love knot in the greter end ther was.
His hed was bald, and shone as any glas,
And eek his face, as it had ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe,[2] and rolling in his hed,
That stemëd as a forneis of a led.[3]
His botës souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayr prelat.
He was not pale as a for-pinëd[4] gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

The Friar.

A Frere ther was, a wanton[5] and a mery,
A Limitour,[6] a ful solempnë man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can[7]
So moche of daliance[8] and fayr langage.
He hadde y-made ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his ownë cost.
Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankleins[9] over all in his contree,
And eek with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confessiöun,
As said himselfë, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetëly herd he confessiön,
And plesant was his absolutiön.
He was an esy man to give penánce,
Ther as he wiste to han[10] a good pitánce[11]:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signë that a man is wel y-shrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avánt,[12]
He wistë that a man was repentánt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sorë smerte.

[1] Gray rabbit fur. [2] Sunk deep in his head. [3] Copper caldron [4] Wasted, tormented. [5] Lively. [6] *I.e.* one licensed to beg within a certain district. [7] Knew. [8] Gossip. [9] Wealthy landholders; country gentlemen of good estate. [10] Have. [11] Mess of victuals. [12] Boast.

Therfore in stede of weping and praieres,
Men moot give silver to the pourë freres.
His tippet[1] was ay farsed[2] ful of knives,
And pinnës, for to given fayrë wives.
And certainly he had a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.[3]
Of yeddings[4] he bare utterly the prys.
His nekkë whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
He knew the taverns wel in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstére,
Bet[5] than a lazar or a beggestere,[6]
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To han with sikë lazars[7] acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen, with no such pouraille,[8]
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And o'er all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servíse.
Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the bestë begger in his hous:
For though a widwe[9] haddë not a shoo,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)[10]
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His purchas[11] was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude and pleyen as a whelp,
In lovë-days,[12] coud he mochel help.
For ther he was not like a cloisterere,
With thredbar cope, as is a pour scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lispëd for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinkeld in his hed aright,
As don the sterrës in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was clept Huberd.

[1] Cowl. [2] Stuffed. [3] On a harp. [4] Gleeman's songs. [5] Better. [6] Beggar. [7] Lepers. [8] Commonalty, poor people. [9] Widow. [10] "In the beginning," Latin text either of the first verse of Genesis or of St. John's Gospel. [11] Proceeds of his alms collecting. [12] Days appointed for the amicable settlement or arbitration of differences.

The Merchant.

A Marchant was ther with a forkëd berd,
In mottelee,[1] and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botës clapsëd fayre and fetisly.
His resons spak he ful solempnëly,
Souning[2] alway th' encrése of his winníng.
He wold the see were kept for anything
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.[3]
Wel coud he in eschangës sheeldes[4] selle,
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;[5]
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedfastly did he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.[6]
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot[7] how men him calle.

The University Student.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logik haddë long y-go.
As lenë was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokëd holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtëpy,[8]
For he had geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was lever han[9] at his beds hed
A twenty bokës, clad in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robës riche, or fidel, or sautrie.[10]
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet haddë he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendës hentë,[11]
On bokës and on lerning he it spentë,
And besily gan for the soulës praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.[12]
Of studie took he mostë cure and hede.

[1] Mixed, various colors, motley. [2] Sounding. [3] A seaport in Essex. [4] French crowns, so called from their having a shield stamped on one side. [5] Employed his knowledge. [6] An arrangement for borrowing money. [7] Know not. [8] A sort of short upper cloak. [9] *I.e.* he had rather, he preferred. [10] Psaltery. [11] Get. [12] To attend school.

Not a word spak he morë than was nede;
And that he said in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of high senténce.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

The Sergeant of Law.

A Sergeant of the Lawë ware and wise,
That often had y-ben at the parvys,[1]
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed such, his wordës were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise.
By patent, and by pleyn commissioun;
For his sciénce, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robës had he many on.
So grete a purchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His purchasing might not ben in suspect.
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semëd besier than he was.
In termës had he cas and domës[2] alle,
That from the time of king William wer falle,
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coudë no wight pinche[3] at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint[4] of silk, with barrës[5] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

The Gentleman.

A Frankëlein was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the dayësie.
Of his complexion he was sanguín.
Wel loved he by the morwë[6] a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ae his wone,[7]
For he was Epicurës owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delít
Was verily felicité parfít.

[1] Church porch. [2] Opinions. [3] Find fault with. [4] Belt. [5] Stripes. [6] Morning. [7] Habit.

An housholder, and that a gret, was he;
Seint Julian[1] he was in his contre,
His breed, his ale, was alway after on;[2]
A better envyned[3] man was no wher non.
Withoutë bak meet never was his hous,
Of flesh and fish, and that so plenteous,
It snewëd in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of allë deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changëd he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrích had he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce[4] in stewe.
Wo was his cook but if[5] his saucë were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longë day.
At sessìons ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often timë he was knight of the shire.
An anlas,[6] and a gipcer[7] all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe[8] milk.
A shereve had he ben, and a countoúr.[9]
Was no wher such a worthy vavasoúr.[10]

The Wife of Bath.

A good Wif was ther of besidë Bathe,
But she was somdel deef, and that was skathe.
Of cloth making she haddë swiche an haunt,[11]
She passëd hem[12] of Ypres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring[13] beforë hir shuld gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of allë charité.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorstë swer, they weyëden a pound;
That on the Sonday were upon hir hede.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet rede,
Ful streit y-teyed, and shoon ful moist[14] and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fayr and reed of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hir lyfe,
Housbonds at chirchë door had she had fyfe,

[1] Patron of pilgrims. [2] One o'clock. [3] Stocked with wine. [4] Pike. [5] Except. [6] Knife or dagger. [7] A purse. [8] Morning. [9] Accountant. [10] Landholder. [11] So large a custom. [12] Passed them off as. [13] Offertory. [14] Fresh.

Withouten[1] other compagnie in youthe:
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.[2]
And thries had she ben at Jerusaleme.
She haddë passëd many a strangë streme.
At Romë she had ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coudë moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothëd[3] was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Y-wimplëd wel, and on hir hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel about hir hippës large,
And on hir fete a pair of sporrës sharpe.
In felawship wel coud she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that art she coud[4] the oldë dance.

The Miller.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,[5]
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That provëd wel, for overal ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldrëd, brode, a thikkë gnarre.[6]
Ther n'as no door, that he n'olde heve of harre,[7]
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop[8] right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowës eres.
His nose-thirls blackë were and wide.
A swerd and bokler bare he by his side.
His mouth as widë was as a forneís.
He was a jangler,[9] and a goliardeís,[10]
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold pardé.
A whit cote and a blew hood werëd he.
A baggëpipë coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

[1] Besides. [2] Now. [3] With teeth far apart or projecting; hence lascivious. [4] Knew. [5] Nonce. [6] Tree knot. [7] Hinge. [8] Top. [9] A prater, babbler. [10] Full of ribalding on the Church and ecclesiastics; from an imaginary Bishop Golias (perhaps invented by Walter Map), on whom were fathered satiric Latin rhymes in the twelfth century.

The Apparitor.

A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-red cherubinnës face,
For sausëflem[1] he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scallëd browës blak, and pillëd berd:
Of his visàgë children were aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinëment that woldë clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkës white,
Ne of the knobbës sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlik, oniöns, and lekes,
And for to drinkë strong win red as blood.
Than wold he speke, and crie as he were wood.[2]
And whan that he wel dronken had the wyn,
Than wold he speken no word but Latyn. . . .
A gerlond had he set upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alëstake:[3]
A bokler had he maad him of a cake.

The Pardoner.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardonèr[4]
Of Rouncevall, his friend and his comper,[5]
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Full loude he sang, "Com hider, love, to me."
This sompnour bar to him a stiff burdoún,
Was never tromp of half so great a soun.
This pardoner had here[6] as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By uncës[7] heng his lokkës that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons[8] on and on,
But hood, for jolité, ne wered he non,
For it was trussëd up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,[9]
Dishevel, sauf his cap, he rode all bare.
Swich glaring eyen had he, as an hare.

[1] With red pimpled face.
[2] Mad.
[3] A signpost in front of an alehouse.
[4] A seller of indulgences.
[5] Companion.
[6] Hair.
[7] Ounces.
[8] Shreds.
[9] Fashion.

A vernicle [1] had he sewëd on his cappe.
His wallet lay beforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as eny gote.
No berdë had he, ne never non shuld have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardonere.
For in his male [2] he hadde a pilwebere,[3]
Which, that he saidë, was our lady veil:
He said, he hadde a gobbet [4] of the seyl
That seinte Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.[5]
He had a cros of laton [6] ful of stones,
And in a glas he haddë piggës bones.
But with these reliks, whannë that he fond
A pourë person dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in moneths tweie.
And thus with fainëd flattering and japes,
He made the person, and the peple, his apes.
But trewëly to tellen attë last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coud he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He mustë preche, and wel afile [7] his tonge,
To winnë silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang ful merily and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Thestat, tharaie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assemblëd was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.

Mine Host.

Gret chere made oure Host us everich on,
And to the souper set he us anon:

[1] A miniature copy of the picture of Christ, which is said to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. [2] Portmanteau. [3] A pillowcase. [4] Morsel. [5] Took hold of him. [6] A sort of mixed metal, of the color of brass. [7] Polish.

And servëd us with vitail attë beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us leste.[1]
A semely man our hostë was withalle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A largë man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel y-taught,
And of manhed him lackëd rightë naught.
Eek therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began.

THE PARDONER'S TALE.

By CHAUCER.

(Slightly modernized in spelling, but not otherwise changed.)

In Flanders whilom was a companie
Of youngë folk, that haunteden follie,
As riot, hazard, stewës and tavérns,
Where as with harpës, lutës, and gittérns,
They dance and playen at dice, both day and night,
And eaten also, and drinken over their might,
Through which they do the devil sacrifice
Within that devil's temple, in cursëd wise,
By superfluity abominable.
Their oathës been so great and damnable
That it is grisly for to hear them swear.
Our blessëd Lorde's body they do tear;
Them thought that Jewës rent him not enough,
And each of them at others' sinnë laugh;
And right anon then cometh tombesters[2]
Fetis[3] and small, and youngë fruitesters,
Singers with harpës, bawdës, waferers,[4]
Which been the very devil's officers,
To kindle and blow the fire of lechery,
That is annexëd unto gluttony.
The Holy Writ take I to my witness
That luxury[5] is in wine and drunkenness. . .
These riotourës three, of which I tell,
Long erst ere primë rung of any bell,

[1] It pleased us well. [2] Female acrobats. [3] Graceful. [4] Sweetmeat sellers. [5] What self-indulgence.

Were set them in a tavern for to drink;
And as they sat they heard a bellë clink
Beforn a corse [that] was carried to his grave.
The one of them gan callen to his knave:
"Go bet,"[1] quod he, "and axë readily
What corse is this that passeth here forby,
And look that thou report his namë weel."
"Sir," quod this boy, "it needeth never a deel,[2]
It was me told ere ye came here two hours;
He was, pardee, an old felláw of yours,
And suddenly he was y-slain to-night,
For-drunk, as he sat on his bench upright;
There came a privy thief men clepeth[3] Death,
That in this country all the people slaith,
And with his spear he smote his heart atwo,
And went his way withouten wordës mo.
He hath a thousand slain, this pestilence,
And, master, ere ye come in his presénce,
Me thinketh that it werë necessarie
For to be ware of such an adversarie;
Be ready for to meet him evermore;
Thus taughtë me my dame; I say na-more."
"By Saint Marië!" said this taverner,
"The child saith sooth, for he hath slain this year
Hence over a mile, within a great villáge,
Both man and woman, child, and hind, and page;
I trow his habitation be there;
To be advisëd great wisdóm it were,
Ere that he did a man a dishonour."
"Yea, Goddë's armës!" quoth this riotour,
"Is it such peril with him for to meet?
I shall him seek by way, and eke by street;
I make avow to Goddë's dignë[4] bones!
Hearken, felláwës, we three be all ones:
Let each of us hold up his hand til other,
And each of us becomen other's brother,
And we will slay this falsë traitor, Death;
He shall be slain, he that so many slaith,
By Goddë's dignity, ere it be night!"
Together have these three their truthës plight
To live and diën each of them for other,
As though he were his own y-bornë brother;
And up they start, all drunken, in this rage;[5]
And forth they go towardës that villáge

[1] Quickly. [2] Whit. [3] Call. [4] Reverend. [5] Frenzy.

Of which the taverner had spoke beforn;
And many a grisly oath then have they sworn;
And Christë's blessed body they to-rent —
Death shall be dead, if that they may him hent.[1]
When they have gone not fully half a mile,
Right as they would have trodden over a stile,
An old man and a poorë with them met;
This oldë man full meenëly them gret,
And saidë thus: "Now, lordës, God you see!"
The proudest of these riotourës three
Answered again, "What, carl with sorry grace,
Why art thou all for-wrappëd, save thy face?
Why livest thou so long in so great age?"
This oldë man gan look in his viságe,
And saidë thus: "For[2] I ne cannot find
A man, though that I walkëd into Ind,
Neither in city, ne in no villáge,
That wouldë change his youthë for mine age;
And therefore must I have mine agë still,
As longë time as it is Goddë's will.
Ne Death, alas! ne will not have my life;
Thus walk I, like a restëless caitíff,
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knockë with my staff, early and late,
And sayë, 'Leevë[3] mother, let me in!
Lo, how I vanish, flesh and blood and skin!
Alas! when shall my bonës been at rest?
Mother, with you would I changë my chest,
That in my chamber longë time hath be,
Yea, for an hairë-clout to wrappë me!'
But yet to me she will not do that grace,
For which full pale and welkëd[4] is my face.
"But, sirs, to you it is no courtesy
To speaken to an old man villany,
But[5] he trespass in word, or else in deed.
In Holy Writ ye may yourself well read,
Against an old man, hoar upon his head,
Ye should n'arise; wherefore I give you rede[6]
Ne do unto an old man no harm now,
Na morë than ye would men did to you
In agë, if that ye so long abide.
And God be with you, where you go or ride;
I must go thither as I have to go."

[1] Catch. [2] Because. [3] Beloved. [4] Withered. [5] Except. [6] Advice.

"Nay, oldë churl, by God, thou shalt not so!"
Saidë this other hazardour[1] anon:
"Thou partest not so lightly, by Saint John!
Thou spake right now of thilkë traitor, Death,
That in this country all our friendës slaith;
Have here my truth, as thou art his espy,
Tell where he is, or thou shalt it abye,[2]
By God and by the holy sacrament!
For soothly, thou art one of his assent[3]
To slay us youngë folk, thou falsë thief!"
"Now, sirs," quoth he, "if that ye be so lief
To finde Death, turn up this crooked way,
For in that grove I left him, by my fay,
Under a tree, and there he will abide;
Naught for your boast he will him nothing hide.
See ye that oak? Right there ye shall him find.
God savë you, that bought again mankind,
And you amende!" thus said this oldë man;
And every of these riotourës ran
Till he came to that tree, and there they found,
Of florins fine, of gold y-coynëd round,
Well nigh a seven bushels, as them thought.
No longer thennë after Death they sought,
But each of them so glad was of that sight,
For that the florins been so fair and bright,
That down they set them by this precious hoard.
The worst of them he spake the firstë word:—
"Brethren," quod he, "take keepë what I say;
My wit is great, though that I boord[4] and play.
This treasure hath Fortúne unto us given
In mirth and jollity our life to liven,
And lightly as it comth, so will we spend.
Ey, Goddë's precious dignity! who wend[5]
To-day, that we should have so fair a grace?
But might this gold be carried from this place
Home to mine house, or ellës unto yours,—
For wel ye wot that all this gold is ours,—
Then werë we in high felicity.
But truëly, by day it may not be:
Men wouldë say that we were thievës strong,
And for our owën treasure do us hong.[6]
This treasure must y-carried be by night,
As wisely and as slyly as it might.

[1] Gambler. [2] Pay for. [3] Plot. [4] Joke. [5] Weened (thought). [6] Hang us.

Wherefore, I rede that cut among us all
Be drawn, and let see where the cut will fall;
And he that hath the cut, with heartë blithe
Shall runnë to the town, and that ful swithe,[1]
And bring us bread and wine full privily,
And two of us shall keepen subtlely
This treasure well; and if he will not tarry,
When it is night we will this treasure carry,
By one assent, where as us thinketh best."
The one of them the cut brought in his fist,
And bade them draw and look where it will fall;
And it fell on the youngest of them all,
And forth toward the town he went anon,
And all so soonë as that he was gone,
The one of them spake thus unto the other: —
"Thou knowest well thou art my swornë brother;
Thy profit will I tellë thee anon:
Thou wost well that our fellow is agone,
And here is gold, and that full great plentee,
That shall departed[2] be among us three;
But nathëless, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Had I not done a friendë's turn to thee?"
That other answered, "I noot[3] how that may be:
He wot how that the gold is with us tway:
What shall we do, what shall we to him say?"
"Shall it be counsel?" said the firstë shrew,[4]
"And I shall tellë thee in wordës few
What we shall do, and bringen it well about."
"I grantë,"[5] quod the other, "out of doubt,
That by my truth I shall not thee bewray."
"Now," quod the first, "thou wost well we be tway,
And two of us shall stronger be than one.
Look when that he is set, and right anon
Arise, as though thou wouldest with him play,
And I shall rive him through the sidës tway,
While that thou strugglest with him as in game,
And with thy dagger look thou do the same;
And then shall all this gold departed be,
My dearë friend, betwixen me and thee.
Then may we both our lustës all fulfill,
And play at dice right at our owen will."
And thus accorded been these shrewës tway,
To slay the third, as ye have heard me say.

[1] Fast. [2] Parted. [3] Know not. [4] Rascal. [5] Assure you.

This youngest, which that went unto the town,
Full oft in heart he rolleth up and down
The beauty of these florins new and bright;
"O Lord," quoth he, "if so were that I might
Have all this treasure to myself alone,
There is no man that liveth under the throne
Of God, that shouldë live so merry as I!"
And attë last the Fiend, our enemy,
Put in his thought that he should poison buy,
With which he mightë slay his fellows tway;
For-why the Fiend found him in such livíng
That he had leavë him to sorrow bring,
For this was utterly his full intent,
To slay them both and never to repent.
And forth he go'th, no longer would he tarry,
Into the town, unto a pothecary,
And praydë him, that he him wouldë sell
Some poison, that he might his rattës quell;
And eke there was a polecat in his haw,
That, as he said, his capons had y-slaw,[1]
And fain he wouldë wreak him, if he might,
On vermin that destroyëd him by night.
The pothecarie answered, "And thou shalt have
A thing that — all so God my soulë save! —
In all this world there nis no creäture,
That eaten or drunken hath of this confiture[2]
Naught but the montance[3] of a corn of wheat,
That he ne shall his life anon forlete,[4]
Yea, starve[5] he shall, and that in lessë while
Than thou wilt go apace not but a mile,
This poison is so strong and violent."
This cursëd man hath in his hand y-hent
This poison in a box, and sith[6] he ran
Into the nextë street unto a man,
And borrowed him largë bottellës three,
And in the two his poison pourëd he;
The third he kept clean for his ownë drink;
For all the night he shoop[7] him for to swink[8]
In carrying of the gold out of that place.
And when this riotour with sorry grace
Had filled with wine his greatë bottles three,
To his fellows again repaireth he.

[1] Slain. [2] Confection. [3] Amount. [4] Forego. [5] Die. [6] Then. [7] Resolved. [8] Work.

What needeth it to sermon of it more?
For right as they had cast his death before,
Right so they have him slain, and that anon,
And when that this was done, thus spake that one:
"Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry,
And afterward we will his body bury;"
And with that word it happëd him, *par cas*,
To take the bottle where the poison was,
And drank, and gave his fellow drink also,
For which anon they storven[1] bothe two.
But certes, I suppose that Avicen
Wrote never in no Canón, ne in no fen,[2]
More wonder signës of empoisoning
Than had these wretches two, ere their ending.
Thus ended been these homicidës two,
And eke the false empoisoner also. . . .

Now, good men, God forgive you your trespass,
And ware you from the sin of avarice.
Mine holy pardon may you all warice,[3]
So that ye offer nobles, or sterlings,
Or ellës silver brooches, spoonës, rings,
Boweth your head under this holy bull!
Com'th up, ye wivës, offereth of your wool!
Your names I enter here in my roll anon;
Into the bliss of heaven shall ye gone;
I you assoillë by mine high power —
You that will offer — as clean and eke as clear
As ye were born; and lo, sirs, thus I preach,
And Jesu Christ, that is our soulë's leech,
So grantë you his pardon to receive;
For that is best: I will you not deceive.

But, sires, one word forgat I in my tale:
I have reliques and pardon in my mail[4]
As fair as any man in Engeland,
Which were me given by the Popë's hand.
If any of you will of devotiön
Offer, and have my absolutiön,
Come forth anon, and kneeleth here adoun,
And meekëly receiveth my pardoún;
Or ellës taketh pardon as ye wend,
All new and fresh at every milë's end, —
So that ye offer, alway new and new,
Nobles or pence, which that be good and true.

[1] Died. [2] Section of Avicenna's "Canon of Medicine." [3] Heal. [4] Trunk.

REYNARD THE FOX.

[The original form of this famous story was Flemish — a Latin poem called "Ysengrimus," written by a priest, Nivardus of Ghent, about 1148. The names are Flemish: Reynard (Reginhard), the utterly hard; Isengrim, iron helm; Bruin, the brown (bear). A German version was published about 1180, a French one about 1300; in its present form it was remodeled and added to about 1380.]

About the Feast of Pentecost, which is commonly called Whitsuntide, when the woods are full of lustihood and songs of gallantry, and every tree fresh clothed in its vernal garb of glorious leaves and sweet-smelling blossoms; when the earth is covered with her fairest mantle of flowers, and all the birds entertain her with the delights of their melodious songs; even at this joyous period of the lusty spring, the lion, that royal king of beasts, the monarch of the ancient woods, thought to celebrate this holy festival, and to keep open court at his great palace of Sanden, with all triumphant ceremony and magnificence. To this end he made solemn proclamation over all his kingdom to all manner of beasts whatsoever, that upon pain of being held in contempt, every one should resort to the approaching celebration of the grand festival.

Within a few days, at the time prefixed, all beasts, both great and small, came in infinite numbers crowding to the court, with the exception of Reynard the fox, who did not appear. Conscious as he was of so many trespasses and transgressions against the lives and fortunes of other beasts, he knew that his presence might have put his life into great jeopardy, and he forbore.

Now, when the royal monarch had assembled his whole court, there were few beasts who had not some complaint to make against the fox; but especially Isegrim the wolf, who being the first and principal complainant, came with all his lineage and kindred. Standing uncovered before the king, he said: "Most dread and dearest sovereign lord the king! Humbly I beseech you, that from the height and strength of your great power, and the multitude of your mercies, you will graciously take compassion upon the insufferable trespasses and injuries which that unworthy creature, Reynard the fox, has lately committed against me and my wife and my whole family. To give your majesty some idea of these wrongs, know that this Reynard broke into my house in my absence,

against the will of me and my wife, where, finding my children laid in their quiet couch, he maltreated them in so vile a manner, especially about the eyes, that with the sharpness of the crime they fell instantly blind. Now, for this offense a day was set apart, wherein Reynard should appear to justify himself, and make solemn oath that he was guiltless of that foul injury ; but as soon as the holy book was tendered to him, he, well knowing his own enormity, refused to swear, or rather evaded it, by instantly running into his hole, in contempt both of your majesty and your laws. This, perhaps, my dread lord, some of the noblest beasts resident at your court did not know ; yet this was not enough to satiate his malice, and he continued to trespass against me in many other things, which, however, neither your majesty's time nor patience would suffice to hear. Enough that my injuries are so great that nothing can exceed them, and the shame and villainy that he has shown my wife is such that I can no longer suffer it to go unrevenged. From him I am come to demand reparation, and from your majesty compassion."

When the wolf had spoken these words, there stood by him a little hound, whose name was Curtise, who now stepping forth, also made a grievous complaint to the king, saying, that in the cold winter season, when the frost was most violent, and he was half starved by want of prey, having nothing further left him to sustain life than one poor piece of pudding, that vile Reynard ran upon him from ambush, and unjustly seized it.

Scarcely had these words escaped the hound's lips, before in sprang Tibert the cat, with a fierce and angry countenance, and falling down at his majesty's feet, exclaimed : " O my lord the king, though I must confess that the fox is here grievously accused, yet were other beasts' actions searched, each would find enough to do to clear himself. Touching the complaint of Curtise the hound, it was an offense committed many years ago ; and though I myself complain of no injury, yet was the pudding mine and not his, for I got it one night out of a mill, when the miller lay asleep. If Curtise could challenge any share thereof, it must be derived solely from me."

When Panther heard Tibert's words, he stood forth, and said, " Do you imagine, O Tibert, that it would be just or good that Reynard should not be accused ? Why, the whole world knows he is a murderer, a ravisher, and a thief ; that he loves not any creature, no, not his majesty himself ; and would suffer his

highness to lose both honor and renown, if he thought he could thus obtain so much as the leg of a fat pullet. Let me tell you what I saw him do only yesterday to Kayward the hare, now standing in the king's presence. Under pretense of teaching poor Kayward his creed, and making a good chaplain of him, he persuaded him to come and sit between his legs, and sing aloud, 'Credo, Credo!' I happened to pass that way, and heard the song; and upon going nearer, I found that Mr. Reynard had left his first note, and began to play in his old key, for he had caught Kayward by the throat, and had I not at that moment come, he had certainly taken his life, as you may see by Kayward's fresh wound under his throat. If my lord the king should suffer such conduct to go unpunished, the peace broken, the royal dignity profaned, and the just laws violated, your princely children many years to come shall bear the slander of this evil."

"Doubtless, Panther," cried Isegrim, "you say well and true: it is only fit that they should receive the benefit of justice who wish to live in peace."

Then spoke Grimbard, the brock [badger], who was Reynard's sister's son, being much moved by anger: "Isegrim, you are malicious, and it is a common proverb that 'malice never yet spake well;' and what can you advance against my kinsman Reynard? I wish you had only to encounter the risk, that whichever of you had most injured the other, was to be hanged and die a felon's death; for I tell you, were he here in court, and as much in our favor as you are, it would be but small satisfaction for you to beg mercy. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your venomous teeth, and much oftener than I can reckon; though I will recall some instances to your shame. Can you have forgotten how you cheated him in regard to the plaice which he threw down from the cart, while you followed aloof for fear? Yet you devoured the good plaice alone, and left him nothing but the bones, which you could not eat yourself. You played the same trick with the fat flitch of bacon, which was so good, that you took care to devour the whole of it yourself. When my uncle entreated his share, you retorted with scorn, 'Fair young man, you shall surely have your share;' and yet you gave him nothing, although he won it at great hazard, inasmuch as the owner contrived to catch my kinsman in a sack, from which he with difficulty got away with life. Such injuries hath this Isegrim done to

Reynard; and I beseech your lordships to judge if they are sufferable.

"Again he complains that my kinsman hath wronged him in his wife; and true it is that Reynard could boast her favor seven years before friend Isegrim did wed her. But if my uncle, out of courtesy, did pay her attentions, what is that to him? he took her for better and worse; nor ought he to complain of any foregoing transaction not belonging to him. Wisdom, indeed, would have concealed it; for what credit can he get by the slander of his own wife, especially when she is not aggrieved?

"Next comes Kayward the hare, with his complaint in his throat, which seems to me a mere trifle. If he will learn to read and sing, and read not his lesson aright, who will blame the schoolmaster for giving him a little wholesome correction? for if the scholars are not sometimes beaten and chastised, depend upon it, they will never learn. Lastly, Curtise complains that he had stolen a pudding with infinite pains out of the window, at a season when victuals are scarce. Would not silence better have become such a transaction? for he stole it: 'Male quæsisti, et male perdidisti;' it was evil won, and evil lost; and who shall dare to blame Reynard for the seizure of stolen goods from a thief? It is reasonable, that he who understands law and can discern equity, being also of high birth as my kinsman is, should do justice to the law. Nay, had he hanged up the hound when he took him in the fact, he could have offended none but the king in doing justice without leave. Yet, out of respect to his majesty, he did it not, though he reaps small thanks for his labor; thus subjected to the vilest calumnies, which greatly affect him.

"For my uncle is a true and loyal gentleman, nor can he endure falsehood: he does nothing without the counsel of the priest, and I assert, that since our lord the king proclaimed peace, he never dreamed of injuring any man. He lives like a recluse; only eats one meal a day, and it is now a year since he tasted flesh, as I have been truly informed by some of his friends who saw him only yesterday. He has moreover left his castle Malepardus, and abandoned his princely establishment, confining all his wishes to a poor hermitage. He has forsworn hunting, and scattered abroad his wealth, living alone by alms and good men's charities; doing infinite penance for his sins, so that he is become pale and lean with praying and fasting, for he would fain be with God."

Thus while Grimbard stood preaching, they perceived coming down the hill toward them, stout Chanticleer the cock, who brought upon a bier a dead hen, whose head Reynard had bitten clean off, and it was brought before the king to take cognizance thereof.

Chanticleer marching foremost, hung his wings and smote his feathers piteously, whilst on the other side the bier went two of his fairest hens, the fairest between Holland and Arden. Each of them bore a straight bright burning taper, for they were sisters to Coppel that lay dead upon the bier; and as they marched, they cried, "Alack, alack! and well-a-day! for the death of Coppel, our sister dear." Two young pullets bore the bier, and cackled so heavily and wept so loud for the death of Coppel, their mother, that the very hills echoed to their clamor. On reaching the presence of the king, Chanticleer, kneeling down, spake as follows:

"Most merciful, dread lord, the king! vouchsafe, I do beseech you, to hear and redress the injuries which the fox Reynard hath done me and my children, whom you here behold weeping, as well they may. For it was in the beginning of April, when the weather was fair, I being then in the height of my pride and plumage, sprung from great stock and lineage, with eight valiant sons and seven fair daughters by my side, all of whom my wife had brought me at a single hatch, all of whom were strong and fat, strutting in a yard well fenced round about. Here they had several sheds, besides six stout mastiff dogs for their guard, which had torn the skins of many wild beasts; so that my children felt secure from any evil that might happen to those more exposed to the snares of the world; but Reynard, that false and dissembling traitor, envying their happy fortune, many times assailed the walls in such desperate manner, that the dogs were obliged to be loosed, and they hunted him away. Once, indeed, they overtook and bit him, making him pay the price of his theft, as his torn skin bore witness. Nevertheless he escaped, the more the pity.

"But we lived more quietly some time after; until at last he came in the likeness of a hermit, and brought me a letter to read. It was sealed with your majesty's royal seal; and in it I found written that you had proclaimed peace throughout all your realm, and that no manner of beasts or fowl were longer to injure one another. Reynard affirmed that, for his own part, he was become a monk, a cloistered recluse, and had vowed to

perform daily penance for his sins. He next showed me and counted his beads ; he had his books, and wore a hair shirt next to his skin, while in a very humble tone he said, 'You see, Sir Chanticleer, you have never need to be afraid of me henceforward for I have vowed nevermore to eat flesh. I am now waxed old, and would only remember my soul ; I have yet my noon and my evening prayers to say ; I must therefore take my leave.'

"He departed, singing his credo as he went, and I saw him lie down under a hawthorn. These tidings made me exceedingly glad ; I took no further heed, but chuckling my family together, I went to ramble outside the wall, a step I shall forever rue. For that same devout Reynard, lying under the bush, came creeping between us and the gate ; then suddenly surprised one of my children, which he thrust into his maw, and to my great sorrow bore away. For having tasted the sweetness of our flesh, neither hunter nor hound can protect us from him. Night and day he continues to watch us with such hungry assiduity, that out of fifteen children he hath now left me only four unslain. Yesterday, my daughter Coppel — here lying dead upon her bier, her body being rescued by the arrival of a pack of hounds, too late alas ! — hath fallen, after her mother, a victim to his arts. This is my just complaint, which I refer to your highness's mercy to have compassion upon, and upon my many slaughtered children."

Then spake the king : " Sir Grimbard, hear you this of your uncle, the recluse ? He seems to have feasted and prayed with a vengeance ; but if I live another year he shall dearly abide it. For you, Chanticleer, your complaint is heard, and shall be repaired. We will bestow handsome obsequies upon your daughter dead, laying her in the earth with solemn dirge and worship due. This done, we will consult with our lords how to do you right, and bring the murderer to justice."

Then began the *Placebo Domino*, with all the verses belonging to it, too many to recite ; the dirge being done, the body was interred, and over it was placed a fair marble stone, polished as bright as glass, upon which was inscribed the following epitaph in large letters : " Coppel, Chanticleer's daughter, whom Reynard the fox has slain, lieth here interred ! — Mourn, reader, mourn ! for her death was violent and lamentable."

The monarch next sent for his lords and wisest counselors, to consult how best this foul murder committed by Reynard

might be punished. In the end it was concluded that he should be sent for, and without any excuse be made to appear before the king, to answer these charges, and the message be delivered by Bruin the bear. The king gave consent, and calling him before him, said, "Sir Bruin, it is our pleasure that you deliver this message; yet in so doing, have a good eye to yourself; for Reynard is full of policy, and knows well how to dissemble, flatter, and betray. He has a world of snares to entangle you withal, and, without great exercise of judgment, will make a mock and scorn of the most consummate wisdom."

"My lord," answered Sir Bruin, "let me alone with Reynard; I am not such a truant to discretion as to become a mock for his knavery." And thus, full of jollity, the bear took his departure to fetch Reynard.

[Bruin is tricked and nearly killed by Reynard's management, and the king calls another council.]

Then the king called for Sir Tibert the cat, and said, "Sir Tibert, you shall go to Reynard and summon him the second time, and command him to appear and answer his offenses; for though he be cruel to other beasts, to you he is courteous. Assure him if he fail at the first summons, that I will take so severe a course against him and his posterity, that his example shall terrify all offenders."

Then said Tibert the cat, "My dread lord, they were my foes which thus advised you, for there is nothing I can do that can force him to come or to tarry. I do beseech your majesty send some one of greater power: I am small and feeble; for if noble Sir Bruin, who was so strong and mighty, could not compel him, what will my weakness avail?"

The king replied, "It is your wisdom, Sir Tibert, that I employ, and not your strength: many prevail with art, when violence returns home with labor lost."

"Well," said Tibert, "since it is your pleasure, it must be accomplished, and Heaven make my fortune better than my heart presages!"

Tibert then made things in readiness and went to Malepardus. In his journey he saw come flying towards him one of St. Martin's birds, to whom the cat cried aloud, "Hail! gentle bird! I beseech thee turn thy wings, and fly on my right hand."

But the bird, alas! flew on the left side, at which sight the cat grew very heavy, for he was well skilled in augury, and knew the sign to be ominous. Nevertheless, as many do, he armed himself with better hopes, and went to Malepardus, where he found the fox standing before the castle gates, to whom Tibert said, "Health to my fair cousin Reynard. The king by me summons you to the court, in which if you fail or delay, there is nothing that can prevent your sudden and cruel death."

The fox answered, "Welcome, dear cousin Tibert. I obey your command, and wish the king my lord infinite days of happiness. Only let me entreat you to rest with me to-night, and accept such cheer as my simple house affords. To-morrow as early as you will we will proceed towards the court, for I have no kinsman whom I trust so nearly as yourself. There came hither the other day that treacherous knight Sir Bruin, who looked upon me with that tyrannous cruelty, that I would not for the wealth of an empire hazard my person with him; but with you, dear cousin, I will go, were a thousand diseases eating up my vitals."

Tibert replied, "You speak like a noble gentleman, and it will now perhaps be best to move forward, for the moon shines as bright as day."

"Nay, dear cousin," said the fox, "let us take a day before us, so that we may know our friends when we meet; the night is full of dangers and suspicions." "Well," said the other, "if it be your pleasure, I am content. What shall we eat?"

Reynard said, "Truly, my store is small: the best I have is a honeycomb too pleasant and sweet; what think you of it yourself?"

Tibert replied, "It is meat I little care for, and seldom eat: I had rather have a single mouse than all the honey in Europe."

"A mouse, dear cousin?" said Reynard; "why, here dwells hard by a priest, who has a barn so full of mice, that I believe half the wains in the parish would not carry them away."

"Then, dear Reynard," cried the cat, "do but you lead me thither, and make me your servant forever."

"But," said the fox, "do you love mice so much as that comes to?"

"Beyond expression I do," quoth the other: "a mouse is better than any venison, or the best cates on a prince's table. Conduct me therefore thither and command me afterwards in

any of your affairs. Had you slain my father, my mother, and all my kin, I would freely forgive you now."

"Surely," said Reynard, "you do but jest!" "No, by my life," replied the cat.

"Well, then, if you be in earnest, I will so contrive this very night, that you shall have your fill."

"Is it possible?" said the cat.

"Only follow me," said Reynard; "I will bring you to the place presently."

So away they went with all speed towards the priest's barn, well fenced about with a mud wall, where, but the night before, the fox had broken in, and stolen an exceeding fat pullet from the jolly priest. Now the priest was so angry, that he had set a trap before the hole to catch the thief at his next coming; which the fox well knew, and therefore he said to the cat, "Sir Tibert, here is the hole: creep in. It will not take a minute before you find more mice than you are able to devour: hear you how they squeak? But come back when you are full, and I will wait here for you, that we may then proceed together towards court. Stay not long, for I know my wife is expecting us."

"But think you I may safely enter in at this hole?" inquired the cat: "these priests are very wily and subtle, and often conceal their snares very close, making the rash fool sorely repent."

"Why, cousin Tibert," said Reynard, "are you turning coward? What, man, fear you a shadow?"

Quite ashamed, the cat sprang quickly in, and was caught fast by the neck in the gin. He tried to leap back, which only brought the snare closer, so that he was half strangled, and struggled and cried out piteously. Reynard stood before the hole and heard all, at which he greatly rejoiced, and cried in scorn, "Cousin Tibert, love you mice? I hope they are fat for your sake. Did the priest or Martinet know of your feasting, I know them so well, they would bring you sauce to your meat very quickly. What! you sing at your meat: is that the court fashion now? If so, I only wish that Isegrim the wolf bore you company, that all my friends might feast together."

Meanwhile the poor cat was fast, and mewed so sadly, that Martinet leaped out of his bed and cried to his people, "Up, up! for the thief is taken that caught our hens." At these words the priest unluckily rose, awaking his whole household,

and crying, "The fox is taken! the fox is taken!" Not half dressed, he handed his wife the sacred taper, and running first, he smote Tibert a blow with a huge staff, while many others followed his example. The cat received many deadly blows; for the anger of Martinet was so great, that he struck out one of the cat's eyes, which he did to please the priest, intending to dash out the poor Tibert's brains at a blow. Beholding death so near, Sir Tibert made a desperate effort, and jumping between the priest's legs, fastened there in a style which caused him the most excruciating pain. When Dame Jullock his wife saw this, she cried out, and swore in the bitterness of her heart, and withal cursed the gin, which she wished, along with its inventor, at the devil.

All this while Reynard stood before the hole, and seeing what passed, laughed so excessively that he was ready to burst; but the poor priest fell down in a swoon, and every one left the cat in order to revive the priest. During this last scene, the fox set off back again to Malepardus, for he believed that it was now all over with Sir Tibert. But he, seeing his foes so busy about the priest, began to gnaw his cord, until he bit it quite asunder. He then leaped out of the hole, and went roaring and tumbling like his predecessor, the bear, back to the court. Before he reached it, it was wide day, and the sun being risen, he entered the king's court in a most pitiful plight. For his body was beaten and bruised to a jelly, owing to the fox's craft; his bones were shivered and broken, one of his eyes lost, and his skin rent and mangled.

This when the king beheld, he grew a thousand times more angry than before. He summoned his council, and debated on the surest means of revenging such injuries upon the head of the fox. After long consultation, Grimbard the brock, Reynard's sister's son, said to the rest of the king's council, "Good, my lords, though my uncle were twice as bad as he is represented, yet there is remedy enough against his mischiefs, and it is fit you do him the justice due to a man of his rank, by summoning him a third time, and then it will be time to pronounce him guilty of all that is laid to his charge."

"But," said his majesty, "who will now be found so desperate as to hazard his hands, his ears, nay, his very life, with one so tyrannical and irreligious?"

"Truly," answered the brock, "if it please your majesty, I am that desperate person, who will venture to carry the mes-

sage to my most subtle kinsman, if your highness but command me."

[Grimbard visits Malepardus and induces Reynard to return to court with him.]

When Reynard and Grimbard had proceeded some way on their journey, the former stopped and said, "Fair nephew, blame me not if I say my heart is very heavy, for my life is in great jeopardy. Would that to blot out my manifold sins and cast off so great a burden, I might here repent and be shriven by you. I know you are holy; and having received penance for my sin, my soul will be more quiet within me."

Grimbard bid him proceed. "Then," said the fox, "*Confitebor tibi, pater.*"

"Nay," interrupted the brock, "if you will shrive to me, do it in English, that I may understand you."

"Then," resumed Reynard, "I have grievously offended against all the beasts that live, and especially against mine uncle Bruin the bear, whom I lately almost massacred, and Tibert the cat, whom I no less cruelly ensnared in a gin. I have trespassed against Chanticleer and his children, and have devoured many of them. Nay, the king has not been safe from my malice, for I have slandered him, and not respected the name of the queen. I have betrayed Isegrim the wolf, while I called him uncle, though no part of his blood ran in my veins. I made him a monk of Esinane, where I became also one of the order, only to do him open mischief. I made him bind his foot to the bell rope to teach him to ring; but the peal had like to have cost him his life, the parishioners beat and wounded him so very sorely. After this I taught him to catch fish; but he got soundly beaten for it, and beareth the stripes to this moment. I led him into a rich priest's house to steal bacon, where he ate so much, that, unable to get out where he came in, I raised all the town upon him; and while the priest ran from table, I seized upon a fat fowl, while the priest and his people were busy cudgeling the sides of Isegrim. At last the wolf fell down as if he had been dead, and they dragged his body over rocks and stones until they came to an old ditch, where they threw him in. There he lay groaning all night, and how he ever got thence I know not. Another time I led him to a place where I told him there were seven cocks and hens perched together, all in excellent condition, and hard by stood a false door, upon

which we climbed. I said that if he could contrive to creep in he should have the fowls. Isegrim with much joy went laughing to the door, and pushing forward, he said, 'Reynard, you deceive me, for here is nothing.' 'Then,' replied I, 'uncle, they must be farther in; and if you will have them, you must venture for them.' At this the wolf going a little farther, I gave him a push forward, so that he fell down into the house with such an infernal noise and clatter, that all who were asleep in the house awoke, and cried out, 'What dreadful noise was that? what has fallen from the trapdoor?' So they rose, one and all, lighted a candle, and espying him, took such measures that they wounded him almost to death. Thus I brought the wolf into many hazards of his life, more than I can well remember; but I will repeat them to you hereafter, as they occur to me. I have also most grievously offended against Dame Ersewind his wife, of which I much repent me, as it was highly to her discredit."

"Uncle," said Grimbard, "you make your shrift imperfect; I hardly understand you."

"Pardon me, sweet nephew; but you know I dislike casting aspersions on women; it is simply that she liked me, and preferred my company to that of Isegrim. Thus I have told you all my wickedness; and now order my penance as shall seem best."

Now Grimbard, being both learned and wise, broke a switch from a tree, and said, "Uncle, you shall three times strike your body with this rod; then lay it down upon the ground, and spring three times over it without stumbling or bending your legs. This done, you shall take it up and kiss it gently, in sign of your meekness and obedience to your penance, when you will be absolved of your sins committed to this day; for I pronounce you a clear remission."

At this the fox was exceedingly glad, and then Grimbard said, "See that henceforth, uncle, you do good works; read your psalter, go to church, fast, and keep vigils all holydays; give alms, and abandon your sinful life; avoid theft and treason; so that by doing these things, no doubt you shall obtain mercy from the king."

All these the fox promised, and so they went journeying together towards the court.

Not far from the roadside there stood a dwelling of holy nuns, where many geese and capons were seen wandering without the walls. As they were conversing, the fox gradually

drew Grimbard out of the right path, and finding the pullets picking near the barn, among which was a fine fat capon that had strayed a little way from the rest, he made a sudden spring and caught him by the feathers, which flew about his ears; yet the capon escaped. At this sight Grimbard cried out, "Accursed wretch! what would you do? will you for a silly pullet again fall into all your sins?"

To which Reynard answered, "Pardon me, dear nephew; but I had forgotten myself: I do entreat your forgiveness, and my eye shall not wander."

They then went over a little bridge, the fox still glancing his eye towards the pullets as if it were impossible for him to refrain; for the evil was bred in his bones, and it stuck fast to his flesh; his heart carried his eyes that way as long as he could see them. The brock, aware of this, again said, "For shame, dissembler! why wander your eyes after the fowls?"

The fox replied, "Nay, nephew, you do me wrong; you mistake my looks, for I was merely saying a paternoster for the souls of all the pullets and geese which I have slain before my piety interfered."

"Well," said Grimbard, "it may be so, but your glances are very suspicious."

Now, by this time they had regained the highway, and pushed on more speedily to the court, which the fox no sooner saw than his heart began to quake for fear. He knew too well the crimes he had to answer for; they were indeed infinite and heinous.

[Reynard is condemned and led out to execution.]

On reaching the place of execution, the king, the queen, and all the nobility took their place, to behold the fox die. Reynard, though full of sorrow and dismay, was still busy thinking how he might escape, and again triumph over his proud enemies, by drawing the king over to his party. "Though the king," he said to himself, "be offended with me, as he has reason enough, Heaven knows, yet I may perhaps live to become his bosom friend."

While thus cogitating, the wolf said, "Now, Sir Bruin, remember your injuries; revenge yourself well, for the day is come we have so long looked for. Go, Tibert, and mount the gallows tree with a rope, and make a running noose, for you shall have your will of your enemy. Take heed, good Sir Bruin,

that he eludes us not, and I will now place the ladder, when everything will be complete."

This being done the fox spoke: "Now well may my heart be heavy, for death stands in all its naked horrors before my eyes, and I cannot escape. O my dread lord the king, and you my sovereign lady the queen, and all you, my lords and gentlemen, here assembled to see me die, I beseech you grant me this one charitable boon. Let me unburden my heart before you, and cleanse my soul of its manifold sins, so that hereafter no man may be unjustly accused or executed for my secret misdeeds. This done, death will come more easy to me, and the assistance of your prayers will lift my soul, I doubt not, to the skies."

All now took compassion on the fox, and beseeched the king to grant his request; which was done. And then the fox spake:—

"Help me, Heaven! for I see no man here whom I have not offended. Yet this was not from evil inclination; for in my youth I was accounted as virtuous as any breathing. I played with the lambs all day long, and took delight in their pretty bleating. But once in my play I bit one, and the taste of its blood was so sweet, that ever since I could not forbear. This evil humor drew me into the woods among the goats; where, hearing the bleating of the young kids, I slew one, and after two more, which made me so hardy, that I began to murder geese and pullets. Thus my crime growing by habit, the fancy so possessed me, that all was fish that was caught in my net. In the winter season I met with Isegrim, as he lay under a hollow tree, and he unfolded unto me how he was my uncle, and laid the pedigree down so plain, that from that day forth we became companions. A friendship I have reason to curse; for then, indeed, began the history of our thefts and slaughters. He stole the great prizes and I the small; he murdered nobles and I the meanest subjects; and in all these actions his share was ever the greatest. When he caught a calf, a ram, or a wether, his voracity would hardly afford me the bones to pick. When he mustered an ox or a cow, he first served himself, his wife, and all his family, nothing remaining, I say, for me but the bare bones. I state not this as having been in want, it being well known that I have more plate, jewels, and coin than twenty carts would carry; but only to show his vile ingratitude."

When the king heard him speak of his infinite wealth his heart grew inflamed with avarice; and, interrupting the prisoner, he said, "Reynard, where is that treasure you speak of?" . . .

The fox proceeded as follows : —

"Since it is the pleasure of my dread lord the king, and that his royal life lies in the balance with my present breath, I will freely unfold this foul and capital treason, sparing no guilty person for any respect whatsoever, however high in greatness, blood, or authority. Know, then, my dread lord, that my father, by accident turning up the earth, found King Ermetick's treasure, an infinite and incalculable mass of riches, with which he became so vain and haughty, that he looked down upon all the beasts of the forest with contempt, even upon his kinsmen and companions. At length he caused Tibert the cat to go into the forest of Arden to Bruin the bear, and to render him his homage and fealty ; saying, that if it would please him to be king, he must come into Flanders, where my father received him nobly. Next he sent for his wife, Grimbard my nephew, and for Isegrim the wolf, with Tibert the cat. These five coming between Gaunt and the village called Elfe, they held solemn counsel for the space of one night, in which, instigated by the devil, and confident in my father's riches, it was concluded that your majesty should be murdered. They took a solemn oath to this effect in the following way : Sir Bruin, my father, Grimbard, and Tibert, laid their hands on Isegrim's crown, and swore to make Bruin their king ; to place him in the chair of state at Acon, and set the imperial diadem on his head. That should any oppose the scheme, my father was to hire assassins that should utterly chase and root them out of the forests.

"After this it happened that my nephew Grimbard, being one day heated with wine, made a discovery of this damnable plot to Dame Slopard his wife, commanding her also to keep it secret. But she too, as women will, only kept it until she met with me, charging me to reveal it to no one ! She moreover gave me such proofs of its truth as to cause the very hairs of my head to start upright, while my heart sank cold and heavy within me like a piece of lead. Indeed, it led me to call to mind the story of the frogs, who complained to Jupiter that they had no king to govern them, and he presently sent them a stork, which ate and devoured them up, and by whose tyranny they became the most miserable of all creatures. Then they cried unto Jupiter for redress, but it was too late ; for those that will not be content with their freedom, must consequently be subjected to thraldom. Even so I feared it might happen to us ; and I grieved for the fate of your majesty, though you

respect not my sorrows. The ambition of the bear is such that should the government come into his hand, the commonwealth would fall a sacrifice to his tyranny. Besides, I know your majesty is of that royal and lofty lineage, so mighty, gracious, and merciful withal, that it would have been a damnable exchange, to have seen a ravenous bear sit in the throne of the royal lion; for in Sir Bruin and his whole generation there is more prodigal looseness and inconstancy than in any beast whatsoever. I therefore began to meditate how I might foil my father's false and treacherous designs, who sought to elevate a traitor and a slave to the height of your imperial throne.

"The plot becoming ripe for execution, my father went to the cave for his treasure. What was his infinite agony and trouble to find the place open and ransacked! He became desperate, and soon afterwards went to the next tree, and hanged himself.

"Thus, by my skill, Bruin's treason was defeated, and for this I now suffer, while those two false traitors, Bruin and Isegrim, sit in the king's privy council, with great authority, procure my disgrace, and trample me underfoot. I have lost my father in your majesty's cause, and what stronger proof can be tendered of my loyalty? I have lost my life in defending yours."

The king and queen, indulging a hope of possessing these inestimable treasures, ordered Reynard down from the gibbet, and entreated him further to unfold its place of concealment.

"What!" replied the fox, "shall I make my worst enemies my heirs? Shall these traitors, who take away my life and attempt your majesty's, become possessed of the fortune I enjoy?"

"Then," said the queen, "fear not, Reynard: the king shall save your life, and you shall henceforth swear faith and true allegiance to his majesty."

The fox answered, "Sovereign lady, if the king, out of his royal nature, will give credit to my truth, and forgive my offenses, there was never king so rich as he will be."

Then the king, interrupting the queen, said, "Fair consort, will you believe the fox? Know that it is his chief excellence to lie, to steal, and to impose upon others."

But the queen said, "Yet now, my dear lord, you may freely believe him; for however full of deceit he may have been in his prosperity, you see he is now changed. Why, he accuses his own father, and Grimbard, his dearest nephew and

kinsman! Were he dissembling, he might have laid his imputation upon other beasts, and not on those he loves best."

"Well, madam," replied the king, "you shall, for this time, rule me. I will give free pardon to the fox, yet under this condition, that if he be ever found tripping again, though in the smallest offense, both he and his shall be utterly rooted out of my dominions."

The fox looked sadly when the king spake thus; withal he rejoiced within himself, and he said, "Most dread lord, it were a huge shame in me, should I dare to speak any untruths in this august presence." Then the king, taking a straw from the ground, pardoned the fox for all the transgressions which either he or his father before him had committed. No wonder the fox now began to smile, for life was most sweet to him; and he fell down before the king and queen, humbly thanking them for all their mercies, and protesting that he would make them the richest princes in the world. At these words the fox took up a straw and proffering it to the king, said to him, "My dread lord, I beseech your majesty to receive this pledge of entire surrender unto your majesty of the great King Ermetick's treasure, with which I freely present you out of my free will and pleasure."

The king received the straw, and smiling, gave the fox great thanks, at which the latter chuckled heartily to think of the grossness of the imposture. From that day forward no one's counsel so much prevailed with the king as that of the fox.

[Reynard locates the treasure in an inaccessible wilderness, but declines to go with him on pretense of being excommunicated, and wishes to make pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land.]

The royal king mounted upon his high throne, raised in the form of a scaffold, made of fair square stone, and commanded thence a general silence among all his subjects. Every one was to take his place according to his birth or dignity in office, except the fox, who sat between the king and the queen. The king then spoke: —

"Hear all you noblemen, knights, gentlemen, and others of inferior quality! Sir Reynard, one of the supreme officers of my household, whose misdeeds had brought him to his final account, standing between these two quarrelsome mistresses, law and justice, hath this day recovered our best grace and favor. He hath done that noble and worthy service to the

state, that both myself and my queen are bound to him forever. Henceforth I do command all of you, upon pain and hazard of your dearest lives, that you henceforward fail not, from this day, to show all reverence and honor, not only to Reynard himself, but to his whole family, wherever you may happen by night or day to meet with them. Nor let any one hereafter be so audacious as to trouble my ears with complaints against him, for he will no more be guilty of doing wrong. To-morrow, very early, he sets out on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he means to purchase a free pardon and indulgence from the pope and afterwards to proceed to the Holy Land."

Now, when Tissellen the raven heard this speech, he flew to Sir Bruin, Isegrim, and Tibert, and said, "Wretched creatures! how are your fortunes changed! how can you endure to hear these tidings? Why, Reynard is now a courtier, a chancellor, nay prime minister and favorite: his offenses are forgiven; and you are all betrayed and sold unto bondage."

Isegrim answered: —

"Nay, it is impossible, Tissellen, nor can such an abuse be suffered."

"I tell you it can! Do not deceive yourselves, it is as true as that I now speak it."

Then went the wolf and the bear to the king; but the cat refused, and was so sore afraid at what she heard, that to have purchased the fox's favor once more, she would have forgiven not only the injuries she had received, but have run a second hazard. But Isegrim, with much confidence and pride, appeared before the king and queen, and with the most bitter words inveighed against the fox; and in so passionate and impudent a manner withal, that the king was roused to anger, and ordered both the wolf and the bear to be arrested for high treason. This was forthwith done with every mark of violence and indignity; the prisoners were bound hand and foot, that they could not stir a limb, nor a step from the place where they were couched. The fox having thus entangled them, he so far prevailed with the queen as to obtain as much of the bear's skin as would make him a large scrip for his journey.

This being put in force, he wanted nothing but a strong pair of shoes to defend his feet from the stones while he traveled. Again, therefore, he said to the queen, "Madame, I am your poor pilgrim; and if it would please your majesty but to take it into your consideration, you will perceive that Sir Ise-

grim wears a pair of excellent long lasting ones, which would you vouchsafe to bestow upon me, I would pray for your majesty's soul during my travels upon my charitable mission. Also mine aunt, Dame Ersewind, hath other two shoes, which would your majesty bestow upon me you would be doing her little injury, as she seldom ventures abroad."

The queen replied, "Yes, Reynard, I believe you will want such shoes for your journey; it is full of labor and difficulty, both respecting the stony hills and the gravelly highways. Therefore, be sure you shall have, though it touch their life never so nearly, a pair of shoes from each of them, the better to speed and accomplish your journey."

So Isegrim was taken, and his shoes pulled off in the most cruel manner. After being thus tormented, Dame Ersewind, his wife, was treated in the same manner as her husband; and had the cat been there, he would doubtless have experienced the same fate, in addition to the cruel mockery of the fox. . . .

The three friends journeyed on together until they came to the gates of Reynard's own house. Then he said to the ram, "Pray, cousin, keep watch here without, while I and Kayward go in: I wish him to witness my pleasure at meeting my family." Bellin said he would; and the fox and the hare went into Malepardus, where they found Lady Ermelin sorrowing exceedingly for the absence of her husband. But when she saw him, her joy knew no bounds; and she expressed her astonishment on beholding his mail, his staff, and his shoes. "Dearest husband," she cried, "how have you fared?" Reynard then related his adventures at court, adding that he was going a pilgrimage, having left Bruin and Isegrim in pledge for him till his return. As for Kayward, he added, turning towards him, the king had bestowed him upon him to do with as he pleased, as Kayward had been the first to complain of him, for which he vowed deadly revenge.

Hearing these words, Kayward was quite appalled, and tried to fly; but the fox had placed himself between him and the door, and soon seized him by the neck. Kayward cried to Bellin for help, but the fox had cut his throat with his sharp teeth before he could be heard. This done, the traitor and his family began to feast upon him merrily, and drank his blood to the king's health. Ermelin then said, "I fear, Reynard, you mock me; as you love me, tell me how you sped at the king's court." Then he

told her the pleasant story, how he had imposed upon the king and queen with a false promise of treasures that did not exist. "But when the king finds out the truth, he will take every means of destroying us; therefore, dear wife," said he, "there is no remedy: we must steal from hence into some other forest, where we may live in safety, and find more delicate fare, clear springs, fresh rivers, cool shades, and wholesome air. Here there is no abiding; and now I have got my thumb out of the king's mouth, I will no more come within reach of his talons."

"Yet here," said his wife, "we have all we desire, and you are lord over all you survey; and it is dangerous to exchange a certain good for better hopes. Should the king besiege us here ever so closely, we have a thousand passages and side-holes, so that he can neither catch nor deprive us of our liberty. Why, then, fly beyond seas? but you have sworn it, and that vexes me."

"Nay, madam," cried Reynard, "grieve not at that: the more forsworn, the less forlorn, you know; therefore I will be forsworn, and remain, in spite of his majesty, where I am. Against his power I will array my policy. I will guard myself well, insomuch that, being compelled to open my stock, let him not blame me if he hurt himself with his own fury."

Meanwhile Bellin stood waiting at the gate, exceedingly wroth and impatient; and swearing both at the fox and the hare, he called loudly for Sir Reynard to come. So at last he went and said softly, "Good Bellin, be not offended. Kayward is conversing with his aunt: and he bids me say that if you will walk forward, he will overtake you; for he is light of foot, and speedier than you."

"True; but I thought," said Bellin, "that I heard Kayward cry for help."

"What! cry for help, forsooth? Do you imagine he can meet with any injury in my house?"

"No."

"But I will tell you how you were deceived. Happening to inform my wife of my intended pilgrimage, she swooned away, and Kayward, in great alarm, cried out, 'Bellin, come help my aunt; she dies! she dies!'"

"Then I mistook the cry," said Bellin.

"You did," said Reynard; "and now let us talk of business, good Bellin. You may recollect that the king and coun-

cil entreated me to write, before I set out for the pilgrimage, upon some matters important to the state."

"In what shall I carry these papers most safely?" inquired Bellin.

"That is already provided for you," replied Reynard, "for you shall have my scrip, which you may hang round your neck; and take care of it; they are matters of great importance."

Then Reynard returned into the house, and taking Kayward's head, he thrust it into the scrip, and enjoined the ram not to look into it, as he valued the king's favor, until he reached the court; adding that he might rest assured that his presentation of the letters to the king would pave the way to his great preferment.

Bellin thanked the fox, and being informed that he had other affairs to impart to Kayward, set out on his journey alone. When he arrived at court, he found the king in his palace, seated amidst his nobility. The king wondered when he saw Bellin come in with the scrip made of Bruin's skin, and he said, "How now, Bellin! where is Sir Reynard, that you have got his scrip with you?"

"My dread lord," said Bellin, "I have escorted the noble fox to his castle, when, after short repose, he desired me to bear certain letters to your majesty, of vast importance, which he inclosed in his own scrip."

The king commanded the letters to be delivered to his secretary, Bocart, an excellent linguist, who understood all languages, that he might read them publicly. So he and Sir Tibert the cat took the scrip from Bellin's neck, and opening the same, instead of letters, drew out the bloody head of Kayward! At which sight they cried out, in huge dismay: "Woe, and alas! what letters call you these? O dread lord, behold! here is nothing but the head of poor murdered Kayward!"

Seeing this, the monarch cried, "Unhappy king that I am, ever to have given credit to the traitor fox!" And overwhelmed with anger, grief, and shame, he held down his head a good space, as well as the queen likewise. At last shaking his royal locks, he made such a tremendous noise, that all the lords of the forest trembled with fear. Then spake Sir Firapel the leopard, the king's nearest kinsman, and said, "What of all this? you are seated above all injuries, and one smile can salve the greatest wound upon your honor. You have power to recompense and to punish, and you can destroy or restore repu-

tation as you please. What if the bear lost his skin, the wolf and Dame Ersewind their shoes? you may in recompense, since Bellin has confessed himself a party to this foul murder, bestow him and his substance upon the party aggrieved. As for Reynard, we can go and besiege his castle, and having arrested his person, hang him up by law of arms without further trial, and there is an end."

The king consented to this motion. . . . Peace being thus restored between the king and his nobles, Bellin was forthwith slain (the wolf following up his enmity to him and his race in perpetuity); and afterwards the king proclaimed a grand feast, which was held with all due solemnity during twelve days.

EARLY DUTCH POETRY.

TRANSLATED BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE HUNTER FROM GREECE.

A HUNTER went a hunting into the forest wide,
And naught he found to hunt but a man whose arms were tied.
"Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
"What! should I fear a woman — who never feared a man?"
Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
She seized his arms and grasped his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side.
The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low,—
Two sucklings dead — one turning upon a spit he saw.
"And am I doomed to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
"What! are you then from Greece? for my husband is a Greek;
And tell me of your parents — perchance I know them — speak."
"But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown: —
My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret his consort — my mother too is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."
"The monarch of the Grecians — a comely man and gay —
But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
"Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
"How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green? —
I have a maiden daughter, a young and graceful queen,

And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
"You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,
I'd steal her kisses slyly, and bid her a good day."
"I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind,
I'll lend it to you slyly — go — seek — the maiden find."
Then bravely on the courser galloped the hunter lad;
"Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
"O had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
You dared not then have called me — you dared not call me 'black.'"
She struck the tree in fury with a club stick which she took,
Till the trees in the greenwood trembled, and all the green leaves shook.

The Fettered Nightingale.

Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love dwells,
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet love dwells:
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love,
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove.
The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean man meet.
The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
And they traveled far away to where a couch was spread;
And there they lay concealed through the loving livelong night,
From evening to the morning till broke the gay daylight;
And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear,
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear;
And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove,
But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
We'll chain the nightingale — his head unto his feet,
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet.
I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound,
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers' wound.

The Knight and his Squire.

A Knight and his Esquire did stray — *Santio*[1]
In the narrow path and the gloomy way, — *Non weder*

[1] The chorus of this Romance is: —

—— Santio
Non weder de kneder de koorde sante jante
Iko, kantiko di kandelaar sti.

So quoth the Knight — "Yon tree do thou — *Santio*
Climb — bring the turtle from the bough." — *Non weder*
"Sir Knight, I dare not; for the tree — *Santio*
Is far too light to carry me." — *Non weder*
The Knight grew grave and stern: and he — *Santio*
Mounted himself the waving tree. — *Non weder*
"My master is fallen dead below — *Santio*
Where are my well-earned wages now?" — *Non weder*
"Your well-earned wages! get you all — *Santio*
Chariots and steeds are in the stall." — *Non weder*
"Chariots and steeds I seek not after, — *Santio*
But I will have the youngest daughter." — *Non weder*
The Squire is now a Knight; and still — *Santio*
Drives steeds and chariots at his will. — *Non weder*

MANDEVILLE'S TRAVELS.

[Sir John Mandeville: The reputed author of an early English book of travels, written in popular style and abounding in extravagant stories, which was translated into various languages. The writer calls himself John Maundevylle, knight of St. Albans, and claims to have visited Turkey, Armenia, Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Ethiopia, Chaldea, Amazonia, etc., and to have been in the service of the Sultan of Egypt. Recent investigations show that most of his material is derived from the writings of Pliny, William of Bodensele, Friar Odoric, and Vincent de Beauvais.]

The Lady of the Land.

And some men say that in the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Hippocrates, in form and likeness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathom of length, as men say: for I have not seen her. And they of the Isles call her, Lady of the Land. And she lieth in an old castle, in a cave, and showeth twice or thrice in the year. And she doth no harm to no man, but if men do her harm. And she was thus changed and transformed, from a fair damsel, into likeness of a dragon, by a goddess, that was cleped Diana. And men say, that she shall so endure in that form of a dragon, unto the time that a knight come, that is so hardy, that dare come to her and kiss her on the mouth: and then shall she turn again to her own kind, and be a woman again. But after that she shall not live long. And it is not long since, that a knight of the Rhodes,

that was hardy and doughty in arms, said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his courser, and went to the castle, and entered into the cave, the dragon lift up her head against him. And when the knight saw her in that form so hideous and so horrible, he fled away. And the dragon bare the knight upon a rock, mauger his head; and from that rock she cast him into the sea: and so was lost both horse and man. And also a young man, that wist not of the dragon, went out of a ship, and went through the Isle, till that he came to the castle, and came in to the cave, and went so long till that he found a chamber, and there he saw a damsel that combed her head, and looked in a mirror; and she had much treasure about her, and he trowed that she had been a common woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folly. And he abode, till the damsel saw the shadow of him in the mirror. And she turned her toward him, and asked him, what he would. And he said, he would be her leman or paramour. And she asked him if that he were a knight. And he said, nay. And then she said that he might not be her leman: but she bade him go again unto his fellows, and make him knight, and come again upon the morrow, and she should come out of the cave before him, and then come and kiss her on the mouth, and have no dread; "For I shall do thee no manner of harm, albeit that thou see me in likeness of a dragon. For though thou see me hideous and horrible to look on, I do thee to witness, that it is made by enchantment. For without doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and therefore dread thee naught. And if thou kiss me, thou shalt have all this treasure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle." And he departed from her and went to his fellows to ship, and let make him knight, and came again upon the morrow, for to kiss this damsel. And when he saw her come out of the cave, in form of a dragon, so hideous and so horrible, he had so great dread, that he fled again to the ship; and she followed him. And when she saw that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a thing that had much sorrow: and then she turned again, into her cave; and anon the knight died. And since then, hitherwards, might no knight see her, but that he died anon. But when a knight cometh, that is so hardy to kiss her, he shall not die; but he shall turn the damsel into her right form and kindly shape, and he shall be lord of all the countries and isles abovesaid.

Of the Qualities of the Right Balm.

And wyte ye well that, that a man ought to take good kepe for to buy balm, but if he can know it right well: for he may right lightly be deceived. For men sell a gum, that men clepen turpentine, instead of balm: and they put thereto a little balm for to give good odor. And some put wax in oil of the wood of the fruit of balm, and say that it is balm: and some distill cloves of gillyflower and of spikenard of Spain and of other spices, that be well smelling; and the liquor that goeth out thereof they clepe it balm: and they wean that they have balm; and they have none. For the Saracens counterfeit it by subtilty of craft, for to deceive the Christian men, as I have see full many a time. And after them, the merchants and the apothecaries counterfeit it eftsoons, and then it is less worth, and a great deal worse. But if it like you, I shall show, how ye shall know and prove, to the end that ye shall not be deceived. First ye shall well know, that the natural balm is full clear, and of citron color, and strong smelling. And if it be thick, or red, or black, it is sophisticate, that is to say counterfeited and made like it, for deceit.

The Castle of the Sparrowhawk.

And from thence, men go through little Ermonye. And in that country is an old castle, that stands upon a rock, the which is cleped the Castle of the Sparrowhawk, that is beyond the city of Layays, beside the town of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the lordship of Cruk; that is a rich lord and a good Christian man; where men find a sparrowhawk upon a perch right fair, and right well made; and a fair Lady of Fayrye, that keepeth it. And who that will wake that Sparrowhawk, 7 days and 7 nights, and as some men say, 3 days and 3 nights, without company and without sleep, that fair lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first wish, that he will wish, of earthly things: and that hath been proved oftentimes. And o time befell, that a king of Ermonye, that was a worthy knight and a doughty man and a noble prince, woke that hawk some time; and at the end of 7 days and 7 nights, the lady came to him and bade him wish; for he had well deserved it. And he answered that he was great lord the now, and well in peace, and had enough of worldly riches; and therefore he would wish none other thing, but the

body of that fair lady, to have it at his will. And she answered him, that he knew not what he asked; and said, that he was a fool, to desire that he might not have: for she said, that he should not ask, but earthly thing: for she was no earthly thing, but a ghostly thing. And the king said, that he would ask none other thing. And the lady answered, "Sith that I may not withdraw you from your lewd courage, I shall give you without wishing, and to all them that shall come of you. Sire King, ye shall have war without peace, and always to the 9 degree, ye shall be in subjection of your enemies; and ye shall be needy of all goods." And never since, neither the King of Ermonye, nor the country, were never in peace, nor they had never since plenty of goods; and they have been since always under tribute of the Saracens. Also the son of a poor man woke that hawk, and wished that he might cheve well, and to be happy to merchandise. And the lady granted him. And he became the most rich and the most famous merchant, that might be on sea or on earth. And he became so rich, that he knew not the 1000 part of that he had: and he was wiser, in wishing, than was the king. Also a Knight of the Temple woke there; and wished a purse ever more full of gold; and the lady granted him. But she said him, that he had asked the destruction of their Order; for the trust and the affiance of that purse, and for the great pride, that they should have: and so it was. And therefore look he kepe him well, that shall wake: for if he sleep, he is lost, that never man shall see him more. This is not the right way for to go to the parts, that I have named before; but for to see the marvel, that I have spoken of.

The State of Prester John.

This Emperor Prester John, when he goeth in to battle, against any other lord, he hath no banners borne before him: but he hath three crosses of gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious stones: and every of the crosses be set in a chariot, full richly arrayed. And for to keep every cross, be ordained 10,000 men of arms, and more than 100,000 men on foot, in manner as men would keep a standard in our countries, when that we be in land of war. And this number of folk is without the principal host, and without wings ordained for the battle. And when he hath no war, but rideth with a privy retinue, then he hath borne before him but a cross of tree, without peinture,

and without gold or silver or precious stones; in remembrance, that Jesu Christ suffered death upon a cross of tree. And he hath borne before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his noblesse and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth. And he hath borne before him also a vessel of silver, full of noble jewels of gold full rich, and of precious stones, in token of his lordship and of his noblesse and of his might. He dwelleth commonly in the city of Sus-a; and there is his principal palace, that is so rich and so noble, that no man will trow it by estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief tower of the palace, be two round pommels of gold; and in every of them be two carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the night. And the principal gates of his palace be of precious stone, that men call sardoin; and the bordure and the bars be of ivory: and the windows of the halls and chambers be of crystal: and the tables whereon men eat, some be of emerald, some of amethyst and some of gold, full of precious stones; and the pillars, that bear up the tables, be of the same precious stones. And the degrees to go up to his throne, where he sitteth at the meat, one is of onyx, another is of crystal, and another of jasper green, another of amethyst, another of sardoin, another of cornelian, and the seventh that he setteth on his feet, is of chrysolite. And all these degrees be bordured with fine gold, with the tother precious stones, set with great pearls orient. And the sides of the seat of his throne be of emeralds, and bordured with gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious stones and great pearls. And all the pillars in his chamber be of fine gold with precious stones, and with many carbuncles, that give great light upon the night to all people. And albeit that the carbuncle give light enough, natheless at all times burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, for to give good smell and odor to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked airs and corruptions. The frame of his bed is of fine sapphires blended with gold, to make him sleep well, and to refrain him from lechery. For he will not lie with his wives but four times in the year, after the four seasons. And you shall understand that in his country, and in the countries surrounding, men eat but once in the day, as they do in the court of the great Chan. And more than thirty thousand persons eat every day in his court, besides goers and comers, but these thirty thousand persons spend not so much as twelve thousand of our country.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(From Froissart's "Chronicle.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 13.]

I HAVE before related in this history the troubles which King Richard of England had suffered from his quarrel with his uncles. By advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the king's new council, the Lord Neville, who had commanded the defense of the frontiers of Northumberland for five years against the Scots, was dismissed, and Sir Henry Percy appointed in his stead, which circumstance created much animosity and hatred between the Percys and the Nevilles. The barons and knights of Scotland, considering this a favorable opportunity, now that the English were quarreling among themselves, determined upon an inroad into the country, in order to make some return for the many insults that had been offered to them. That their intention might not be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands; this feast the greater part of the barons attended, and it was then resolved that in the middle of August, in the year 1388, they should assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated amidst deep forests on the borders of Cumberland. When all things were arranged the barons separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king; for they said among themselves that he knew nothing about war. On the day appointed James, Earl of Douglas, first arrived at Jedworth, then came John, Earl of Moray, the Earl of March and Dunbar, William, Earl of Fife, John, Earl of Sutherland, Stephen, Earl of Menteith, William, Earl of Mar, Sir Archibald Douglas, Sir Robert Erskine, and very many other knights and squires of Scotland. There had not been for sixty years so numerous an assembly — they amounted to 1200 spears, and 40,000 other men and archers. With the use of the bow the Scots are but little acquainted, but they sling their axes over their shoulders, and when in battle give very deadly blows with them. The lords were well pleased at meeting, and declared they would never return home without having made an inroad into England; and the more completely to combine their plans, they fixed another meeting to be held at a church in the forest of Jedworth called Zedon.

Intelligence was carried to the Earl of Northumberland, to

the Seneschal of York, and to Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, of the great feast which was to be kept at Aberdeen, and in order to learn what was done at it, these lords sent thither heralds and minstrels, at the same time making every preparation in case of an inroad; for they said if the Scots enter the country through Cumberland, by Carlisle, we will ride into Scotland, and do them more damage than they can do to us, for theirs is an open country, which can be entered anywhere; but ours, on the contrary, contains well-fortified towns and castles. In order to be more sure of the intentions of the Scots, they resolved to send an English gentleman, well acquainted with the country, to the meeting in the forest of Jedworth, of which the minstrels told them. The English squire journeyed without interruption until he came to the church of Yetholm, where the Scottish barons were assembled; he entered it as a servant following his master, and heard the greater part of their plans. When the meeting was near breaking up, he left the church on his return, and went to a tree thinking to find his horse, which he had tied there by the bridle, but it was gone, for a Scotsman (they are all thieves) had stolen him; and being fearful of making a noise about it, he set off on foot, though booted and spurred. He had not, however, gone more than two bowshots from the church before he was noticed by two Scottish knights, who were conversing together.

The first who saw him said, "I have witnessed many wonderful things, but what I now see is equal to any; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet he makes no inquiry about it. On my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us; let us go after him and ascertain." The two knights soon overtook him, when they asked him where he was going, whence he came, and what he had done with his horse. As he contradicted himself in his answers, they laid hands on him, saying that he must come before their captains. Upon which, they brought him back to the church of Yetholm, to the Earl of Douglas and the other lords, who examined him closely, for they knew him to be an Englishman, and assured him that if he did not truly answer all their questions, his head should be struck off, but if he did, no harm should happen to him. He obeyed, though very unwillingly, for the love of life prevailed; and the Scots barons learnt that he had been sent by the Earl of Northumberland to discover the number of their forces, and whither they were to march. He was then asked where the barons of North-

umberland were? If they had any intention of making an excursion? Also what road they would take to Scotland, along the sea from Berwick to Dunbar, or by the mountains through the country of Menteith to Stirling. He replied, "Since you will force me to tell the truth, when I left Newcastle there were not any signs of an excursion being made; but the barons are all ready to set out at a minute's warning, as soon as they shall hear that you have entered England. They will not oppose you, for they are not in number sufficient to meet so large a body as you are reported to be." "And at what do they estimate our numbers?" said Lord Moray. "They say, my lord," replied the squire, "that you have full 40,000 men and 1200 spears, and by way of counteracting your career, should you march to Cumberland, they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh; if you follow the other road they will then march to Carlisle, and enter your country by these mountains." The Scottish lords, on hearing this, were silent, but looked at each other. The English squire was delivered to the governor of the castle of Jedworth, with orders to guard him carefully. The barons were in high spirits at the intelligence they had received, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council as to their mode of proceeding, at which the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and others, said, "that to avoid any chance of failing in their attempt, they would advise the army to be divided, and two expeditions to be made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to march their forces. The largest division with the baggage should go to Carlisle in Cumberland, and the others, consisting of three or four hundred spears and 2000 stout infantry and archers, all well mounted, should make for Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river, and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They will have committed great waste in England," they continued, "before our enemy can have any information of their being there; if we find they come in pursuit of us, which they certainly will, we will then unite, and fix on a proper place to offer them battle, as we all seem to have that desire, and to be anxious to gain honor; for it is time to repay them some of the mischief they have done to us." This plan was adopted, and Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Menteith, the Earl of Mar, the

Earl of Stratherne, Sir Stephen Frazer, Sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland, were ordered to the command of the largest division, that was to march to Carlisle. The Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray were appointed leaders of the 300 picked lances and 2000 infantry, who were to advance to Newcastle-on-Tyne and invade Northumberland. When those two divisions separated, the lords took a very affectionate leave of each other, promising that if the English took the field against them, they would not fight till all were united. They then left the forest of Jedworth, one party marching to the right and the other to the left. The barons of Northumberland not finding the squire return, nor hearing anything of the Scots, began to suspect the accident which had happened; they therefore ordered every one to prepare and march at a moment's notice.

We will now follow the expedition under the Earl of Douglas and his companions, for they had more to do than the division that went to Carlisle. As soon as the Earls of Douglas, Moray, and March were separated from the main body, they determined to cross the Tyne, and enter the bishopric of Durham, and after they had despoiled and burned that country as far as the city of Durham, to return by Newcastle, and quarter themselves there in spite of the English. This they executed, and riding at a good pace through byroads, without attacking town, castle, or house, arrived on the lands of the Lord Percy, and crossed the Tyne without any opposition at the place they had fixed on, three leagues above Newcastle, near to Brancepeth, where they entered the rich country of Durham, and instantly began their war by burning towns, and slaying the inhabitants. Neither the Earl of Northumberland, nor the barons and knights of the country, had heard anything of the invasion; but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that the Scots were abroad, which was now visible enough, from the smoke that was everywhere seen, the earl sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to Newcastle, while he himself remained at Alnwick and issued his orders.

In the mean time the Scots continued burning and destroying all before them. At the gates of Durham they skirmished, but made no long stay, setting out on their return as they had planned at the beginning of the expedition, and carrying away all the booty they could. Between Durham and Newcastle, which is about twelve English miles, the country is very rich,

and there was not a town in all this district, unless well inclosed, that was not burnt.

All the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The earl, as he bore away his prize, said, "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far." "By God," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of." "You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the nighttime; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord: here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack, they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighborhood of Carlisle. This, however, the

Earl of Douglas overruled by saying, "In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who, the day before yesterday, declared he would take from me his pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack on the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon." Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh, on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said, "Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much, if not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than 200 or 300 knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenseless state." This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percys, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number and disposition. "Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle. Thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than 3000 men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out, "To horse, to horse! For by the faith I owe to my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scots' quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this,

and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected at that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances and 2000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook, at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters; they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy, Percy!" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly; for, while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of the infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the mean time the night advanced; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which, indeed, was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them and to continue the fight. The Scots, in the mean time, marched along the mountain side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order and reinforced that part of the army.

The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on each side.

The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting "Douglas, Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy, Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honor to their knighthood and country under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defense they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honor to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides. There were also with the English two valiant knights from the country of Foix, whom I had the good fortune to meet at Orthès, the year after the battle had been fought. On my return from Foix, I met likewise, at Avignon, a knight and two squires of Scotland, of the party of Douglas. They knew me again, from the recollections I brought to their minds of their own country; for in my youth I, the author of this history, traveled through Scotland, and was full fifteen days resident with William, Earl of Douglas, father of Earl James, of whom we are now speaking, at his castle of Dalkeith, five miles from Edinburgh. At that time Earl James was very young, though a promising youth; he had also a sister named Blanche. I had, therefore, my information from both parties, and they agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men at arms, and never spare each other when they meet in battle, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons last. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of the conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and act in such a courteous manner to those who have been taken, that on their departure they return them thanks. However, when engaged in war, there is no child's

play between them, nor do they shrink from combat; and in the further details of this battle you will see as excellent deeds as were ever performed. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigor, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men at arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory; but the English, at the attack, were so much the stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-ax with both his hands; and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment, he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all; for, though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas; for, had they known it, they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over; and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. As soon as the earl fell his head was cleaved with a battle-ax, a spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him without once supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field the Earl of March and

Dunbar fought valiantly, and the English gave full employment to the Scots, who had followed the Earl of Douglas, and had engaged with the two Percys. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe: for there was not a man, knight, or squire who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befell Sir Ralph Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas; having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner the knight asked him who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely time to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell." "I agree," said Sir Ralph; "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him, and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said, "My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased, and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one, at that moment, could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who at this time had exchanged

his profession for that of a valiant man at arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-ax in hand, and by his exertion had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and in this combat was himself severely wounded. When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," he replied; "thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground, owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire, who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice." The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders.

The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Those men who had remained behind, hearing the shout of Douglas so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed and many killed. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where Earl Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of Douglas, and the greater part of the Scottish knights and squires were now there. Among them were the Earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men. When all the Scots were thus collected, they renewed the battle with greater vigor than before. To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots; by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary,

had rested themselves, which was of the greatest advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them beyond where the Earl of Douglas lay on the ground.

During the attack, Sir Henry Percy had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomery. They had fought hand to hand with much valor, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. The battle was severely fought on both sides; but such is the fickleness of fortune, that though the English were a more numerous body, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they, in the end, lost the field, and very many knights were made prisoners. Just as the defeat took place, and while the combat was continued in different parts, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and who was attached to the household of Lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. That and the preceding night he had been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland, that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I believe I never saw him, that his body and limbs were of strength befitting a valiant combatant; and that he performed such deeds, when engaged with the banner of the Earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots: however, he was slain while thus bravely fighting. Through admiration of his great courage they would willingly have made him a prisoner, and several knights proposed it to him; but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, much lamented by his own party. When he fell he was engaged with a cousin of the King of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning.

According to what I heard, the battle was very bloody from its commencement to the defeat; but when the Scots saw the English were discomfited and surrendering on all sides, they behaved courteously to them. The pursuit lasted a long time, and was extended to five English miles. Had the Scots been

in sufficient numbers, none of the English would have escaped death or captivity; and if Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, with the division that had marched for Carlisle, had been there, they would have taken the Bishop of Durham and the town of Newcastle, as I shall explain to you.

The same evening that Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy had left Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham, with the remainder of the forces of that district, had arrived there and supped. While seated at table, he considered that he should not act very honorably if he remained in the town while his countrymen had taken the field. In consequence he rose up, ordered his horses to be saddled, and his trumpet to sound for his men to prepare: they amounted in all to 7000; that is, 2000 on horseback and 5000 on foot. Although it was now night, they took the road towards Otterbourne, and they had not advanced a league from Newcastle when intelligence was brought that the English were engaged with the Scots. On this the bishop halted his men, and several more joined them, out of breath from the combat. On being asked how the affair went on, they replied, "Badly and unfortunately. We are defeated, and the Scots are close at our heels." The second intelligence being worse than the first, gave alarm to several, who broke from their ranks; and when, shortly after, crowds came to them flying, they were panic-struck, and so frightened with the bad news that the Bishop of Durham could not keep 500 of his men together. Now, supposing a large body had come upon them, and followed them to the town, would not much mischief have ensued? Those acquainted with arms imagine the alarm would have been so great that the Scots would have forced their way into the place with them.

When the bishop saw his own men thus join the runaways in their flight, he demanded of Sir William de Lussy, Sir Thomas Clifford, and other knights of his company, what they were now to do? These knights either could not or would not advise him; so at length the bishop said, "Gentlemen, everything considered, there is no honor in foolhardiness, nor is it requisite that to one misfortune we should add another. Our men are defeated, and we cannot remedy it. We must, therefore, return this night to Newcastle, and to-morrow we will march and find our enemies." Upon this, they all marched back to Newcastle.

I must say something of Sir Matthew Redman, who had

mounted his horse to escape from the battle, as he alone could not recover the day. On his departure, he was noticed by Sir James Lindsay, a valiant Scottish knight, who, with his battle-ax hung at his neck and his spear in hand, through courage and the hope of gain, mounted his horse to pursue him. When so close that he might have struck him with his lance, he cried out, "Sir knight, turn about, it is disgraceful thus to fly; I am James Lindsay, and if you do not turn, I will drive my spear into your back." Sir Matthew made no reply, but spurred his horse harder than before. In this state did the chase last for three miles, when Sir Matthew's horse stumbling under him, he leaped off, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defense. The Scottish knight made a thrust at his breast with his lance; but Sir Matthew escaped the blow by writhing his body, the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James upon this dismounted, grasped his battle-ax, which was slung across his shoulder, and handled it after the Scottish manner, with one hand, most dexterously, attacking the knight with renewed courage. They fought for a long time, one with his battle-ax and the other with his sword, for there was no one to prevent them. At last, however, Sir James laid about him such heavy blows that Sir Matthew was quite out of breath, and, desiring to surrender, said, "Lindsay, I yield myself to you." "Indeed," replied the Scottish knight, "rescued or not?" "I consent," said Sir Matthew. "You will take good care of me?" "That I will," replied Sir James; and, upon this, Sir Matthew put his sword into the scabbard and said, "Now, what do you require, for I am your prisoner by fair conquest?" "What is it you wish me to do?" replied Sir James. "I should like," said Sir Matthew, "to return to Newcastle, and within fifteen days I will come to you in any part of Scotland you shall appoint." "I agree," said Sir James, "on your pledging yourself to be in Edinburgh within three weeks." And when this condition had been sworn to, each sought his horse, which was pasturing hard by, and rode away, — Sir James to join his companions, and Sir Matthew to Newcastle. Sir James, from the darkness of the night, mistook his road, and fell in with the Bishop of Durham, and about 500 English, whom he mistook for his own friends in pursuit of the enemy. When in the midst of them, those nearest asked who he was, and he replied, "I am Sir James Lindsay;" upon which the bishop, who was within hearing, pushed

forward and said, "Lindsay, you are a prisoner." "And who are you?" said Lindsay. "I am the Bishop of Durham." Sir James then told the bishop that he had just captured Sir Matthew Redman, and ransomed him, and that he had returned to Newcastle under a promise to come to him in three weeks' time.

Before day dawned after the battle the field was clear of combatants; the Scots had retired within the camp, and had sent scouts and parties of light horse towards Newcastle, and on the adjacent roads, to observe whether the English were collecting in any large bodies, that they might not be surprised a second time. This was wisely done; for when the Bishop of Durham was returned to Newcastle and had disarmed himself, he was very melancholy at the unfortunate news he had heard that his cousins the sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and all the knights who had followed them, were either taken or slain; he sent for all knights and squires at the time in Newcastle, and requested to know if they would suffer things to remain in their present state, since it was very disgraceful that they should return without ever seeing their enemies. They therefore held a council, and determined to arm themselves by sunrise, march horse and foot after the Scots to Otterbourne, and offer them battle. This resolution was published throughout the town, and the trumpet sounded at the hour appointed; upon which the whole army made themselves ready, and were drawn up before the bridge.

About sunrise they left Newcastle, through the gate leading to Berwick, and followed the road to Otterbourne; including horse and foot, they amounted to 10,000 men. They had not advanced two leagues when it was signified to the Scots that the Bishop of Durham had rallied his troop, and was on his march to give them battle. Sir Matthew, on his return to Newcastle, told the event of the battle, and of his being made prisoner by Sir James Lindsay, and to his surprise he learned from the bishop or some of his people that Sir James had in his turn been taken prisoner by the bishop. As soon, therefore, as the bishop had quitted Newcastle, Sir Matthew went to seek for Sir James, whom he found at his lodgings very sorrowful, and who said on seeing him, "I believe, Sir Matthew, there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for as I am now a prisoner, we may finish the matter here, if my master consent to it." To this Redman replied by invit-

ing Sir James to dine with him, at the same time stating that they should soon agree about the ransom.

As soon as the barons and knights of Scotland heard of the Bishop of Durham's approach, they held a council, and resolved to abide the event where they were. Accordingly they made the best arrangements they could, and then ordered their minstrels to play merrily. The bishop and his men on approaching heard the noise, and were much frightened. The concert, after lasting a considerable time, ceased; and after a pause, when the Scots thought the English were within half a league, they recommenced it, continuing it as long as before, when it again ceased. The bishop, however, kept advancing with his men in battle array, until within two bowshots of the enemy, when the Scots began to play louder than before, and for a much longer time, during which the bishop examined with surprise how well the Scots had chosen their encampment; and as it was deemed advisable not to risk an attack, he and his army returned to Newcastle. The Scots, perceiving that the English did not intend to offer them battle, made preparations for their own departure.

I was told that at the battle of Otterbourne, which was fought on the 19th day of August, 1388, there were taken or left dead on the field, on the side of the English, 1040 men of all descriptions; in the pursuit 840, and more than 1000 wounded. Of the Scots there were only about 100 slain, and 200 made prisoners. When everything had been arranged, and the dead bodies of the Earl of Douglas and Sir Simon Glendinning were inclosed within coffins and placed in cars, the Scots began their march, carrying with them Sir Henry Percy and upwards of forty English knights. They took the road to Melrose on the Tweed, and on their departure set fire to the huts. At Melrose, which is an abbey of black monks, situated on the borders of the two kingdoms, they halted, and gave directions to the friars for the burial of the Earl of Douglas, whose obsequies were very reverently performed on the second day after their arrival. His body was placed in a tomb of stone with the banner of Douglas suspended over it. Of the Earl of Douglas, God save his soul, there was no issue, nor do I know who succeeded to the estates; for when I was in Scotland, at his castle of Dalkeith, during the lifetime of Earl William, there were only two children, a boy and a girl. As soon as the Scots had finished the business which brought them to Melrose,

they departed each to his own country, and those who had prisoners carried them with them, or ransomed them before they left Melrose. It was told me, and I believe it, that the Scots gained 200,000 francs by the ransoms ; and that never since the battle of Bannockburn, when the Bruce, Sir William Douglas, Sir Robert de Versy, and Sir Simon Frazer pursued the English for three days, have they had so complete or so gainful a victory. When the news of it was brought to Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earls of Fife and Sutherland, before Carlisle, where they were with the larger division of the army, they were greatly rejoiced, though at the same time vexed that they had not been present. They held a council, and determined to retreat into Scotland, since their companions had already marched thither.

The Battle of Otterbourne.

(From the old ballad.)

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broadsword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot page,
And said, "Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;

Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew;
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steeped their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yonder lilye lee."

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to the brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were hire.

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde:
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

A CHAPTER OF FROISSART.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[Henry Austin Dobson: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

(Grandpapa Loquitur.)

You don't know Froissart now, young folks.
  This age, I think, prefers recitals
Of high-spiced crime, with "slang" for jokes,
    And startling titles;

But, in my time, when still some few
  Loved "old Montaigne," and praised Pope's "Homer"
(Nay, thought to style him "poet" too,
    Were scarce misnomer),

Sir John was less ignored. Indeed,
  I can recall how Some One present
(Who spoils her grandson, Frank!) would read,
    And find him pleasant;

For, — by this copy, — hangs a Tale.
  Long since, in an old house in Surrey,
Where men knew more of "morning ale"
    Than "Lindley Murray,"

In a dim-lighted, whip-hung hall,
  'Neath Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation"
It stood; and oft 'twixt spring and fall,
    With fond elation,

I turned the brown old leaves. For there
  All through one hopeful happy summer,
At such a page (I well knew where),
    Some secret comer,

Whom can I picture, 'Trix, like you
(Though scarcely such a colt unbroken),
Would sometimes place for private view
A certain token; —

A rose leaf meaning "Garden wall,"
An ivy leaf for "Orchard corner,"
A thorn to say "Don't come at all," —
Unwelcome warner! —

Not that, in truth, our friends gainsaid;
But then Romance required dissembling,
(Ann Radcliffe taught us that!) which bred
Some genuine trembling; —

Though, as a rule, all used to end
In such kind confidential parley
As may to you kind Fortune send,
You long-legged Charlie,

When your time comes. How years slip on!
We had our crosses like our betters;
Fate sometimes looked askance upon
Those floral letters;

And once, for three long days disdained,
The dust upon the folio settled;
For some one, in the right, was pained,
And some one nettled,

That sure was in the wrong, but spake
Of fixed intent and purpose stony
To serve King George, enlist and make
Minced meat of "Boney,"

Who yet survived — ten years at least.
And so, when she I mean came hither,
One day that need for letters ceased,
She brought this with her!

Here is the leaf-stained Chapter: "How
The English King laid Siege to Calais;"
I think Gran. knows it even now, —
Go ask her, Alice.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

(Modern Form. From Percy's "Reliques.")

[It was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer, they would come and hunt for several days together, "with their *greyhounds for deer*"; but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He [Carey, Earl of Monmouth] mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed. —PERCY.]

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our liffes and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and beare away:
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport;
The English Erle not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deere againe.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere;

"But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:"
"O cease your sport," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to breake a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," sayd hee, "whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow deere."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, "Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

"Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art,
Lord Percy, soe am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst bee he," Erle Percy sayd,
"By whome this is denyed."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on:
You bee two erles," sayd Witherington,
"And I a squier alone.

"Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and tryed,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wood they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight.

They fought, untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd;
"In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advancèd bee
By James our Scottish king.

"Thy ransome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
"Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which strucke Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renownèd knight
Mischance cold never take."

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye;

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare,
And through Erle Percyes body then
He thrust his hatefull spere

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The speare ran through the other side
A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine;
An English archer then perceived
The noble erle was slaine.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth yard long
Up to the head drew hee.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine,
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Barón.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savèd cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy Chace,
Under the greene wood tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine.

"O heavy newes," King James did say;
"Scottland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee."

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee.

"Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slaine,
With lordes of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye;
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chace,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
In plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

FALSTAFF AND THE PRINCE.

(From Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Part I.)

FALSTAFF — Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince — Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil has thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta — I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falstaff — Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that

take purses go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, — majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none ——

Prince — What, none?

Falstaff — No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince — Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Falstaff — Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

Prince — Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by," and spent with crying, "Bring in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Falstaff — By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince — As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falstaff — How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince — Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Falstaff — Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince — Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falstaff — No. I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince — Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Falstaff — Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king! and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief!

After the Highway Robbery

From the painting by Eduard Grützner

Prince — No, thou shalt.

Falstaff — Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince — Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Falstaff — Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince — For obtaining of suits?

Falstaff — Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear.

Prince — Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Falstaff — Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince — What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Falstaff — Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest — sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street, too.

Prince — Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Falstaff — Oh, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince — Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Falstaff — Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince — I see a good amendment of life in thee — from praying to purse taking.

Falstaff — Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. . . .

After the Highway Robbery.

Poins — Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff — A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince — Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter, — pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff — You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward! — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince — How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

Falstaff — A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince — Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Falstaff — Are you not a coward? answer me to that, — and Poins, there?

Poins — Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

Falstaff — I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

Prince — O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Falstaff — All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince — What's the matter?

Falstaff — What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

Prince — Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falstaff — Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince — What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff — I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand saw, — *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince — Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill — We four set upon some dozen ——

Falstaff — Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gadshill — And bound them.

Peto — No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff — You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadshill — As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us ——

Falstaff — And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince — What, fought you with them all?

Falstaff — All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins — Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff — Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me ——

Prince — What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff — Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins — Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff — These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince — Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff — In buckram?

Poins — Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff — Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince — Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Falstaff — Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince — Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff — Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of ——

Prince — So, two more already.

Falstaff — Their points being broken ——

Poins — Down fell their hose.

Falstaff — Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince — O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Falstaff — But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince — These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow catch ——

Falstaff — What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince — Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins — Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff — What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince — I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed presser, this horseback breaker, this huge hill of flesh ——

Falstaff — Away, you starveling, you elf skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stockfish. — Oh for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow case, you vile standing tuck ——

Prince — Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins — Mark, Jack.

Prince — We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins — Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff — By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, — I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince — Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Falstaff — Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

FALSTAFF, *assuming the part of Henry IV., rebukes the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince — Here comes lean Jack, here comes barebone. — How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Falstaff — My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring; a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the

court in the morning. . . . Thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practice an answer.

Prince — Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falstaff — Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Prince — Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Falstaff — Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince — Well, here is my leg.

Falstaff — And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess — This is excellent sport, i' faith!

Falstaff — Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess — O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Falstaff — For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; for tears do stop the flood gates of her eyes.

Hostess — O rare, he does it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see!

Falstaff — Peace, good pint pot; peace, good tickle brain. — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? — a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? — a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince — What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Falstaff — A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince — Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Falstaff — Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince — Well, here I am set.

Falstaff — And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

Prince — Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff — My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince — The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff — 'Sblood, my lord, they are false; — nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince — Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff — I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince — That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falstaff — My lord, the man I know.

Prince — I know thou dost.

Falstaff — But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince — I do, I will.

HENRY V. TO HIS ARMY BEFORE HARFLEUR

By SHAKESPEARE.

King Henry —

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspèct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest

That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry *God for Harry, England, and Saint George!*

HENRY V. AT AGINCOURT.

By SHAKESPEARE.

Westmoreland —
Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exeter —
There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Salisbury —
God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God buy [be wi'] you, princes all: I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,
My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsmen, — warriors all, adieu! . . . [*Exit.*
Westmoreland — Oh that we now had here

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of the men in England
That do no work to-day!
King Henry — What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembèd,—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

By MICHAEL DRAYTON.

[Michael Drayton was born in Warwickshire about 1563. Died 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He wrote "The Barons' Wars" and "England's Heroical Epistles" (1598), "Polyolbion" (1612–22), etc.]

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
  Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
  Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
  In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay,
  With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
  To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
  Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
  Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
  By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
  Nor more esteem me!

Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
  Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
  No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
  Lopped the French Lilies."

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
  Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
  On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
  To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
  Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
  To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
  Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
  Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,

And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went —
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his ax did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry!

JOHN HUSS ON HIS TIMES.

(From his "Sermons.")

[John Huss (Hussinecz), the great Bohemian precursor of Luther, was born in 1369 of a peasant family; studied at the University of Prague, and in 1398 began to lecture on Wyclif's writings, whose advanced positions he at first strongly condemned, and only drew toward in his last years. He was not by nature a revolutionist, though eloquent, but a mild unoriginal man of great moral earnestness, anxious to bring about reform within the Church. In 1402–03 he was rector of the university. In 1403 he took a pastorate in Prague, where his preaching against immorality and ecclesiastical abuses in the Czech vernacular roused great enthusiasm among the common people. In 1409 he was again elected rector of the university. In 1412 a papal crusade against Ladislaus of Hungary led him to denounce this abuse of the Pope's position, and also the sale of indulgences; the next year he was excommunicated, and in 1414 cited before the Council of Constance for heresy, with a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund which the church party at once broke, flung him into a foul prison in fetters, and after a trial burned him at the stake.]

If a priest in the alehouse, during a quarrel over his dice or about vile harlots, receives a box on the ear, his opponent is forthwith summoned before the spiritual tribunal and excommunicated. But if the priest is wounded, then is public worship interdicted, and his opponent is forced to go on a pilgrimage to Rome, since they pretend that only the Pope can absolve him who has wounded a priest. But if a priest cuts off any one's hand or foot, or even puts an innocent man to death, neither is public worship interdicted, nor is such a priestly transgressor subjected to excommunication.

Whoso preaches that priests are Gods and divine miracle-workers; that they have power to save or damn a man as they please; that no one without them can be saved; that no one must accuse them of any sin whatever; that they alone must eat and drink and waste the very best of all things — whoever preaches after this fashion is an honorable preacher, and only such a one must preach. But whoso preaches that priests should not be wanton, that they should not plunder the people by their simony and greed, that they should have only matrons to whom they are not related, and be satisfied with a single benefice — he is a slanderer of the holy priesthood, a troubler of the holy Church, and a heretic, and must not be allowed to preach. Him they summon before their tribunals and curse. And if this snare of the devil does not answer, they prohibit public worship, and spread their devil's net as much as possible,

and where they can, forbid all men to serve God. God commands — preach, baptize, observe the eucharist in remembrance of me ; but anti-Christ says — preach not, baptize not, perform no mass, pray not, but give ear to me.

And the common people imagine, according to this doctrine, that it is all right, and they cannot conceive that if a servant of a king was to command all his fellow-servants to lay down their office and cease their service, because one servant of the king is wicked, they are not to obey, and that they are not to intermit their service, if a faithful servant of the king do not gratify the wish of a wicked officer. So, good men are not to submit when commanded not to obey the King Christ, and prosecute his business, and they are not to pay any regard to the prohibition of public worship, as I have written at length in my Latin treatise on the Church. The net of interdict was first thrown out by the Pope over Rome, on the occasion of the wounding of a cardinal, and all Rome was to refrain from the public worship of God. But when anti-Christ saw that this method did him good service, he threw out his net still more broadly, and this with the special object of keeping any one from attacking his priests, or coming too near to himself. And finally, he spread out his net in the neatest and most cunning way, so that the birds of Christ might not feel the breath of the Holy Spirit, and not scruple about the representations laid before them. And it is to be hoped that the Lord God will so much the sooner enlighten His people, that they may rend the net, and give to Him the glory, even against the will of anti-Christ, and not intermit the worship of God. Yea, God be thanked that in his holy word he has given anti-Christ and his servants no pretext for their doings, but has commanded his disciples to rend the net, that his praise resound abroad forever. And so shall I, if God will, notwithstanding their interdict, preach God's word, though such adversaries of it should neither worship nor baptize, and thus would I still the more strengthen Christ's sheep in the faith.

And who wrongs his neighbor more than the priests in their drunkenness and carousals? And who are they with hearts that are never satisfied? They are priests who are so insatiable in their desires that they would devour the whole world, with all its goods, and still remain a-hungered ; even as the Scripture says, the avaricious is never satisfied with gold, and Aristotle, though a heathen, says, " the desire to have grows with-

out ceasing." And thus as Solomon says, "wickedness has blinded them, that they think they do God service if they curse, excommunicate, imprison, torture, and kill true Christians." Therefore, says the Saviour, "the time shall come when he that killeth you shall think he doeth God service!" So it was with Jews, putting Christ and His disciples to death. They said, "we have a law and according to that law He ought to die." And so our priests do also, when they lay hold of a man that crosses their avarice and wantonness, and disturbs them therein; they curse him, summon him to trial, put him in prison, and cry out, this man, according to our statutes, must die, and not by any easy death, but he must be consumed by fire.

But He who alone is infallible, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, says of them that they shall do this to you "because they know neither my Father nor me." And Isaiah says, "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider." A toiling ox that plows the earth, is a good priest who with the plowshare of the word of God goes into the heart of man, and roots out the tares of sin, and sows the word of God, which is the seed, in the heart, and presses out the grain from the chaff, or frees the truth from human inventions and additions. Such a priest is one of God's oxen, that knows his master, Jesus Christ. But the priests who fare sumptuously and become fat, and in consequence trouble themselves no more about the soul's salvation, and plow and work no more, are the fat oxen . . . to whom the Prophet Amos cries out — "Hear this word, ye fat oxen, ye who dwell in Samaria, who wrong the needy and trample on the poor, and say to your masters, bring, let us drink; the Lord God hath sworn by his holiness, that the days shall come upon you, that ye shall be taken away with hooks, and your posterity with fishhooks." Thus did the herdsman, Amos, prophesy to the oxen, that is, to the fat priests on the mountains of Samaria, — that is, on the watch, for Samaria is translated, watch.

And the priests are to keep watch over men that the devil do not steal them away and destroy them. Yet instead of this, they wrong the needy, oppress them, and bring them to want. For on one side they force them to pay tithes, sacrifice, pay them gold for baptism, confession, the holy sacrament, and other spiritual things. On the other side they reduce them to want, tearing from them all that good men would give to the poor.

The Execution of John Huss

Photogravure from the painting by Lessing

They wrong them also with lying indulgences, and thereby especially absorb their property, or avariciously keep it back; for all that priests have belongs to the poor, that is, whatever is more than they need for comfortable clothing, etc., so that thus the priests may lead God's people to eternal salvation. And thereupon the fat oxen say to their lords — that is, the laity who are set off for the maintenance of church goods and priests — "bring, let us drink." And they stuff themselves . . . even beyond the animal appetite, which no four-footed ox would do, and therefore woe be to them.

The life of God's true servants has become bitter to them. In many lands, as Bohemia, Moravia, Misnia, England, and elsewhere, they suffer great persecutions. The faithful priests are put to death, tortured, cursed; nor is it advisable on any account to appeal to Rome, where anti-Christ's wickedness, baseness, pride, and simony have culminated, so that simony and avarice have poured forth in a rushing tide from Rome to Bohemia. Bishoprics are bought and sold at a higher price than many a lordly estate. The common people are confounded. Some are afraid to confess the truth against error. Some, through the discord among priests, do not know what to hold. Others still experience great concern that many go thus astray, while yet others suffer wrong, are slandered as heretics, and put to death, through the great persecution of divine truth. The waves of the sea, that is, the men of the world, rage, for the world is compared to the sea, and they bruit abroad that they who confess Christ and defend His truth are errorists and heretics.

If any true Christian spirit is to be found to oppose their baseness, they are filled with hate and bitterness, and by their wicked device forbid by interdict the public worship of God, when they cannot suppress the preaching which reveals to the people their scandalous perversity. . . . Of this wickedness have I written, in my books, both in Bohemian and Latin, and to me this wickedness seems to be the most vexatious and intolerable to the true Christian. But neither wrong nor pain and death can deter the true preacher with real love to God, from preaching of the truth, and the false prohibition of public worship is a grievous stone of stumbling, not so much to the preacher who is glad to preach, as to the people who would gladly hear the word of God.

TRIAL AND DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

By JULES MICHELET.

(From the "History of France.")

[JULES MICHELET, a brilliant French historian and social and polemic writer, was born in Paris, August 21, 1798. Of precocious talents, he was made professor of history in the Collège Rollin at twenty-three, and five years later published "Synchronous Pictures of Modern History." After the Revolution of 1830 he was made chief of the Historic Section, curator of the National Archives, assistant to Guizot at the Sorbonne Academy, and tutor to the Princess Clementine; and in 1838 professor of history and moral philosophy at the Collège de France. In 1831 he published an "Introduction to Universal History"; in 1833 the first installment of his great masterpiece, the "History of France up to the Revolution," not finished till 1867, but continued in the "History of the Revolution" (1847–53), and in the fragmentary "History of the Nineteenth Century," only brought down to Waterloo; the same year, a very popular "Manual of Modern History"; 1837, "Origins of French Law"; 1838, "Trial of the Templars"; 1839, "History of the Roman Republic"; besides editing Vico's works and Luther's memoirs. The revival of the Jesuits' activity in 1838 set him and Edgar Quinet to lecturing vehemently against them; the lectures were collected in 1843–45 as "The Jesuits," "The Priest, the Wife, and the Family," and "The People." In 1851 he published "Poland and Russia." Refusing to take the oath to Louis Napoleon, he lost his government place. For many years he mingled his main historical work with episodical matter ("The Women of the Revolution," 1854, "The Soldiers of the Revolution" and "Democratic Legends of the North"), miscellanies of various dates ("The Sorceress," 1862), social studies ("Love," 1859, "Woman," 1860, "Our Children," 1869, "The Banquet," posthumous), natural-history sketches ("The Bird," 1856, "The Insect," 1857, "The Sea," 1861, "The Mountain," 1868), and a history of religions, "The Bible of Humanity," 1864. He died February 9, 1874.]

THE inquiries touching the Pucelle were so utterly insufficient [as a basis for prosecution] that the prosecution which, on these worthless data, was about to be begun against her on the charge of magic was instituted on the charge of heresy.

On February 21 the Pucelle was brought before her judges. The bishop of Beauvais admonished her "with mildness and charity," praying her to answer truly to whatever she should be asked, without evasion or subterfuge, both to shorten her trial and ease her conscience. — *Answer.* "I do not know what you mean to question me about: you might ask me things I would not tell you." — She consented to swear to speak the truth on all matters except those which related to her visions; "But with respect to these," she said, "you shall cut off my head first." Nevertheless she was induced to swear that she would answer all questions "on points affecting faith."

She was again urged on the following day, the 22d, and

again on the 24th, but held firm — "It is a common remark even in children's mouths," was her observation, "that *people are often hung for telling the truth.*" At last, worn out, and for quietness' sake, she consented to swear "to tell what she knew *upon her trial*, but not all she knew."

Interrogated as to her age, name, and surname, she said that she was about nineteen years old. "In the place where I was born they called me Jehanette, and in France Jehanne. . . ." But, with regard to her surname (the *Pucelle*, the maid), it seems that through some caprice of feminine modesty she could not bring herself to utter it, and that she eluded the direct answer by a chaste falsehood — "As to surname, I know nothing of it."

She complained of the fetters on her limbs; and the bishop told her that as she had made several attempts to escape, they had been obliged to put them on. "It is true," she said, "I have done so, and it is allowable for any prisoner. If I escaped, I could not be reproached with having broken my word, for I had given no promise."

She was ordered to repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave*, perhaps in the superstitious idea that if she were vowed to the devil she durst not — "I will willingly repeat them if my lord of Beauvais will hear me confess:" adroit and touching demand; by thus reposing her confidence in her judge, her enemy, she would have made him both her spiritual father and the witness of her innocence.

Cauchon declined the request; but I can well believe that he was moved by it. He broke up the sitting for that day, and, on the day following, did not continue the interrogatory himself, but deputed the office to one of his assessors.

At the fourth sitting she displayed unwonted animation. She did not conceal her having heard her voices. "They awakened me," she said, "I clasped my hands in prayer, and besought them to give me counsel; they said to me, 'Ask of our Lord.'" — "And what more did they say?" — "To answer you boldly."

". . . I cannot tell all; I am much more fearful of saying anything which may displease them, than I am of answering you. . . . For to-day, I beg you to question me no further."

The bishop, perceiving her emotion, persisted: "But, Jehanne, God is offended, then, if one tells true things?" — "My voices have told me certain things, not for you, but

for the king." Then she added, with fervor, "Ah! if he knew them, he would eat his dinner with greater relish. . . . Would that he did know them, and would drink no wine from this to Easter."

She gave utterance to some sublime things, while prattling in this simple strain: "I come from God, I have naught to do here; dismiss me to God, from whom I come. . . ."

"You say that you are my judge; think well what you are about, for of a truth I am sent of God, and you are putting yourself in great danger."

There can be no doubt such language irritated the judges, and they put to her an insidious and base question, a question which it is a crime to put to any man alive: "Jehanne, do you believe yourself to be in a state of grace?"

They thought that they had bound her with an indissoluble knot. To say no, was to confess herself unworthy of having been God's chosen instrument; but, on the other hand, how say yes? Which of us, frail beings as we are, is sure here below of being truly in God's grace? Not one, except the proud, presumptuous man, who, of all, is precisely the furthest from it.

She cut the knot, with heroic and Christian simplicity: —

"If I am not, may God be pleased to receive me into it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it."

The Pharisees were struck speechless.

But, with all her heroism, she was nevertheless a woman. . . . After giving utterance to this sublime sentiment, she sank from the high-wrought mood, and relapsed into the softness of her sex, doubting of her state, as is natural to a Christian soul, interrogating herself, and trying to gain confidence. "Ah! if I knew that I were not in God's grace, I should be the most wretched being in the world. . . . But, if I were in a state of sin, no doubt the voice would not come. . . . Would that every one could hear it like myself. . . ."

These words gave a hold to her judges. After a long pause, they returned to the charge with redoubled hate, and pressed upon her question after question designed to ruin her. "Had not the voices told her to *hate* the Burgundians?" . . . "Did she not go when a child to the *Fairies*' tree?" etc. They now longed to burn her as a witch.

At the fifth sitting she was attacked on delicate and dangerous ground, namely, with regard to the appearances she had

seen. The bishop, become all of a sudden compassionate and honeyed, addressed her with, "Jehanne, how have you been since Saturday?" — "You see," said the poor prisoner, loaded with chains, "as well as I might."

"Jehanne, do you fast every day this Lent?" — "Is the question a necessary one?" — "Yes, truly." — "Well then, yes, I have always fasted."

She was then pressed on the subject of her visions, and with regard to a sign shown the dauphin, and concerning St. Catherine and St. Michael. Among other insidious and indelicate questions, she was asked whether, when St. Michael appeared to her, he *was naked?* . . . To this shameful question she replied, without understanding its drift, and with heavenly purity, "Do you think, then, that our Lord has not wherewith to clothe him?"

On March 3, other out-of-the-way questions were put to her, in order to entrap her into confessing some diabolical agency, some evil correspondence with the devil. "Has this St. Michael of yours, have these holy women, a body and limbs? Are you sure the figures you see are those of angels?" — "Yes, I believe so, as firmly as I believe in God." This answer was carefully noted down.

They then turn to the subject of her wearing male attire, and of her standard. "Did not the soldiery make standards in imitation of yours? Did they not replace them with others?" — "Yes, when the lance (staff) happened to break." — "Did you not say that those standards would bring them luck?" — "No, I only said, 'Fall boldly upon the English,' and I fell upon them myself."

"But why was this standard borne at the coronation, in the church of Reims, rather than those of the other captains? . . . " — "It had seen all the danger, and it was only fair that it should share the honor."

"What was the impression of the people who kissed your feet, hands, and garments?" — "The poor came to me of their own free will, because I never did them any harm, and assisted and protected them, as far as was in my power."

It was impossible for heart of man not to be touched with such answers. Cauchon thought it prudent to proceed henceforward with only a few assessors on whom he could rely, and quite quietly. We find the number of assessors varying at each sitting from the very beginning of the trial: some

leave, and their places are taken by others. The place of trial is similarly changed. The accused, who at first is interrogated in the hall of the castle of Rouen, is now questioned in prison. "In order not to fatigue the rest," Cauchon took there only two assessors and two witnesses (from the 10th to the 17th of March). He was, perhaps, emboldened thus to proceed with shut doors, from being sure of the support of the Inquisition; the vicar having at length received from the Inquisitor General of France full powers to preside at the trial along with the bishop (March 12).

In these fresh examinations, she is pressed only on a few points indicated beforehand by Cauchon.

"Did the voices command her to make that sally out of Compiègne in which she was taken?" — To this she does not give a direct reply: "The saints had told me that I should be taken before midsummer; that it behooved so to be, that I must not be astonied, but suffer all cheerfully, and God would aid me. . . . Since it has so pleased God, it is for the best that I should have been taken."

"Do you think you did well in setting out without the leave of your father and mother? Ought we not to honor our parents?" — "They have forgiven me." — "And did you think you were not sinning in doing so?" — "It was by God's command; and if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers I should have set out."

"Did not the voices call you daughter of God, daughter of the Church, the maid of the great heart?" — "Before the siege of Orléans was raised, and since then, the voices have called me, and they call me every day, 'Jehanne the Pucelle, daughter of God.'"

"Was it right to attack Paris, the day of the Nativity of Our Lady?" — "It is fitting to keep the festivals of Our Lady; and it would be so, I truly think, to keep them every day."

"Why did you leap from the tower of Beaurevoir?" (The drift of this question was to induce her to say that she had wished to kill herself.) — "I heard that the poor people of Compiègne would all be slain, down to children seven years of age, and I knew, too, that I was sold to the English; I would rather have died than fall into the hands of the English."

"Do St. Catherine and St. Margaret hate the English?" — "They love what our Lord loves, and hate what he hates." — "Does God hate the English?" — "Of the love or hate God

may bear the English, and what he does with their souls, I know nothing; but I know that they will be put forth out of France, with the exception of such as shall perish in it."

"Is it not a mortal sin to hold a man to ransom, and then to put him to death?" — "I have not done that." — "Was not Franquet d'Arras put to death?" — "I consented to it, having been unable to exchange him for one of my men; he owned to being a brigand and a traitor. His trial lasted a fortnight, before the bailli of Senlis." — "Did you not give money to the man who took him?" — "I am not treasurer of France, to give money."

"Do you think that your king did well in killing, or causing to be killed, my lord of Burgundy?" — "It was a great pity for the realm of France; but, whatever might have been between them, God sent me to the aid of the king of France."

"Jehanne, has it been revealed to you whether you will escape?" — "That does not bear upon your trial. Do you want me to depone against myself?" — "Have the voices said nothing to you about it?" — "That does not concern your trial; I put myself in our Lord's hands, who will do as it pleaseth him." . . . And, after a pause, "By my troth, I know neither the hour nor the day. God's will be done." — "Have not your voices told you anything about the result, generally?" — "Well then, yes; they have told me that I shall be delivered, and have bade me be of good cheer and courage. . . ."

Another day she added: "The saints tell me that I shall be victoriously delivered, and they say to me besides, 'Take all in good part; care not for thy martyrdom; thou shalt at the last enter the kingdom of Paradise.'" — "And since they have told you so, do you feel sure of being saved, and of not going to hell?" — "Yes, I believe what they have told me as firmly as if I were already saved." — "This assurance is a very weighty one." — "Yes, it is a great treasure to me." — "And so, you believe you can no longer commit a mortal sin?" — "I know nothing of that; I rely altogether on our Lord."

At last, the judges had made out the true ground on which to bring the accusation; at last, they had found a spot on which to lay strong hold. There was not a chance of getting this chaste and holy girl to be taken for a witch, for a familiar of the devil's; but, in her very sanctity, as is invariably the case with all mystics, there was a side left open to attack: the secret

voice considered equal, or preferred to, the instruction of the Church, the prescriptions of authority — inspiration, but free and independent inspiration — revelation, but a personal revelation — submission to God; what God? the God within.

These preliminary examinations were concluded by a formal demand, whether she would submit her actions and opinions to the judgment of the Church; to which she replied, "I love the Church, and would support it to the best of my power. As to the good works which I have wrought, I must refer them to the King of heaven, who sent me."

The question being repeated, she gave no other answer, but added, "Our Lord and the Church, it is all one."

She was then told, that there was a distinction; that there was the Church *triumphant*, God, the saints, and those who had been admitted to salvation; and the Church *militant*, or, in other words, the pope, the cardinals, the clergy, and all good Christians — the which Church, "properly assembled," cannot err, and is guided by the Holy Ghost. — "Will you not then submit yourself to the Church *militant?*" — "I am come to the king of France from God, from the Virgin Mary, the saints, and the Church *victorious* there above; to that Church I submit myself, my works, all that I have done or have to do." — "And to the Church *militant?*" — "I will give no other answer."

According to one of the assessors she said that, on certain points, she trusted to neither bishop, pope, nor any one; but held her belief of God alone.

The question on which the trial was to turn was thus laid down in all its simplicity and grandeur, and the true debate commenced: on the one hand, the visible Church and authority, on the other, inspiration attesting the invisible Church . . . invisible to vulgar eyes, but clearly seen by the pious girl, who was forever contemplating it, forever hearing it within herself, forever carrying in her heart these saints and angels . . . there was her Church, there God shone in his brightness; everywhere else, how shadowy He was! . . .

Such being the case at issue, the accused was doomed to irremediable destruction. She could not give way, she could not, save falsely, disavow, deny what she saw and heard so distinctly. On the other hand, could authority remain authority if it abdicated its jurisdiction, if it did not punish?

She fell sick in Passion Week. Her temptation began, no doubt, on Palm Sunday. A country girl, born on the skirts of

a forest, and having ever lived in the open air of heaven, she was compelled to pass this fine Palm Sunday in the depth of a dungeon. The grand *succor* which the Church invokes came not for her; the *doors did not open.*

They were opened on the Tuesday; but it was to lead the accused to the great hall of the castle before her judges. They read to her the articles which had been founded on her answers, and the bishop previously represented to her, "that these doctors were all churchmen, clerks, and well read in law, divine and human; that they were all tender and pitiful, and desired to proceed mildly, seeking neither vengeance *nor corporal punishment*, but solely wishing to enlighten her, and put her in the way of truth and of salvation; and that, as she was not sufficiently informed in such high matters, the bishop and the inquisitor offered her the choice of one or more of the assessors to act as her counsel." The accused, in presence of this assembly, in which she did not descry a single friendly face, mildly answered: "For what you admonish me as to my good, and concerning our faith, I thank you; as to the counsel you offer me, I have no intention to forsake the counsel of our Lord."

The first article touched the capital point, submission. She replied as before: "Well do I believe that our Holy Father, the bishops, and others of the Church are to guard the Christian *faith*, and punish those who are found wanting. As to my *deeds* (faits), I submit myself only to the Church in heaven, to God and the Virgin, to the sainted men and women in Paradise. I have not been wanting in regard to the Christian faith, and trust I never shall be."

And, shortly afterwards: "I would rather die than recall what I have done by our Lord's command."

What illustrates the time, the uninformed mind of these doctors, and their blind attachment to the letter without regard to the spirit, is, that no point seemed graver to them than the sin of having assumed male attire. They represented to her that, according to the canons, those who thus change the habit of their sex are abominable in the sight of God. At first she would not give a direct answer, and begged for a respite till the next day; but her judges insisting on her discarding the dress, she replied, "That she was not empowered to say when she could quit it."—"But if you should be deprived of the privilege of hearing mass?"—"Well, our Lord can grant me

to hear it without you." — "Will you put on a woman's dress, in order to receive your Saviour at Easter?" — "No; I cannot quit this dress; it matters not to me in what dress I receive my Saviour." — After this she seems shaken, asks to be at least allowed to hear mass, adding, "I wont say but if you were to give me a gown such as the daughters of the burghers wear, a very *long gown* . . . "

It is clear she shrank, through modesty, from explaining herself. The poor girl durst not explain her position in prison, or the constant danger she was in. The truth is, that three soldiers slept in her room, three of the brigand ruffians called *houspilleurs;* that she was chained to a beam by a large iron chain, almost wholly at their mercy; the man's dress they wished to compel her to discontinue was all her safeguard. . . . What are we to think of the imbecility of the judge, or of his horrible connivance?

Besides being kept under the eyes of these wretches, and exposed to their insults and mockery, she was subjected to espial from without. Winchester, the inquisitor, and Cauchon had each a key to the tower, and watched her hourly through a hole in the wall. Each stone of this infernal dungeon had eyes.

Her only consolation was, that she was at first allowed interviews with a priest, who told her that he was a prisoner, and attached to Charles VII.'s cause. Loyseleur, so he was named, was a tool of the English. He had won Jeanne's confidence, who used to confess herself to him; and, at such times, her confessions were taken down by notaries concealed on purpose to overhear her. . . . It is said that Loyseleur encouraged her to hold out, in order to insure her destruction. On the question of her being put to the torture being discussed (a very useless proceeding, since she neither denied nor concealed anything), there were only two or three of her judges who counseled the atrocious deed, and the confessor was one of these.

The sentence of grace was a most severe one: "Jehanne, we condemn you, out of our grace and moderation, to pass the rest of your days in prison, on the bread of grief and water of anguish, and so to mourn your sins."

She was admitted by the ecclesiastical judge to do penance, no doubt, nowhere save in the prisons of the church. The ecclesiastic *in pace*, however severe it might be, would at the least withdraw her from the hands of the English, place her

under shelter from their insults, save her honor. Judge of her surprise and despair when the bishop coldly said: "Take her back whence you brought her."

Nothing was done; deceived on this wise, she could not fail to retract her retractation. Yet, though she had abided by it, the English, in their fury, would not have allowed her so to escape. They had come to Saint-Ouen in the hope of at last burning the sorceress, had waited panting and breathless to this end; and now they were to be dismissed on this fashion, paid with a slip of parchment, a signature, a grimace. . . . At the very moment the bishop discontinued reading the sentence of condemnation, stones flew upon the scaffolding without any respect for the cardinal. . . . The doctors were in peril of their lives as they came down from their seats into the public place; swords were in all directions pointed at their throats. The more moderate among the English confined themselves to insulting language: "Priests, you are not earning the king's money." The doctors, making off in all haste, said tremblingly: "Do not be uneasy, we shall soon have her again."

And it was not the soldiery alone, not the English *mob*, always so ferocious, which displayed this thirst for blood. The better born, the great, the lords, were no less sanguinary. The king's man, his tutor, the earl of Warwick, said like the soldiers: "The king's business goes on badly: the girl will not be burnt."

According to English notions, Warwick was the mirror of worthiness, the accomplished Englishman, the perfect *gentleman*. Brave and devout, like his master, Henry V., and the zealous champion of the *established* Church, he had performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as well as many other chivalrous expeditions, not failing to give tournays on his route: one of the most brilliant and celebrated of which took place at the gates of Calais, where he defied the whole chivalry of France. This tournay was long remembered; and the bravery and magnificence of this Warwick served not a little to prepare the way for the famous Warwick, the *kingmaker*.

With all his chivalry, Warwick was not the less savagely eager for the death of a woman, and one who was, too, a prisoner of war. The best, and the most looked up to of the English, was as little deterred by honorable scruples as the rest of his countrymen, from putting to death on the award of priests and by fire, her who had humbled them by the sword.

This great English people, with so many good and solid qualities, is infected by one vice, which corrupts these very qualities themselves. This rooted, all-poisoning vice, is pride: a cruel disease, but which is nevertheless the principle of English life, the explanation of its contradictions, the secret of its acts. With them, virtue or crime is almost ever the result of pride; even their follies have no other source. This pride is sensitive, and easily pained in the extreme; they are great sufferers from it, and again, make it a point of pride to conceal these sufferings. Nevertheless, they will have vent. The two expressive words, *disappointment* and *mortification*, are peculiar to the English language.

This self-adoration, this internal worship of the creature for its own sake, is the sin by which Satan fell, the height of impiety. This is the reason that with so many of the virtues of humanity, with their seriousness and sobriety of demeanor, and with their biblical turn of mind, no nation is further off from grace. They are the only people who have been unable to claim the authorship of the "Imitation of Jesus": a Frenchman might write it, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and somber literature is skeptical, Judaical, satanic, in a word, antichristian. "As regards law," as a legist well says, "the English are Jews, the French Christians." A theologian might express himself in the same manner, as regards faith. The American Indians, with that penetration and originality they so often exhibit, expressed this distinction in their fashion. "Christ," said one of them, "was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain."

The Jews never exhibited the rage against Jesus which the English did against the Pucelle. It must be owned that she had wounded them cruelly in the most sensible part — in the simple but deep esteem they have for themselves. At Orléans, the invincible men at arms, the famous archers, Talbot at their head, had shown their backs; at Jargeau, sheltered by the good walls of a fortified town, they had suffered themselves to be taken; at Patay, they had fled as fast as their legs would carry them, fled before a girl. . . . This was hard to be borne, and these taciturn English were forever pondering over the disgrace. . . . They had been afraid of a girl, and it was not very certain but that, chained as she was, they felt fear

of her still . . . though, seemingly, not of her, but of the devil, whose agent she was. At least, they endeavored both to believe, and to have it believed so.

But there was an obstacle in the way of this, for she was said to be a virgin; and it was a notorious and well-ascertained fact that the devil could not make a compact with a virgin. The coolest head among the English, Bedford, the regent, resolved to have the point cleared up; and his wife, the duchess, intrusted the matter to some matrons, who declared Jehanne to be a maid: a favorable declaration which turned against her, by giving rise to another superstitious notion; to wit, that her virginity constituted her strength, her power, and that to deprive her of it was to disarm her, was to break the charm, and lower her to the level of other women.

The poor girl's only defense against such a danger had been wearing male attire; though, strange to say, no one had ever seemed able to understand her motive for wearing it. All, both friends and enemies, were scandalized by it. At the outset, she had been obliged to explain her reasons to the women of Poitiers; and when made prisoner, and under the care of the ladies of Luxembourg, those excellent persons prayed her to clothe herself as honest girls were wont to do. Above all, the English ladies, who have always made a parade of chastity and modesty, must have considered her so disguising herself monstrous, and insufferably indecent. The duchess of Bedford sent her female attire; but by whom? by a man, a tailor. The fellow, with impudent familiarity, was about to pass it over her head, and, when she pushed him away, laid his unmannerly hand upon her; his tailor's hand on that hand which had borne the flag of France — she boxed his ear.

If women could not understand this feminine question, how much less could priests! . . . They quoted the text of a council held in the fourth century, which anathematized such changes of dress; not seeing that the prohibition specially applied to a period when manners had been barely retrieved from pagan impurities. The doctors belonging to the party of Charles VII., the apologists of the Pucelle, find exceeding difficulty in justifying her on this head. One of them (thought to be Gerson) makes the gratuitous supposition that the moment she dismounted from her horse, she was in the habit of resuming woman's apparel; confessing that Esther and Judith had had recourse to more natural and feminine means for their

triumphs over the enemies of God's people. Entirely preoccupied with the soul, these theologians seem to have held the body cheap; provided the letter, the written law, be followed, the soul will be saved; the flesh may take its chance. . . . A poor and simple girl may be pardoned her inability to distinguish so clearly.

It is our hard condition here below, that soul and body are so closely bound one with the other, that the soul takes the flesh along with it, undergoes the same hazards, and is answerable for it. . . . This has ever been a heavy fatality; but how much more so does it become under a religious law, which ordains the endurance of insult, and which does not allow imperiled honor to escape by flinging away the body, and taking refuge in the world of spirits!

On the Friday and the Saturday, the unfortunate prisoner, despoiled of her man's dress, had much to fear. Brutality, furious hatred, vengeance, might severally incite the cowards to degrade her before she perished, to sully what they were about to burn. . . . Besides, they might be tempted to varnish their infamy by a *reason of state*, according to the notions of the day; by depriving her of her virginity, they would undoubtedly destroy that secret power of which the English entertained such great dread, who, perhaps, might recover their courage when they knew that, after all, she was but a woman. According to her confessor, to whom she divulged the fact, an Englishman, not a common soldier, but a *gentleman*, a lord — patriotically devoted himself to this execution, bravely undertook to violate a girl laden with fetters, and, being unable to effect his wishes, rained blows upon her.

"On the Sunday morning, Trinity Sunday, when it was time for her to rise (as she told him who speaks), she said to her English guards, 'Leave me, that I may get up.' One of them took off her woman's dress, emptied the bag in which was the man's apparel, and said to her, 'Get up.' — 'Gentlemen,' she said, 'you know that dress is forbidden me; excuse me, I will not put it on.' The point was contested till noon; when, being compelled to go out for some bodily want, she put it on. When she came back, they would give her no other despite her entreaties."

In reality, it was not to the interest of the English that she should resume her man's dress, and so make null and void a retractation obtained with such difficulty. But at this moment,

their rage no longer knew any bounds. Saintrailles had just made a bold attempt upon Rouen. It would have been a lucky hit to have swept off the judges from the judgment seat, and have carried Winchester and Bedford to Poitiers; the latter was, subsequently, all but taken on his return, between Rouen and Paris. As long as this accursed girl lived, who, beyond a doubt, continued in prison to practice her sorceries, there was no safety for the English: perish she must.

The assessors, who had notice instantly given them of her change of dress, found some hundred English in the court to bar their passage; who, thinking that if these doctors entered, they might spoil all, threatened them with their axes and swords, and chased them out, calling them *traitors of Armagnacs*. Cauchon, introduced with much difficulty, assumed an air of gayety to pay his court to Warwick, and said with a laugh, "She is caught."

On the Monday, he returned along with the inquisitor and eight assessors, to question the Pucelle, and ask her why she had resumed that dress. She made no excuse, but, bravely facing the danger, said that the dress was fitter for her as long as she was guarded by men, and that faith had not been kept with her. Her saints, too, had told her, "that it was great pity she had abjured to save her life." Still, she did not refuse to resume woman's dress. "Put me in a seemly and safe prison," she said, "I will be good, and do whatever the Church shall wish."

On leaving her, the bishop encountered Warwick and a crowd of English; and to show himself a good Englishman, he said in their tongue, "Farewell, farewell." This joyous adieu was about synonymous with "Good evening, good evening, all's over."

It was nine o'clock: she was dressed in female attire, and placed on a cart. On one side of her was brother Martin l'Advenu; the constable, Massieu, was on the other. The Augustine monk, brother Isambart, who had already displayed such charity and courage, would not quit her. It is stated that the wretched Loyseleur also ascended the cart, to ask her pardon; but for the earl of Warwick, the English would have killed him.

Up to this moment the Pucelle had never despaired, with the exception, perhaps, of her temptation in the Passion Week. While saying, as she at times would say, "These English will

kill me," she, in reality, did not think so. She did not imagine that she could ever be deserted. She had faith in her king, in the good people of France. She had said expressly, "There will be some disturbance either in prison or at the trial, by which I shall be delivered . . . greatly, victoriously delivered." . . . But though king and people deserted her, she had another source of aid, and a far more powerful and certain one, from her friends above, her kind and dear saints. . . . When she was assaulting Saint-Pierre, and deserted by her followers, her saints sent an invisible army to her aid. How could they abandon their obedient girl; they who had so often promised her *safety* and *deliverance*. . . .

What then must her thoughts have been, when she saw that she must die; when, carried in a cart, she passed through a trembling crowd, under the guard of eight hundred Englishmen armed with sword and lance. She wept and bemoaned herself, yet reproached neither her king nor her saints. . . . She was only heard to utter, "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

The term of her sad journey was the old market place, the fish market. Three scaffolds had been raised: on one, was the episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the cardinal of England, surrounded by the stalls of his prelates; on another, were to figure the principal personages of the mournful drama, the preacher, the judges, and the bailli, and, lastly, the condemned one; apart, was a large scaffolding of plaster, groaning under a weight of wood—nothing had been grudged the stake, which struck terror by its height alone. This was not only to add to the solemnity of the execution, but was done with the intent that from the height to which it was reared, the executioner might not get at it save at the base, and that to light it only, so that he would be unable to cut short the torments and relieve the sufferer, as he did with others, sparing them the flames. On this occasion, the important point was that justice should not be defrauded of her due, or a dead body be committed to the flames; they desired that she should be really burnt alive, and that, placed on the summit of this mountain of wood, and commanding the circle of lances and of swords, she might be seen from every part of the market place. There was reason to suppose that being slowly, tediously burnt before the eyes of a curious crowd, she might at least be surprised into some weakness, that something might escape her which could

be set down as a disavowal, at the least some confused words which might be interpreted at pleasure, perhaps, low prayers, humiliating cries for mercy, such as proceed from a woman in despair. . . .

A chronicler, friendly to the English, brings a heavy charge against them at this moment. According to him, they wanted her gown to be burnt first, so that she might remain naked, "in order to remove all the doubts of the people;" that the fagots should then be removed so that all might draw nigh to see her, "and all the secrets which can or should be in a woman:" and that after this immodest, ferocious exhibition, "the executioners should replace the great fire on her poor carrion. . . ."

The frightful ceremony began with a sermon. Master Nicolas Midy, one of the lights of the university of Paris, preached upon the edifying text: "When one limb of the Church is sick, the whole Church is sick." This poor Church could only be cured by cutting off a limb. He wound up with the formula: "Jeanne, *go* in peace, the Church can no longer defend *thee*."

The ecclesiastical judge, the bishop of Beauvais, then benignly exhorted her to take care of her soul and to recall all her misdeeds, in order that she might awaken to true repentance. The assessors had ruled that it was the law to read over her abjuration to her; the bishop did nothing of the sort. He feared her denials, her disclaimers. But the poor girl had no thought of so chicaning away life; her mind was fixed on far other subjects. Even before she was exhorted to repentance, she had knelt down and invoked God, the Virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine, pardoning all and asking pardon, saying to the bystanders, "Pray for me!" . . . In particular, she besought the priests to say each a mass for her soul. . . . And all this, so devoutly, humbly, and touchingly, that sympathy becoming contagious, no one could any longer contain himself; the bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest.

Might it be in this moment of universal tenderness, of tears, of contagious weakness, that the unhappy girl, softened, and relapsing into the mere woman, confessed that she saw clearly she had erred, and that, apparently, she had been deceived when promised deliverance. This is a point on which we cannot implicitly rely on the interested testimony of the English. Never-

theless, it would betray scant knowledge of human nature to doubt, with her hopes so frustrated, her having wavered in her faith. . . . Whether she confessed to this effect in words is uncertain; but I will confidently affirm that she owned it in thought.

Meanwhile the judges, for a moment put out of countenance, had recovered their usual bearing, and the bishop of Beauvais, drying his eyes, began to read the act of condemnation. He reminded the guilty one of all her crimes, of her schism, idolatry, invocation of demons, how she had been admitted to repentance, and how, "Seduced by the prince of lies, she had fallen, O grief! *like the dog which returns to his vomit.* . . . Therefore, we pronounce you to be a rotten limb, and, as such, to be lopped off from the Church. We deliver you over to the secular power, praying it at the same time to relax its sentence and to spare you death, and the mutilation of your members."

Deserted thus by the Church, she put her whole trust in God. She asked for the cross. An Englishman handed her a cross which he made out of a stick; she took it, rudely fashioned as it was, with not less devotion, kissed it, and placed it under her garments, next to her skin. . . . But what she desired was the crucifix belonging to the Church, to have it before her eyes till she breathed her last. The good *huissier*, Massieu, and brother Isambart, interfered with such effect, that it was brought her from St. Sauveur's. While she was embracing this crucifix, and brother Isambart was encouraging her, the English began to think all this exceedingly tedious; it was now noon, at least; the soldiers grumbled, and the captains called out: "What's this, priest; do you mean us to dine here?" . . . Then, losing patience, and without waiting for the order from the bailli, who alone had authority to dismiss her to death, they sent two constables to take her out of the hands of the priests. She was seized at the foot of the tribunal by the men at arms, who dragged her to the executioner with the words, "Do thy office. . . ." The fury of the soldiery filled all present with horror; and many there, even of the judges, fled the spot that they might see no more.

When she found herself brought down to the market place, surrounded by English, laying rude hands on her, nature asserted her rights, and the flesh was troubled. Again she cried out, "O Rouen, thou art then to be my last abode! . . ." She

said no more, and, in this hour of fear and trouble, *did not sin with her lips*. . . .

She accused neither her king, nor her holy ones. But when she set foot on the top of the pile, on viewing this great city, this motionless and silent crowd, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer from my death!" She who had saved the people, and whom that people deserted, gave voice to no other sentiment when dying (admirable sweetness of soul!) than that of compassion for it.

She was made fast under the infamous placard, mitered with a miter, on which was read, "Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolater. . . ." And then the executioner set fire to the pile. . . . She saw this from above and uttered a cry. . . . Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the fire, forgetting herself in her fear for him, she insisted on his descending.

The proof that up to this period she had made no express recantation is, that the unhappy Cauchon was obliged (no doubt by the high satanic will which presided over the whole) to proceed to the foot of the pile, obliged to face his victim to endeavor to extract some admission from her. All that he obtained was a few words, enough to rack his soul. She said to him mildly, what she had already said: "Bishop, I die through you. . . . If you had put me into the church prisons, this would not have happened." No doubt hopes had been entertained that on finding herself abandoned by her king, she would at last accuse and defame him. To the last, she defended him: "Whether I have done well or ill, my king is faultless; it was not he who counseled me."

Meanwhile, the flames rose. . . . When they first seized her, the unhappy girl shrieked for holy *water*—this must have been the cry of fear. . . . But soon recovering, she called only on God, on her angels and her saints. She bore witness to them: "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me." The fact that all her doubts vanished at this trying moment must be taken as a proof that she accepted death as the promised *deliverance*, that she no longer understood her *salvation* in the Judaic and material sense, as until now she had done, that at length she saw clearly; and that rising above all shadows, her gifts of illumination and of sanctity were at the final hour made perfect unto her.

The great testimony she thus bore is attested by the sworn and compelled witness of her death, by the Dominican who mounted the pile with her, whom she forced to descend, but who spoke to her from its foot, listened to her, and held out to her the crucifix.

There is yet another witness of this sainted death, a most grave witness, who must himself have been a saint. This witness, whose name history ought to preserve, was the Augustine monk already mentioned, brother Isambart de la Pierre. During the trial, he had hazarded his life by counseling the Pucelle, and yet, though so clearly pointed out to the hate of the English, he persisted in accompanying her in the cart, procured the parish crucifix for her, and comforted her in the midst of the raging multitude, both on the scaffold where she was interrogated, and at the stake.

Twenty years afterwards, the two venerable friars, simple monks, vowed to poverty, and having nothing to hope or fear in this world, bear witness to the scene we have just described: "We heard her," they say, "in the midst of the flames invoke her saints, her archangel; several times she called on her Saviour. . . . At the last, as her head sunk on her bosom, she shrieked, 'Jesus'!"

"Ten thousand men wept. . . ." A few of the English alone laughed, or endeavored to laugh. One of the most furious among them had sworn that he would throw a fagot on the pile. Just as he brought it, she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. "I saw," he exclaimed, in his frantic despair, "I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh." Others had read in the flames the word "Jesus," which she so often repeated. The executioner repaired in the evening to brother Isambart, full of consternation, and confessed himself; but felt persuaded that God would never pardon him. . . . One of the English king's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint!"

Though these words fell from an enemy's mouth, they are not the less important, and will live, uncontradicted by the future. Yes, whether considered religiously or patriotically, Jeanne Darc was a saint.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

By THOMAS À KEMPIS.

[Thomas à Kempis, the famous ecclesiastic and author, was so called from the town of Kempen, near Cologne, where he was born about 1380. His family name was Hamerken (Latinized, *Malleolus*, "little hammer"). At the age of twenty he entered the Augustinian monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, Holland, where he was ordained priest (1413), became subprior (1429), and passed his entire life in seclusion. He died July 26, 1471. His writings consist of sermons, letters, hymns, etc., of which only the celebrated ascetical treatise, "De Imitatione Christi" (On the Following or Imitation of Christ), published in 1607, deserves mention. It is the most widely read book in Christian literature, with the exception of the Bible, and has passed through thousands of editions in the original Latin and in translations. The authorship of the work was for some time a subject of controversy, partly because it seemed unlikely that a quiet monk should know so thoroughly all phases of human temptation, even those of practical life; but à Kempis' authorship is now thoroughly established. The work seems to have been originally meant to be sung.]

Of Inordinate Affections.

Whensoever a man desireth anything inordinately, he becometh presently disquieted in himself.

The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit dwell in the multitude of peace.

The man that is not yet perfectly dead to himself, is quickly tempted and overcome in small and trifling things.

The weak in spirit, and he that is yet in a manner carnal and prone to the things of sense, can hardly withdraw himself altogether from earthly desires.

And therefore he is often afflicted when he goeth about to withdraw himself from them; and is easily angered when any opposeth him.

And if he hath followed his appetite, he is presently disquieted with remorse of conscience; for that he hath yielded to his passion, which profiteth him nothing to the obtaining of the peace which he sought.

True quietness of heart therefore is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

There is then no peace in the heart of a carnal man, nor in him that is given to outward things, but in the spiritual and devout man.

Of Avoiding Vain Hope and Pride.

Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man, thou be accounted worse than they.

Be not proud of welldoing; for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men, and that often offendeth Him which pleaseth them.

If there be any good in thee, believe that there is much more in others, that so thou mayest preserve humility.

It hurteth thee not to submit to all men: but it hurteth thee most of all to prefer thyself even to one.

The humble enjoy continual peace, but in the heart of the proud is envy, and frequent indignation.

That Too Much Familiarity is to be Shunned.

Lay not thy heart open to every one; but treat of thy affairs with the wise, and such as fear God.

Converse not much with the young, nor with strangers.

Flatter not the rich: neither do thou appear willingly before the great.

Keep company with the humble and single-hearted, with the devout and virtuous; and confer with them of those things that may edify. Be not familiar with any woman; but commend all good women in general to God.

Desire to be familiar with God alone and His Angels, and avoid the acquaintance of men.

We must have love towards all, but familiarity with all is not expedient.

Sometimes it falleth out, that a person unknown to us is much esteemed of, from the good report given him by others; whose presence notwithstanding is not grateful to the eyes of those who see him.

We think sometimes to please others by our society, and we rather displease them with those bad qualities which they discover in us.

Of Obedience and Subjection.

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior and not to be at our own disposing.

It is much safer to obey than to govern.

Many live under obedience, rather for necessity than for love; such are discontented, and do easily repine. Neither can they attain to freedom of mind, unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience for the love of God.

Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest, but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. Many have deceived themselves, imagining to find happiness in change.

True it is, that every one willingly doeth that which agreeth with his own liking, and inclineth most to those that are of his own mind.

But if God be amongst us, we must sometimes cease for the sake of peace to adhere to our own opinion.

Who is so wise that he can fully know all things?

Be not therefore too confident in thine own opinion; but be willing to hear the judgment of others.

If thy thought be good, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, this shall turn to thy good.

I have often heard, that it is safer to hear and to take counsel, than to give it.

It may also fall out, that a man's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a mark of pride and stiffness.

Of Avoiding Many Words.

Fly the tumult of the world as much as thou canst; for the treating of worldly affairs is a great hindrance, although it be done with sincere intention;

For we are quickly defiled, and enthralled by vanity.

Oftentimes I could wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company.

Why do we so willingly speak and talk one with another, when notwithstanding we seldom cease our converse before we have hurt our conscience?

The cause why we so willingly talk, is for that by discoursing one with another, we seek to receive comfort one of another, and desire to ease our mind wearied with many thoughts:

And we very willingly talk and think of those things which

we most love or desire; or of those things which we feel to be against us.

But, alas, oftentimes in vain, and to no end; for this outward comfort is the cause of no small loss of inward and divine consolation.

Therefore we must watch and pray, lest our time pass away idly.

If it be lawful and expedient for thee to speak, speak those things that may edify.

Evil habit and neglect of our own growth in grace do give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

Yet discourse of spiritual things doth greatly further our spiritual growth, especially when persons of one mind and spirit associate together in God.

Of the Obtaining of Peace, and of Zealous Desire for Growth in Grace.

We might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, and with things which appertain nothing to our charge.

How can he abide long in peace, who trusteth himself into the cares of others, who seeketh occasions abroad, who little or seldom cometh to himself?

Blessed are the single-hearted; for they shall enjoy much peace.

Why were some of the Saints so perfect and contemplative? Because they labored to mortify themselves wholly to all earthly desires; and therefore they could with their whole heart fix themselves upon God, and be free for holy retirement.

We are too much led by our passions, and too solicitous for transitory things.

We also seldom overcome any one vice perfectly, and are not inflamed with a fervent desire to grow better every day; and therefore we remain cold and lukewarm.

If we were perfectly intent upon our own hearts, and not entangled with outward things, then should we be able to relish divine things, and to have some experience of heavenly contemplation.

The greatest, and indeed the whole impediment is that we are not free from passions and lusts, neither do we endeavor to

walk in the perfect way of the Saints; and when but a small adversity befalleth us, we are too quickly dejected, and turn ourselves to human consolations.

If we would endeavor like brave men to stand in the battle, surely we should feel the assistance of God from Heaven.

For He who giveth us occasion to fight, to the end we may get the victory, is ready to succor those that fight, and that trust in His grace.

If we esteem our progress in religious life to consist only in some outward observances, our devotion will quickly be at an end.

But let us lay the ax to the root, that being freed from passions, we may find rest to our souls.

If every year we would root out one vice, we should sooner become perfect men.

But how oftentimes we perceive, on the contrary, that we were better and purer at the beginning of our conversion, than after many years of our profession.

Our fervor and profiting should increase daily; but now it is accounted a great matter, if a man can retain but some part of his first zeal.

If we would do but a little violence to ourselves at the beginning, then should we be able to perform all things afterwards with ease and delight.

It is a hard matter to forego that to which we are accustomed, but it is harder to go against our own will.

But if thou dost not overcome small and easy things, when wilt thou overcome harder things?

Resist thy inclination in the very beginning, and unlearn evil habits, lest perhaps by little and little they draw thee to greater difficulty.

O if thou didst but consider how much inward peace unto thyself, and joy unto others, thou wouldest procure by demeaning thyself well, I think that thou wouldest be more careful of thy spiritual progress.

Of the Profit of Adversity.

It is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing.

It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that men think ill or inadequately; and this, although we do and intend well.

These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vainglory: for then we are more inclined to seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be contemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us.

And therefore a man should settle himself so fully in God, that he need not to seek many comforts of men.

When a good man is afflicted, tempted, or troubled with evil thoughts, then he understandeth better the great need he hath of God, without whom he perceiveth he can do nothing that is good.

Then also he sorroweth, lamenteth, and prayeth, by reason of the miseries he suffereth.

Then he is weary of living longer, and wisheth that death would come, that he might depart and be with Christ.

Then also he well perceiveth that perfect security and full peace cannot be had in this world.

Of Resisting Temptation.

So long as we live in this world we cannot be without tribulation and temptation.

Hence it is written in Job, "The life of man upon earth is a life of temptation."

Every one therefore ought to be careful about his temptations, and to watch in prayer, lest the devil find an advantage to deceive him; for he never sleepeth, but goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.

No man is so perfect and holy but he hath sometimes temptations, and we cannot be altogether without them.

Nevertheless temptations are often very profitable to us, though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed.

All the Saints passed through man's tribulations and temptations, and profited thereby.

And they that could not bear temptations became reprobate, and fell away.

There is no order so holy, nor place so secret, as that there be not temptations or adversities in it.

There is no man that is altogether free from temptations whilst he liveth on earth; for the root thereof is in ourselves, who are born with inclination to evil.

When one temptation or tribulation goeth away, another cometh; and we shall ever have something to suffer, because we are fallen from the state of our felicity.

Many seek to fly temptations, and fall more grievously into them.

By flight alone we cannot overcome, but by patience and true humility we become stronger than all our enemies.

He that only avoideth them outwardly and doth not pluck them by the roots, shall profit little; yea, temptations will the sooner return unto him, and will be more violent than before.

By little and little, and by patience with long-suffering, through God's help, thou shalt more easily overcome, than by violence and thine own disquietude.

Often take counsel in temptations, and deal not roughly with him that is tempted; but give him comfort, as thou wouldest wish to be done to thyself.

The beginning of all evil temptations is inconstancy of mind and small confidence in God.

For as a ship without a helm is tossed to and fro by the waves, so the man who is careless and forsaketh his purpose is many ways tempted.

Fire trieth iron, and temptation a just man.

We know not oftentimes what we are able to do, but temptation shows us what we are.

Yet we must be watchful, especially in the beginning of the temptation; for the enemy is then more easily overcome, if he be not suffered to enter the door of our hearts, but be resisted at the very gate, on his first knocking.

Wherefore one said, "Withstand the beginnings: the remedy is applied too late, when the evil has grown strong through long delay."

For first there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination thereof, afterwards delight and evil emotion, and then consent.

And so by little and little our wicked enemy getteth complete entrance, for that he is not resisted in the beginning.

And the longer a man is negligent in resisting, the weaker does he become daily in himself, and the stronger the enemy against him.

Some suffer great temptations in the beginning of their conversion ; others in the latter end.

Others again are much troubled almost through the whole of their life.

Some are but slightly tempted, according to the wisdom and equity of the Divine appointment, which weigheth the states and deserts of men, and ordaineth all things for the welfare of His own chosen ones.

We ought not therefore to despair when we are tempted, but so much the more fervently to pray unto God, that He will vouchsafe to help us in all tribulations ; for He will surely, according to the words of St. Paul, make with the temptation a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.

Let us therefore humble our souls under the hand of God in all temptations and tribulations ; for He will save and exalt the humble in spirit.

In temptations and afflictions a man is proved, how much he hath profited ; and his reward is thereby the greater, and his graces do more eminently shine forth.

Neither is it any such great thing if a man be devout and fervent, when he feeleth no affliction ; but if in time of adversity he bear himself patiently, there is hope then of great growth in grace.

Some are kept from great temptations, and in small ones which do daily occur are often overcome ; to the end that, being humbled, they may never presume on themselves in great matters, while they are worsted in so small things.

Of Avoiding Rash Judgment.

Turn thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men. In judging of others a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth ; but in judging and examining himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.

We often judge of things according as we fancy them ; for private affection bereaves us easily of a right judgment.

If God were always the pure object of our desire, we should not be so easily troubled, through the repugnance of our carnal mind.

But oftentimes something lurketh within, or else occurreth from without, which draweth us after it.

Many secretly seek themselves in what they do, and know it not.

They seem also to live in good peace of mind, when things are done according to their will and opinion; but if things happen otherwise than they desire, they are straightway moved and much vexed.

The diversities of judgments and opinions cause oftentimes dissensions between friends and countrymen, between religious and devout persons.

An old custom is hardly broken, and no man is willing to be led farther than himself can see.

If thou dost more rely upon thine own reason or industry, than upon that power which brings thee under the obedience of Jesus Christ, it will be long before thou become illuminated; for God will have us perfectly subject unto Him, that, being inflamed with His love, we may transcend the narrow limits of human reason.

Of Works done out of Charity.

For no worldly thing, nor for the love of any man, is any evil to be done; but yet, for the welfare of one that standeth in need, a good work is sometimes to be intermitted without any scruple, or even to be changed for a better.

For by doing this, a good work is not lost, but changed into a better.

Without charity the outward work profiteth nothing; but whatsoever is done of charity, be it never so little and contemptible in the sight of the world, it becomes wholly fruitful.

For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

He doeth much that doeth a thing well. He doeth well that rather serveth the common weal than his own will.

Oftentimes a work seemeth to be of charity, and it is rather a work of the flesh; because natural inclination, self-will, hope of reward, and desire of our own interest are motives seldom absent.

He that hath true and perfect charity seeketh himself in nothing; but only desireth in all things that the glory of God should be exalted.

He also envieth none, because he seeketh no private good;

neither doth he will to rejoice in himself, but wisheth above all things to be made happy in the enjoyment of God.

He attributeth nothing that is good to any man, but wholly referreth it unto God, from whom as from their fountain all things proceed; in whom finally all the Saints do rest as in their highest fruition.

If a man had but one spark of true charity, he would certainly discern that all earthly things are full of vanity.

Of Bearing with the Faults of Others.

Those things that a man cannot amend in himself or in others, he ought to suffer patiently, until God order them otherwise.

Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience, without which all our good deeds are not much to be esteemed.

Thou oughtest to pray notwithstanding when thou hast such impediments, that God would vouchsafe to help thee, and that thou mayest bear them rightly.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him: but commit all to God, that His will may be done, and His name honored in all His servants, who well knoweth how to turn evil into good.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be: for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws; but in no sort will ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth, how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbor for the sake of God?

But now God hath thus ordered it, that we may learn to

bear one another's burdens; for no man is without fault; no man but hath his burden; no man is sufficient of himself; no man is wise enough of himself; but we ought to bear with one another, comfort one another, help, instruct, and admonish one another.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

Of Life in a Religious Community.

Thou must learn to break thine own will in many things, if thou wilt have peace and concord with others.

It is no small matter to dwell in a religious community, or monastery, to hold thy place there without giving offense, and to continue faithful even unto death.

Blessed is he that hath there lived well, and ended happily.

If thou wilt stand firm and grow as thou oughtest, esteem thyself as a pilgrim and stranger upon earth.

Thou must be contented for Christ's sake to be esteemed as a fool in this world, if thou desire to lead the life of a monk.

Dress and tonsure profit little; but change of heart and perfect mortification of the passions make a true monk.

He that seeketh anything else but merely God, and the salvation of his soul, shall find nothing but tribulation and sorrows.

Neither can he remain long in peace, that laboreth not to be the least, and subject unto all.

Thou camest to serve, not to rule. Know that thou wast called to suffer and to labor, and not to be idle, nor to spend thy time in talk.

Here therefore men are proved as gold in the furnace.

Here no man can stand, unless he humble himself with his whole heart for the love of God.

THE KING'S TRAGEDY.[1]

James I. of Scots. — 20th February, 1437.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Preraphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical; and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessed Damozel" (written at nineteen); "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

I Catherine am a Douglas born,
A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing bed,
And the bar to a King's chambère.

Ay, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
Was foully done to death.

[1] Note by Rossetti. — Tradition says that Catherine Douglas, in honor of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James the First of Scots, received popularly the name of "Barlass." This name remains to her descendants, the Barlas family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm. She married Alexander Lovell of Bolunnie.

A few stanzas from King James' lovely poem, known as "The King's Quhair," are quoted in the course of this ballad. The writer must express regret for the necessity which has compelled him to shorten the ten-syllabled lines to eight syllables, in order that they might harmonize with the ballad meter.

Through all the days of his gallant youth
The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
In long imprisonment.

For the elder Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the child
With the royal mortal blood.

I' the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the southron yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve;
And the nightingale through his prison wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
To the opened window pane,
In her bowers beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen,
He stood where still through his crownless years
His Scotish realm had been,
At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King and Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,
And song be turned to moan,
And Love's storm cloud be the shadow of Hate,
When the tempest waves of a troubled State
Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of Love,
Whom well the King had sung,
Might find on the earth no truer hearts
His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abroad
With Scotish maids in her train,
I Catherine Douglas won the trust
Of my mistress sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, "To be born a King!"
And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass
She has said, "Alack the day!"

Years waned, — the loving and toiling years:
Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
To the open field of feud.

'Twas when the King and his host were met
At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold,
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ
That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
Were sworn to take his life.

"And it may be here or it may be there,
In the camp or the court," she said:
"But for my sake come to your people's arms
And guard your royal head."

Quoth he, "'Tis the fifteenth day of the siege,
And the castle's nigh to yield."
"O face your foes on your throne," she cried,
"And show the power you wield;
And under your Scotish people's love
You shall sit as under your shield."

At the fair Queen's side I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liege.

But when he summoned his Parliament,
The lowering brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain head
Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And many a lordly wrongdoer
By the headsman's ax had died.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Graeme,
The bold o'ermastering man: —
"O King, in the name of your Three Estates,
I set you under their ban!

"For, as your lords made oath to you
Of service and fealty,
Even in like wise you pledged your oath
Their faithful sire to be:

"Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
Have mourned dear kith and kin
Since first for the Scotish Barons' curse
Did your bloody rule begin."

With that he laid his hands on his King: —
"Is this not so, my lords?"
But of all who had sworn to league with him
Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King: "Thou speak'st but for one Estate,
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"
The Graeme fired dark with rage: —
"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!"

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Graeme
To the King at Edinbro': —

"No Liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

"Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands."

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scotish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon, half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach side
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,

Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes: —
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth, —
Except thou turn again on this shore, —
The winding sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King, whom poor men bless for their King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

While the woman spoke, the King's horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet,
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said: "God's ways are His own.
Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by His altar stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son;
And in Him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Of proud men's hate, to His will resigned
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a King.

"And if God in His wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath set
Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in His burning wrath?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
Sank slow in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
And I said, "The Heavens know all."

And now, ye lasses, must ye hear
How my name is Kate Barlass:—
But a little thing, when all the tale
Is told of the weary mass
Of crime and woe which in Scotland's realm
God's will let come to pass.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being done,
For solace and disport.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the house top down.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the King was loath to stir from her side;
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumber there
Would fain have told him all,
And vainly four times that night he strove
To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy life to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast friends
Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behove.

And the King and Queen both loved him well
For his gentle knightliness;
And with him the King, as that eve wore on,
Was playing at the chess.

And the King said, (for he thought to jest
And soothe the Queen thereby:) —
"In a book 'tis writ that this same year
A King shall in Scotland die.

"And I have pondered the matter o'er,
And this have I found, Sir Hugh, —
There are but two Kings on Scotish ground,
And those Kings are I and you.

"And I have a wife and a newborn heir,
And you are yourself alone;
So stand you stark at my side with me
To guard our double throne.

"For here sit I and my wife and child,
As well your heart shall approve,
In full surrender and soothfastness,
Beneath your Kingdom of Love."

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen too smiled;
But I knew her heavy thought,
And I strove to find in the good King's jest
What cheer might thence be wrought.

And I said, "My Liege, for the Queen's dear love
Now sing the song that of old
You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
And the nightingale sang sweet on the spray,
In Windsor's castle hold."

Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
When he thought to please the Queen;
The smile which under all bitter frowns
Of hate that rose between,
Forever dwelt at the poet's heart
Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his harp,
And the music sweetly rang;
And when the song burst forth, it seemed
'Twas the nightingale that sang.

"Worship, ye lovers, on this May:
Of bliss your kalends are begun:
Sing with us, Away, Winter, away!

Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!
Awake for shame, — your heaven is won, —
And amorously your heads lift all:
Thank Love, that you to his grace doth call!"

But when he bent to the Queen, and sang
The speech whose praise was hers,
It seemed his voice was the voice of the Spring
And the voice of the bygone years.

" The fairest and the freshest flower
That ever I saw before that hour,
The which o' the sudden made to start
The blood of my body to my heart.

* * * * * *

Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature
Or heavenly thing in form of nature?"

And the song was long, and richly stored
With wonder and beauteous things;
And the harp was tuned to every change
Of minstrel ministerings;
But when he spoke of the Queen at the last,
Its strings were his own heartstrings.

" Unworthy but only of her grace,
Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,
In guerdon of all my love's space
She took me her humble creäture.
Thus fell my blissful aventure
In youth of love that from day to day
Flowereth ay new, and further I say.

" To reckon all the circumstance
As it happed when lessen gan my sore,
Of my rancor and woeful chance,
It were too long, — I have done therefor.
And of this flower I say no more
But unto my help her heart hath tended
And even from death her man defended."

"Ay, even from death," to myself I said;
For I thought of the day when she
Had borne him the news, at Roxbro' siege,
Of the fell confederacy.

But Death even then took aim as he sang
With an arrow deadly bright;
And the grinning skull lurked grimly aloof,
And the wings were spread far over the roof
More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the amorous song
Of Love's high pomp and state,
There were words of Fortune's trackless doom
And the dreadful face of Fate.

And oft have I heard again in dreams
The voice of dire appeal
In which the King then sang of the pit
That is under Fortune's wheel.

"And under the wheel beheld I there
An ugly Pit as deep as hell,
That to behold I quaked for fear:
And this I heard, that who therein fell
Came no more up, tidings to tell:
Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,
I wist not what to do for fright."

And oft has my thought called up again
These words of the changeful song:—
"Wist thou thy pain and thy travàil
To come, well might'st thou weep and wail!"
And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's end was all of his love;
And well his heart was graced
With her smiling lips and her tear-bright eyes
As his arm went round her waist.

And on the swell of her long fair throat
Close clung the necklet chain
As he bent her pearl-tired head aside,
And in the warmth of his love and pride
He kissed her lips full fain.

And her true face was a rosy red,
The very red of the rose
That, couched on the happy garden bed,
In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang so sweet through the song
Were in the look that met in their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer gate,
And the usher sought the King.
"The woman you met by the Scotish Sea,
My Liege, would tell you a thing;
And she says that her present need for speech
Will bear no gainsaying."

And the King said: "The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween."
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
"No word of this to the Queen."

But the usher came again to the King.
"Shall I call her back?" quoth he:
"For as she went on her way, she cried,
'Woe! Woe! then the thing must be!'"

And the King paused, but he did not speak.
Then he called for the Voidee cup:
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike,
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arrased wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall
Like specters sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove;
And as he stood by the fire
The King was still in talk with the Queen
While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the song had brought the image back
Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to head;
And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath
That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
And the King reared straight, but the Queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scotish Sea.

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will:
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

That room was built far out from the house;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Graeme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armèd men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
  And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
  And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale, pale Queen in his arms
  As the iron footsteps fell, —
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
  "Our bliss was our farewell!"

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
  And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood,—
  The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer: —
  "O Catherine, help!" she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
  Together side by side.
"Oh! even a King, for his people's sake,
  From treasonous death must hide!"

"For *her* sake most!" I cried, and I marked
  The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney nook
  I snatched and held to the King: —
"Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
  Shall yield safe harboring."

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
  The heavy heft did he take;
And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the open floor,
  Again I said, "For her sake!"

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will be done!"
  For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripped
  And toiled to smooth it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was
  Wherethro' the King might have fled:
But three days since close-walled had it been
By his will; for the ball would roll therein
  When without at the palm he played.)

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door,
And I to this will suffice!"
At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,
And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door;
But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
To the place of the hearthstone sill;
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion hold,
And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
The staple I made it pass: —
Alack! it was flesh and bone — no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fallen and lay,
Yet my sense was widely aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And lo! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes, —
For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and cried, —
"Now tell us, where is thy lord?"
And he held the sharp point over her heart:
She drooped not her eyes nor did she start,
But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true, true breast:
But it was the Graeme's own son
Cried, "This is a woman, — we seek a man!"
And away from her girdle zone
He struck the point of the murderous steel;
And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea,
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen
As I lay behind the door.

And I said: "Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
Of my place here lying low."

And she said, "My Catherine, God help thee!"
Then she looked to the distant floor,
And clasping her hands, "O God help *him*,"
She sobbed, "for we can no more!"

But God He knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or to die;
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
On earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And through the open door
The night wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark recess
Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams
The window high in the wall, —
Bright beams that on the plank that I knew
Through the painted pane did fall
And gleamed with the splendor of Scotland's crown
And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies,
And the climbing moon fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And naught remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armèd tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less: and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the spacé the Graeme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their swords;
And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
All smoking and smoldering;
And through the vapor and fire, beneath
In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high ro
They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
Who yet could do and dare:
With the crown, the King was stript away,—
The Knight was reft of his battle array,—
But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth,—
Sir John Hall was his name;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the vault
Beneath the torchlight flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
A man right manly strong,
And mightily by the shoulder blades
His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall,
Sprang down to work his worst;
And the King caught the second man by the neck
And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under him;
And a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands
When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their knives,
But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
Oh James! so armed, thou hadst battled there
Till help had come of thy bands;
And oh! once more thou hadst held our throne
And ruled thy Scotish lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still raged
With a heart that naught could tame,
Another man sprang down to the crypt;
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripped,
There stood Sir Robert Graeme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's heart
Who durst not face his King
Till the body unarmed was wearied out
With twofold combating!

Ah! well might the people sing and say,
As oft ye have heard aright: —
"*O Robert Graeme, O Robert Graeme,*
Who slew our King, God give thee shame!"
For he slew him not as a knight.)

And the naked King turned round at bay,
But his strength had passed the goal,
And he could but gasp: "Mine hour is come;
But oh! to succor thine own soul's doom,
Let a priest now shrive my soul!"

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength
And said: "Have I kept my word? —
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave?
No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have,
But the shrift of this red sword!"

With that he smote his King through the breast;
And all they three in the pen
Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him there
Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert Graeme,
Ere the King's last breath was o'er,
Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight
And would have done no more.

But a cry came from the troop above: —
"If him thou do not slay,
The price of his life that thou dost spare
Thy forfeit life shall pay!"

O God! what more did I hear or see,
Or how should I tell the rest?
But there at length our King lay slain
With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled; —

Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death gap
Somewise did I creep and steal;
And lo! or ever I swooned away,
Through the dusk I saw where the white face lay
In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scotish maids who have heard
Dread things of the days grown old,—
Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
May somewhat yet be told,
And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake
Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified;
And none could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and scepter in hand;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spanned.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt:
  And only to me some sign
She made; and save the priests that were there
  No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace;
  And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
  With news of the traitors snared.

And still as I told her day by day,
  Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace flame
  That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
  She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
  She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Graeme
  Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
  I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its end,
  And still was the death pall spread;
For she would not bury her slaughtered lord
  Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
  And of torments fierce and dire;
And naught she spake, — she had ceased to speak, —
  But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
  Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
  She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said, — "My King, they are dead!"
  And she knelt on the chapel floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile, —
  "James, James, they suffered more!"

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
  But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
  To winter of lifelong grief.

And "O James!" she said, — "My James!" she said, —
  "Alas for the woeful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
  Should needs be born a King!"

THE KING'S QUAIR (BOOK).

By JAMES I. of SCOTLAND.

[This is the poem Rossetti quotes from in "The King's Tragedy."]

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
  Despairëd of all joy and remedy,
For-tirëd of my thought and wo-begone,
  And to the window 'gan I walk on high,
  To see the world and folk that went forby,
As for the time though I of mirthès food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made fast by the Towerë's wall
  A garden fair, and in the cornerës set
An herbery green, with wandës long and small
  Railëd about and so with treës set
  Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was nonë walking there forby,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughës and the leavës green
  Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And middës every herbery might be seen
  The sharpë greenë sweetë juniper,
  Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That, as it seemëd to a life without,
The boughës spread the herbery all about.

And on the smallë greenë twistës sate
The little sweetë nightingale, and song
So loud and clear, the hymnës consecrate
Of lovës use, now soft now loud among,
That all the gardens and tne wallës rung
Right of their song, and on the cupel next
Of their sweet harmony, and lo the text: —

"Worship, ye that loverës been, this May,
For of your bliss the kalendës are begun,
And sing with us, away winter, away,
Come summer, come, the sweetë season and sun,
Awake, for shame! that have your heavenës won,
And amorously lift up your headës all,
Thank Love that list you to his mercy call."

When they this song had sung a little throw [space],
They stent a while, and therewith unafraid,
As I beheld, and cast mine eyne alow,
From bough to bough they hippëd and they played,
And freshly in their birdë's kind arrayed
Their featherës new, and fret them in the sun,
And thankëd Love, that had their matës won.

This was the plainë ditty of their note,
And therewithal unto myself I thought,
What love is this, that makës birdës dote?
What may this be, how cometh it of aught?
What needeth it to be so dear ybought?
It is nothing, trow I, but feignëd cheer,
And that one list to counterfeiten cheer.

Eft would I think, O Lord, what may this be?
That Love is of so noble might and kind,
Loving his folk, and such prosperity
Is it of him, as we in bookës find,
May be our heartës setten and unbind:
Hath he upon our heartës such maistry?
Or all this is but feignëd fantasy?

For gif he be of so great excellence,
That he of every wight hath cure and charge,
What have I guilt to him, or done offense
That I am thrall, and birdës go at large?
Since him to serve he might set my courage,
And, gif he be not so, then may I seyne [see]
What makës folk to jangle of him in vain?

Can I not ellës [else] find but gif that he
Belovd, and as a god, may live and reign,
To bind, and loose, and maken thrallës free,
Then would I pray his blissful grace benign
To hable [enable] me unto his service dign,
And evermore for to be one of tho
Him truly for to serve in weal and woe.

And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest youngë flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which suddain abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasëd there a lyte [little],
No wonder was; for why? my wittës all
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart become her thrall,
Forever of free will, for of manáce [pride]
There was no token in her sweetë face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eft soonës I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight more, but only women twain;
Then gan I study in myself and sayen,
Ah! sweet, are ye a worldly creäture,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of natúre?

Or are ye god Cupidë's own princesse?
And comen are to loose me out of band,
Or are ye very Nature the goddéss,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand
This garden full of flowerës, as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I minister to your excellence

Gif ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart;
Gif ye be worldly wight, that doth me sike [sigh],
Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely [simple] prisoner thus smart,
That lovës you all, and wot of naught but wo?
And therefore, merci, sweet! since it is so.

When I a little throw had made my moan,
Bewailing mine infortune and my chance,
Unknowing how or what was best to done,
So far I falling into lovë's dance,
That suddenly my wit, my countenance,
My heart, my will, my nature, and my mind,
Was changëd clean right in another kind.

* * * * * *

In her was youth, beautée, with humble port,
Bountée, richesse, and womanly faitúre,
God better wot than my pen can report;
Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning sure
In every point, so guided her measúre,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance.

Through which anon I knew and understood
Well that she was a worldly creäture,
On whom to rest mine eyë, so much good
It did my woful heart, I you assure
That it was to me joy without measúre,
And, at the last, my look unto the heaven
I threw forthwith, and said these verses [lines] seven:—

O Venus clear! of goddës stellifiëd,
To whom I yield homáge and sacrifice,
From this day forth your grace be magnifiëd,
That we receivëd have in such a wise,
To live under your law and your servise;
Now help me forth, and for your mercy lead
My heart to rest, that diës near for dread.

When I with good intent this orison
Thus ended had, I stint a little stound,
And eft mine eye full pitously adown
I cast, beholding unto her little hound,
That with his bellës playëd on the ground,
Then would I say, and sigh therewith a lite,
Ah! well were him that now were in thy plight!

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CORRESPONDENCE

(From the "Paston Letters.")

From a Wife to a Convalescent Husband.

Margaret Paston to John Paston.

(September 28, 1443.)

Right Worshipful Husband:

I recommend me to you, desiring heartily to hear of your welfare, thanking God of your amending of the great disease that ye have had; and I thank you for the letter ye sent me, for my troth my mother and I were naught in heart's ease for the time that we wost [knew] of your sickness till we wost verily of your amending. My mother behested [vowed] another image of wax of the weight of you to Our Lady of Walsingham, and she sent iiii nobles [about $6.50] to the iiii orders of Friars at Norwich to pray for you, and I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and to Saint Leonard's for you; by my troth I had never so heavy a season as I had from the time that I wost of your sickness till I wost of your amending, and sith [since then] my heart is in no great ease, nor naught shall be till I wot that ye be very hale. Your father and mine was this day seventh [a week ago] at Beccles for a matter of the Friar of Bromholme, and he lay at Gelderstone that night, and was there till it was nine of the clock, and the tother day. And I sent thither for a gown, and my mother said that I should have [none?] then, till I had been there anon, and so they could none get.

My father Garneys sent me word that he should be here the next week, and my emme [uncle] also, and play [entertain] them here with their hawks, and they should have me home with them; and so God help me, I shall excuse me of mine going thither if I may, for I suppose that I shall readilier have tidings from you here than I should have there. I shall send my mother a token that she took [brought] me, for I suppose the time is come that I should send [it] her, if I keep the behest that I have made; I suppose I have told you what it was. I pray you heartily that ye will vouchsafe to send me a letter as hastily as ye may, if writing be no disease [discomfort] to you, and that ye will vouchsafe to send me word how

your sore doeth. If I might have had my will, I should have seen you ere this time; I would ye were at home, if it were your ease, and your sore might be as well looked to here as it is where ye be, now lever [rather] thou a gown, though it were of scarlet. I pray you if your sore be whole, and so that ye may endure to ride, whem by father come to London, that he will ask leave, and come home when the horse shall be sent home again, for I hope ye should be kept as tenderly here as ye be in London.

I may not leisure have to do writing half a quarter so much as I should say to you if I might speak with you. I shall send you another letter as hastily as I may. I thank you that ye would vouchsafe to remember my girdle, and that ye would write to me at the time, for I suppose that writing was none ease to you. Almighty God have you in his keeping, and send you health.

Written at Onead, in right great haste, on St. Michael's Even.

Yours, M. Paston.

My mother greets you well, and sendeth you God's blessing and hers; and she prayeth you, and I pray you also, that ye be well dieted of meat and drink, for that is the greatest help that ye may have now to your health ward. Your son fareth well, blessed be God.

A Father's Farewell and Admonition.

The Duke of Suffolk to his Son.

(April 30, 1456.)

My Dear and only Well-beloved Son, I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the Maker of all the World, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love him and to dread him; to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with his great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that willingly ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease him. And thereas [whenever] any frailty maketh you to fall, be such his mercy soon to call you to him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend him.

Secondly, next him, above all earthly things, to be true liege man in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost [supreme] high and sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you, as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare and prosperity of his most royal person; but that as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway, as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write above, ask your advice and counsel; and doing this, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blest his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may by his grace from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to his service, in such wise as after the departing fro this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify him eternally, among his angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand,
The day of my departing fro this land.
Your true and loving father, SUFFOLK.

The Murder of the Duke of Suffolk.

William Lomner to John Paston.

(May 5, 1450.)

To My Right Worshipful John Paston, at Norwich:

Right Worshipful Sir: I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so wash this little bill[et] with sorrowful tears, that uneths [hardly] ye shall read it.

As on Monday next after May day there come tidings to London, that on Thursday before, the Duke of Suffolk come to the coasts of Kent full nearDover, with his ii. ships and a little spinner; the which spinner he sent with certain letters to certain of his trusted men unto Calais ward, to know how he should himself be received; and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower, with other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the Duke's coming. And when he espied the Duke's ships he sent forth his boat to wit what they were, and the Duke spoke to them and said he was by the king's commandment sent to Calais ward, etc.

And they said he must speak with their master. And so he, with ii. or iii. of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas; and when he come, the master bad him "Welcome Traitor," as men say; and further the master desired to wit if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday next following.

Some say he wrote much thing even to be delivered to the King, but that is not verily known. He had his confessor with him, etc.

And some say he was arraigned in the ship on their manner upon the appeachments and found guilty, etc.

Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it, he remembered Stacy that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower, he should be safe; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived, and in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat; and there was an ax, and a stock, and one of the lewdest [lowest] of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fair fared with, and die on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote

off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover; and some say his head was set on a pole by it, and his men set on the land by great circumstance and prey [with great formality and parade]. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under sheriff to the judges to wit what to do, and also to the King what shall be done.

Further I wot not, but thus far is that if the process be erroneous, let his council reverse it, etc.

Also for all your other matters they sleep, and the friar also, etc.

Sir Thomas Keriel is taken prisoner, and all the leg harness and about iii. m[l] [3000] Englishmen slain.

Matthew Gough with xvc. [1500] fled, and saved himself and them; and Peris Brusy was chief captain, and had x. m[l] [10,000] French men and more, etc.

I pray you let my mistress your mother know these tidings, and God have you all in his keeping.

I pray you this bill may recommend me to my mistresses your mother and wife, etc.

James Gresham hath written to John of Dam, and recommendeth him, etc.

Written in great haste at London, the v. day of May, etc.

By your wife, W. L.

[He had been Margaret Paston's amanuensis, and absent-mindedly signed as often before.]

An Episode of Jack Cade's Rebellion, 1450.

J. Payn to John Paston.

(A Reminiscence written in 1465.)

To my Right Honorable Master, John Paston:

Right honorable and my right entirely beloved master, I recommend me unto you, with all manner of due reverence, in the most lowly wise as we ought to do, evermore desiring to hear of your worshipful state, prosperity, and welfare; the which I beseech God of his abundant grace increase and maintain to his most pleasance, and to your heart's desire.

Pleaseth it your good and gracious mastership tenderly to consider the great losses and hurts that your poor petitioner

hath, and hath had ever sith the commons of Kent come to the Blackheath, and that is at xv. year passed, whereas my master Sir John Fastolf, Knight, that is your testator, commanded your beseecher to take a man and two of the best horse that were in his stable, with him to ride to the commons of Kent to get the articles [demands] that they come for. And so I did; and all so soon as I come to the Blackheath, the captain [Cade] made the commons to take me. And for the salvation of my master's horse, I made my fellow to ride away with the two horses; and I was brought forthwith before the captain of Kent. And the captain demanded me what was the cause of my coming thither, and why that I made my fellow to steal away with the horse. And I said that I come thither to cheer with my wife's brethren and other that were my allies and gossips of mine that were present there. And then was there one there and said to the captain that I was one of Sir John Fastolf's men, and the ii. horse were Sir John Fastolf's; and then the captain let cry treason upon me throughout all the field, and brought me at iiii. parts of the field with a herald of the Duke of Exeter before me in the duke's coat of arms, making iiii. *Oyes* at iiii. parts of the field; proclaiming that I was sent thither for to espy their puissance, and their habiliments of war, from the greatest traitor that was in England or in France, as the said captain made proclamation at that time, from one Sir John Fastolf, Knight, the which [di]minished all the garrisons of Normandy, and [Le] Mans, and Maine, the losing of all the king's title and right of an inheritance that he had beyond sea. And moreover he said that the said Sir John Fastolf had furnished his place with the old soldiers of Normandy and habiliments of war, to destroy the commons of Kent when that they come to Southwark; and therefore he said plainly that I should lose my head.

And so forthwith I was taken, and led to the captain's tent, and i. ax and i. block was brought forth to have smitten off mine head; and then my master Poynings, your brother [in-law] with other of my friends, come and letted [prevented] the captain, and said plainly that there should die a C. or ii. [a hundred or two] that in case be that I died; and so by that means my life was saved at that time. And then I was sworn to the captain, and to the commons, that I should go to Southwark, and array me in the best wise that I could, and come again to them to help them; and so I got the arti-

cles, and brought them to my master, and that cost me more amongst the commons that day than xxvii.*s.*

Whereupon I come to my Master Fastolf, and brought him the articles, and informed him of all the matter, and counseled him to put away all the habiliments of war and the old soldiers; and so he did, and went himself to the Tower, and all his meinie [household] with him but Betts and i. [one] Matthew Brayn; and had not I been, the commons would have burnt his place and all his tenuries, wherethrough it cost me of mine own proper goods at that time more than vi. marks [$20] in meat and drink; and notwithstanding, the captain that same time let take me at White Hart in Southwark, and there commanded Lovelace to despoil me out of mine array, and so he did. And there he took a fine gown of muster dewillers furred with fine beavers, and i. pair of brigandines [a coat of mail, breast and back] covered with blue velvet and gilt nails, with leg harness, the value of the gown and the brigandine viii.*l.*

Item, the captain sent certain of his meinie [retinue] to my chamber in your rents [buildings], and there broke up my chest, and took away one obligation of mine that was due unto me of xxxvii.*l.* by a priest of Paul's, and i. nother obligation of i. knight of x.*l.*, and my purse with v. rings of gold, and xvii.*s.* vi.*d.* of gold and silver; and i. harness complete of the touch [make] of Milan; and i. gown of fine perse blue furred with martens, and ii. gowns, one furred with bogey [budge] and i. nother lined with frieze; and there would have smitten off mine head, when that they had despoiled me at White Hart. And there my Master Poynings and my friends saved me, and so I was put up till at night that the battle was at London Bridge; and then at night the captain put me out into the battle at [the] Bridge, and there I was wounded, and hurt near hand at death; and there I was vi. hours in the battle, and might never come out thereof; and iiii. times before that time I was carried about through Kent and Sussex, and there they would have smitten off my head.

And in Kent, thereas my wife dwelled, they took away all our goods movable that we had, and there would have hanged my wife and v. of my children, and left her no more goods than her kirtle and her smock. And anon after that hurling [hurly-burly], the bishop Roffe [of Rochester] appeached me to the Queen, and so I was arrested by the Queen's command-

ment into the Marshalsea, and there was in right great duresse and fear of mine life, and was threatened to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered; and so would have made me to have peached my master Fastolf of treason. Any by cause that I would nôt, they had me up to Westminster, and there would have sent me to the jail house at Windsor; but my wife's and i. cousin of mine own that were yeomen of the Crown, they went to the King, and got grace and i. charter of pardon.

Per le vostre, J. PAYN.

WARWICK THE KINGMAKER, THE FUTURE EDWARD IV., AND LORD RIVERS.

William Paston to John Paston.

(January 28, 1460.)

TO HIS RIGHT WORSHIPFUL BROTHER, JOHN PASTON, be this letter delivered.

After due recommendation had, please you to wit that we came to London on the Tuesday by noon, next after our departure from Norwich, and sent our men to inquire after my Lord Chancellor and Master John Stokes and Malmesbury.

And as for my Lord Chancellor, he was departed from London, and was ridden to the King ii. days ere we were come to London; and as we understand, he hasted him to the King by cause of my Lord Rivers taking [being taken] at Sandwich, etc.

As to tidings, my Lord Rivers was brought to Calais, and before the Lords with viii.^{xx} [eight score] torches, and there my Lord of Salisbury rated him, calling him knave's son, that he should be [so] rude to call him and these other Lords traitors, for they shall be found the King's true liege men, when he should be found a traitor, etc. And my Lord of Warwick rated him, and said that his father was but a squire, and brought up with King Harry the Vth, and sithen [since then] himself made by marriage, and also made Lord, and that it was not his part to have such language of Lords being of the King's blood. And my Lord of March [afterwards Edward IV.] rated him in like wise. And Sir Antony [Widville, afterwards Earl Rivers and Edward IV.'s father-in-law] was rated for his language of all iii. Lords in like wise.

Item, the King cometh to London ward, and, as it is said, reareth [raises] the people as he come; but it is certain there be commissions made into divers shires that every man be

ready in his best array to come when the King send for them.

Item, my Lord Roos is come from Guisnes.

No more, but we pray to Jesu have you in his most merciful keeping. Amen.

Written at London the Monday next after Saint Paul's day.

Your brother, WILLIAM PASTON.

WARWICK THE KINGMAKER.

By CHARLES W. OMAN.

[CHARLES WILLIAM CHADWICK OMAN, historical scholar and writer, was born in India in 1860, and educated at Winchester School and at New College, Oxford. His massive work (only one volume yet published) is the "History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages" (1898); but he has written several excellent manuals and compendiums, of which the best are the "Life of Warwick," here excerpted (1891), and the "History of Europe, 476–918" (1893).]

THE SOIL FROM WHICH THE WARS OF THE ROSES GREW.

OF ALL the great men of action who since the Conquest have guided the course of English policy, it is probable that none is less known to the reader of history than Richard Neville Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. . . . For the Kingmaker, the man who for ten years was the first subject of the English Crown, and whose figure looms out with a vague grandeur even through the misty annals of the Wars of the Roses, no writer has spared a monograph. Every one, it is true, knows his name, but his personal identity is quite ungrasped. Nine persons out of ten if asked to sketch his character would find, to their own surprise, that they were falling back for their information to Lord Lytton's "Last of the Barons" or Shakespeare's "Henry the Sixth."

An attempt therefore, even an inadequate attempt, to trace out with accuracy his career and his habits of mind from the original authorities cannot fail to be of some use to the general reader as well as to the student of history. The result will perhaps appear meager to those who are accustomed to the biographies of the men of later centuries. We are curiously ignorant of many of the facts that should aid us to build up a picture of the man. No trustworthy representation of his bodily form exists. The day of portraits was not yet come; his monument

in Bisham Abbey has long been swept away ; no writer has even deigned to describe his personal appearance — we know not if he was dark or fair, stout or slim. At most we may gather from the vague phrases of the chroniclers, and from his quaint armed figure in the Rous Roll, that he was of great stature and breadth of limb. But perhaps the good Rous was thinking of his fame rather than his body, when he sketched the Earl in that quaint pictorial pedigree overtopping all his race save his cousin and king and enemy, Edward the Fourth.

But Warwick has only shared the fate of all his contemporaries. The men of the fifteenth century are far less well known to us than are their grandfathers or their grandsons. In the fourteenth century the chroniclers were still working on their old scale ; in the sixteenth the literary spirit had descended on the whole nation, and great men and small were writing hard at history as at every other branch of knowledge. But in the days of Lancaster and York the old fountains had run dry, and the new flood of the Renaissance had not risen. The materials for reconstructing history are both scanty and hard to handle. . . .

The whole picture of the times is very depressing on the moral if not on the material side. There are few more pitiful episodes in history than the whole tale of the reign of Henry the Sixth, the most unselfish and well-intentioned king that ever sat upon the English throne — a man of whom not even his enemies and oppressors could find an evil word to say ; the troubles came, as they confessed, "all because of his false lords, and never of him." We feel that there must have been something wrong with the heart of a nation that could see unmoved the meek and holy King torn from wife and child, sent to wander in disguise up and down the kingdom for which he had done his poor best, and finally doomed to pine for five years a prisoner in the fortress where he had so long held his royal Court. Nor is our first impression concerning the demoralization of England wrong. Every line that we read bears home to us more and more the fact that the nation had fallen on evil times.

First and foremost among the causes of its moral deterioration was the wretched French War, a war begun in the pure spirit of greed and ambition, — there was not even the poor excuse that had existed in the time of Edward the Third — carried on by the aid of hordes of debauched foreign mercenaries (after Henry the Fifth's death the native English seldom

formed more than a third of any host that took the field in France), and persisted in long after it had become hopeless, partly from misplaced national pride, partly because of the personal interests of the ruling classes. Thirty-five years of a war that was as unjust as it was unfortunate had both soured and demoralized the nation. England was full of disbanded soldiers of fortune; of knights who had lost the ill-gotten lands across the Channel, where they had maintained a precarious lordship in the days of better fortune; of castellans and governors whose occupation was gone; of hangers-on of all sorts who had once maintained themselves on the spoils of Normandy and Guienne. Year after year men and money had been lavished on the war to no effect; and when the final catastrophe came, and the fights of Formigny and Chatillon ended the chapter of our disasters, the nation began to cast about for a scapegoat on whom to lay the burden of its failures.

The real blame lay on the nation itself, not on any individual; and the real fault that had been committed was not the mismanagement of an enterprise which presented any hopes of success, but a wrong-headed persistence in an attempt to conquer a country which was too strong to be held down. However, the majority of the English people chose to assume firstly that the war with France might have been conducted to a prosperous issue, and secondly that certain particular persons were responsible for its having come to the opposite conclusion. At first the unfortunate Suffolk and Somerset had the responsibility laid upon them. A little later the outcry became more bold and fixed upon the Lancastrian dynasty itself as being to blame not only for disaster abroad, but for the "want of governance" at home. If King Henry had understood the charge, and possessed the wit to answer it, he might fairly have replied that his subjects must fit the burden upon their own backs, not upon his. The war had been weakly conducted, it was true; but weakly because the men and money for it were grudged. The England that could put one hundred thousand men into the field in a civil broil at Towton sent four thousand to fight the decisive battle at Formigny that settled our fate in Normandy.

At home the bulwarks of social order seemed crumbling away. Private wars, riot, open highway robbery, murder, abduction, armed resistance to the law, prevailed on a scale that had been unknown since the troublous times of Edward the

Second — we might almost say since the evil days of Stephen. But it was not the Crown alone that should have been blamed for the state of the realm. The nation had chosen to impose over-stringent constitutional checks on the kingly power before it was ripe for self-government, and the Lancastrian house sat on the throne because it had agreed to submit to those checks. If the result of the experiment was disastrous, both parties to the contract had to bear their share of the responsibility. But a nation seldom allows that it has been wrong ; and Henry of Windsor had to serve as scapegoat for all the misfortunes of the realm, because Henry of Bolingbroke had committed his descendants to the unhappy compact.

Want of a strong central government was undoubtedly the complaint under which England was laboring in the middle of the fifteenth century, and all the grievances against which outcry was made were but symptoms of one latent disease.

Ever since the death of Henry the Fifth the internal government of the country had been steadily going from bad to worse. The mischief had begun in the young King's earliest years. The Council of Regency that ruled in his name had from the first proved unable to make its authority felt as a single individual ruler might have done. With the burden of the interminable French War weighing upon their backs, and the divisions caused by the quarrels of Beaufort and Gloucester dividing them into factions, the councilors had not enough attention to spare for home government. As early as 1428 we find them, when confronted by the outbreak of a private war in the north, endeavoring to patch up the quarrel by arbitration instead of punishing the offenders on each side. Accounts of riotous assemblages in all parts of the country, of armed violence at parliamentary elections, of party fights in London at Parliament time — like that which won for the meeting of 1426 the name of the Parliament of Bats (bludgeons) — grow more and more common. We even find treasonable insurrection appearing in the strange obscure rising of the political Lollards under Jack Sharp in 1431, an incident which shows how England was on the verge of bloodshed twenty years before the final outbreak of civil war was to take place.

But all these public troubles would have been of comparatively small importance if the heart of the nation had been sound. The phenomenon which makes the time so depressing is the terrible decay in private morals since the previous century.

A steady deterioration is going on through the whole period, till at its end we find hardly a single individual in whom it is possible to interest ourselves, save an occasional Colet or Caxton, who belongs in spirit, if not date, to the oncoming renascence of the next century. There is no class or caste in England which comes well out of the scrutiny. The church, which had served as the conscience of the nation in better times, had become dead to spiritual things; it no longer produced either men of saintly life or learned theologians or patriotic statesmen. In its corporate capacity it had grown inertly orthodox. Destitute of any pretense of spiritual energy, yet showing a spirit of persecution such as it had never displayed in earlier centuries, its sole activity consisted in hunting to the stake the few men who displayed any symptoms of thinking for themselves in matters of religion. So great was the deadness of the Church that it was possible to fall into trouble, like Bishop Pecock, not for defending Lollardry, but for showing too much originality in attacking it. Individually the leading churchmen of the day were politicians and nothing more, nor were they as a rule politicians of the better sort; for one like Beaufort, who was at any rate consistent and steadfast, there were many Bourchiers and George Nevilles and Beauchamps, who merely sailed with the wind and intrigued for their own fortunes or those of their families.

Of the English baronage of the fifteenth century we shall have so much to say in future chapters that we need not here enlarge on its characteristics. Grown too few and too powerful, divided into a few rival groups, whose political attitude was settled by a consideration of family grudges and interests rather than by any grounds of principle, or patriotism, or loyalty, they were as unlike their ancestors of the days of John or Edward the First as their ecclesiastical contemporaries were unlike Langton or even Winchelsey. The baronage of England had often been unruly, but it had never before developed the two vices which distinguished it in the times of the Two Roses — a taste for indiscriminate bloodshed and a turn for rapid political apostasy. To put prisoners to death by torture as did Tiptoft Earl of Worcester, to desert to the enemy in the midst of battle like Lord Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton, or Stanley at Bosworth, had never before been the custom of England. It is impossible not to recognize in such traits the results of the French War. Twenty years spent in contact with French

factions, and in command of the godless mercenaries who formed the bulk of the English armies, had taught our nobles lessons of cruelty and faithlessness such as they had not before imbibed. Their demoralization had been displayed in France long ere the outbreak of civil war caused it to manifest itself at home.

But if the Church was effete and the baronage demoralized, it might have been thought that England should have found salvation in the sound-heartedness of her gentry and her burgesses. Unfortunately such was not to be the case. Both of these classes were growing in strength and importance during the century, but when the times of trouble came they gave no signs of aspiring to direct the destinies of the nation. The House of Commons, which should as representing those classes, have gone on developing its privileges, was, on the contrary, thrice as important in the reign of Henry the Fourth as in that of Edward the Fourth. The knights and squires showed on a smaller scale all of the vices of the nobility. Instead of holding together and maintaining a united loyalty to the Crown, they bound themselves by solemn sealed bonds and the reception of "liveries" each to the baron whom he preferred. This fatal system, by which the smaller landholder agreed on behalf of himself and his tenants to follow his greater neighbor in peace and war, had ruined the military system of England, and was quite as dangerous as the ancient feudalism. The salutary old usage, by which all freemen who were not tenants of a lord served under the sheriff in war, and not under the banner of any of the baronage, had long been forgotten. Now, if all the gentry of a county were bound by these voluntary indentures to serve some great lord, there was no national force in that county on which the Crown could count, for the yeoman followed the knight as the knight followed the baron.

If the gentry constituted themselves the voluntary followers of the baronage, and aided their employers to keep England unhappy, the class of citizens and burgesses took a very different line of conduct. If not actively mischievous, they were sordidly inert. They refused to entangle themselves in politics at all. They submitted impassively to each ruler in turn, when they had ascertained that their own persons and property were not endangered by so doing. A town, it has been remarked, seldom or never stood a siege during the Wars of the Roses, for no town ever refused to open its gates to any commander with an adequate force who asked for entrance.

If we find a few exceptions to the rule, we almost always learn that entrance was denied not by the citizens, but by some garrison of the opposite side which was already within the walls. Loyalty seems to have been as wanting among the citizens as among the barons of England. If they generally showed some slight preference for York rather than for Lancaster, it was not on any moral or sentimental ground, but because the house of Lancaster was known by experience to be weak in enforcing "good governance," and the house of York was pledged to restore the strength of the Crown and to secure better times for trade than its rival.

Warwick was a strong man, born at the commencement of Henry the Sixth's unhappy minority, whose coming of age coincided with the outburst of national rage caused by the end of the disastrous French War, whose birth placed him at the head of one of the great factions in the nobility, whose strength of body and mind enabled him to turn that headship to full account. How he dealt with the problems which inevitable necessity laid before him we shall endeavor to relate.

The Battle of Barnet and Warwick's Death.

The Easter morning dawned dim and gray; a dense fog had rolled up from the valley, and the two hosts could see no more of each other than on the previous night. Only the dull sound of unseen multitudes told each that the other was still before them in position.

Of the two armies each, so far as we can judge, must have numbered some twenty-five thousand men. It is impossible in the conflict of evidence to say which was the stronger, but there cannot have been any great difference in force. Each had drawn itself up in the normal order of a mediæval army, with a central main battle, the van and rear ranged to its right and left, and a small reserve held back behind the center. Both sides, too, had dismounted nearly every man, according to the universal practice of the English in the fifteenth century. Even Warwick himself, — whose wont it had been to lead his first line to the charge, and then to mount and place himself at the head of the reserve, ready to deliver the final blow, — on this one occasion sent his horse to the rear and fought on foot all day. He wished to show his men that this was no common battle, but that

he was risking life as well as lands and name and power in their company.

In the Earl's army Montagu and Oxford, with their men from the North and East, held the right wing; Somerset with his West-Country archery and billmen formed the center; Warwick himself with his own Midland retainers had the left wing; with him was his old enemy Exeter, — his unwilling partner in the famous procession of 1457, his adversary at sea in the spring of 1460. Here and all down the line the old Lancastrians and the partisans of Warwick were intermixed; the Cresset of the Hollands stood hard by the Ragged Staff; the Dun Bull of Montagu and the Radiant Star of the De Veres were side by side. We cannot doubt that many a look was cast askance at new friends who had so long been old foes, and that the suspicion of possible treachery must have been present in every breast.

Edward's army was drawn up in a similar order. Richard of Gloucester commanded the right wing; he was but eighteen, but his brother had already learnt to trust much to his zeal and energy. The King himself headed Clarence's men in the center; he was determined to keep his shifty brother at his side, lest he might repent at the eleventh hour of his treachery to his father-in-law. Hastings led the rear battle on the left.

The armies were too close to each other to allow of maneuvering; the men rose from the muddy ground on which they had lain all night, and dressed their line where they stood. But the night had led King Edward astray; he had drawn up his host so as to overlap the Earl's extreme left, while he opposed nothing to his extreme right. Gloucester in the one army and Montagu and Oxford in the other had each the power of outflanking and turning the wing opposed to them. The first glimpse of sunlight would have revealed these facts to both armies had the day been fair; but in the dense fog neither party had perceived as yet its advantage or its danger. It was not till the lines met that they made out each other's strength and position.

Between four and five o clock, in the first gray of the dawning, the two hosts felt their way towards each other; each side could at last descry the long line of bills and bows opposed to it, stretching right and left till it was lost in the mist. For a time the archers and the bombards of the two parties played their part; then the two lines rolled closer, and met from end

to end all along Gladsmore Heath. The first shock was more favorable to Warwick than to the King. At the east end of the line, indeed, the Earl himself was outflanked by Gloucester, forced to throw back his wing, and compelled to yield ground towards his center. But at the other end of the line the Yorkists suffered a far worse disaster; Montagu and Oxford not only turned Hastings' flank, but rolled up his line, broke it, and chased it right over the heath, and down toward Barnet town. Many of the routed troops fled as far as London ere they stopped, spreading everywhere the news that the King was slain and the cause of York undone. But the defeat of Edward's left wing had not all the effect that might have been expected. Owing to the fog it was unnoticed by the victorious right, and even by the center, where the King and Clarence were now hard at work with Somerset, and gaining rather than losing ground. No panic spread down the line, "for no man was in anything discouraged, because, saving a few that stood nearest to them, no man wist of the rout: also the other party by the same flight and chase were never the greatlier encouraged." Moreover, the victorious troops threw away their chance; instead of turning to aid his hard-pressed comrades, Oxford pursued recklessly, cutting down the flying enemy for a mile, even into the streets of Barnet. Consequently he and his men lost themselves in the fog; many were scattered; the rest collected themselves slowly, and felt their way back towards the field, guiding themselves by the din that sounded down from the hillside. Montagu appears not to have gone so far in pursuit; he must have retained part of his wing with him, and would seem to have used it to strengthen his brother's hard-pressed troops on the left.

But meanwhile King Edward himself was gaining ground in the center; his own column, as the Yorkist chronicler delights to record, "beat and bare down all that stood in his way, and then turned to range, first on that hand and then on the other hand, and in length so beat and bare them down that nothing might stand in the sight of him and of the well-assured fellowship that attended truly upon him." Somerset, in short, was giving way; in a short time the Lancastrian center would be broken.

At this moment, an hour after the fight had begun, Oxford and his victorious followers came once more upon the scene. Lost in the fog, they appeared, not where they might have been

expected, on Edward's rear, but upon the left rear of their own center. They must have made a vast detour in the darkness.

Now came the fatal moment of the day. Oxford's men, whose banners and armor bore the Radiant Star of the De Veres, were mistaken by their comrades for a flanking column of Yorkists. In the mist their badge had been taken for the Sun with Rays, which was King Edward's cognizance. When they came close to their friends they received a sharp volley of arrows, and were attacked by Warwick's last reserves. This mistake had the most cruel results. The old and the new Lancastrians had not been without suspicions of each other. Assailed by his own friends, Oxford thought that some one — like Grey de Ruthyn at Northampton — had betrayed the cause. Raising the cry of treason, he and all his men fled northward from the field.

The fatal cry ran down the laboring lines of Warwick's army and wrecked the whole array. The old Lancastrians made up their minds that Warwick — or at least his brother the Marquis, King Edward's ancient favorite — must have followed the example of the perjured Clarence. Many turned their arms against the Nevilles, and the unfortunate Montagu was slain by his own allies in the midst of the battle. Many more fled without striking another blow; among these was Somerset, who had up to this moment fought manfully against King Edward in the center.

Warwick's wing still held its ground, but at last the Earl saw that all was lost. His brother was slain; Exeter had been struck down at his side; Somerset and Oxford were in flight. He began to draw back toward the line of thickets and hedges which had lain behind his army. But there the fate met him that had befallen so many of his enemies, at St. Albans and Northampton, at Towton and Hexham. His heavy armor made rapid flight impossible; and in the edge of Wrotham Wood he was surrounded by the pursuing enemy, wounded, beaten down, and slain.

The plunderers stripped the fallen; but King Edward's first desire was to know if the Earl was dead. The field was carefully searched, and the corpses of Warwick and Montagu were soon found. Both were carried to London, where they were laid on the pavement of St. Paul's, stripped to the breast, and exposed three days to the public gaze, "to the intent that the

people should not be abused by feigned tales, else the rumor should have been sowed about that the Earl was yet alive."

After lying three days on the stones, the bodies were given over to George Neville the Archbishop, who had them both borne to Bisham, and buried in the abbey, hard by the tombs of their father Salisbury and their ancestors the Earls of the house of Montacute. All alike were swept away, together with the roof that covered them, by the Vandalism of the Edwardian reformers, and not a trace remains of the sepulcher of the two unquiet brothers.

Thus ended Richard Neville in the forty-fourth year of his age, slain by the sword in the sixteenth year since he had first taken it up at the Battle of St. Albans. Fortune, who had so often been his friend, had at last deserted him; for no reasonable prevision could have foreseen the series of chances which ended in the disaster of Barnet. Montagu's irresolution and Clarence's treachery were not the only things that had worked against him. If the winds had not been adverse, Queen Margaret, who had been lying on the Norman coast since the first week in March, would have been in London long before Edward arrived, and could have secured the city with the three thousand men under Wenlock, Langstrother, and John Beaufort whom her fleet carried. But for five weeks the wind blew from the north and made the voyage impossible; on Good Friday only did it turn and allow the Queen to sail. It chanced that the first ship, which came to land in Portsmouth harbor the very morning of Barnet, carried among others the Countess of Warwick; at the same moment that she was setting her foot on shore her husband was striking his last blows on Gladsmore Heath. Nor was it only from France that aid was coming; there were reinforcements gathering in the North, and the Kentishmen were only waiting for a leader. Within a few days after Warwick's death the Bastard of Fauconbridge had mustered seventeen thousand men at Canterbury in King Henry's name. If Warwick could have avoided fighting, he might have doubled his army in a week, and offered the Yorkists battle under far more favorable conditions. The wrecks of the party were strong enough to face the enemy on almost equal terms at Tewkesbury, even when their head was gone. The stroke of military genius which made King Edward compel the Earl to fight, by placing his army so close that no retreat was possible from the position of Barnet, was the proximate cause of War-

wick's ruin ; but in all the rest of the campaign it was fortune rather than skill which fought against the Earl. His adversary played his dangerous game with courage and success; but if only ordinary luck had ruled, Edward must have failed; the odds against him were too many.

But fortune interposed and Warwick fell. For England's sake perhaps it was well that it should be so. If he had succeeded, and Edward had been driven once more from the land, we may be sure that the Wars of the Roses would have dragged on for many another year; the house of York had too many heirs and too many followers to allow of its dispossession without a long time of further trouble. The cause of Lancaster, on the other hand, was bound up in a single life ; when Prince Edward fell in the Bloody Meadow, as he fled from the field of Tewkesbury, the struggle was ended perforce, for no one survived to claim his rights. Henry of Richmond, whom an unexpected chance ultimately placed on the throne, was neither in law nor in fact the real heir of the house of Lancaster. On the other hand, Warwick's success would have led, so far as we can judge, first to a continuance of civil war, then, if he had ultimately been successful in rooting out the Yorkists, to a protracted political struggle between the house of Neville and the old Lancastrian party headed by the Beauforts and probably aided by the Queen ; for it is doubtful how far the marriage of Prince Edward and Anne Neville would ever have served to reconcile two such enemies as the Earl and Margaret of Anjou. If Warwick had held his own, and his abilities and his popularity combined to make it likely, his victory would have meant the domination of a family group—a form of government which no nation has endured for long. At the best, the history of the last thirty years of the fifteenth century in England would have been a tale resembling that of the days when the house of Douglas struggled with the crown of Scotland, or the Guises with the rulers of France.

Yet for Warwick as a ruler there would have been much to be said. To a king of the type of Henry the Sixth the Earl would have made a perfect minister and vicegerent, if only he could have been placed in the position without a preliminary course of bloodshed and civil war. The misfortune for England was that his lot was cast not with Henry the Sixth, but with strong-willed, hot-headed, selfish Edward the Fourth.

The two prominent features in Warwick's character which made him a leader of men were not those which might have been expected in a man born and reared in his position. The first was an inordinate love of the activity of business; the second was a courtesy and affability which made him the friend of all men save the one class he could not brook — the "made lords," the parvenu nobility which Edward the Fourth delighted to foster.

Of these characteristics it is impossible to exaggerate the strength of the first. Warwick's ambition took the shape of a devouring love of work of all kinds. Prominent though he was as a soldier, his activity in war was only one side of his passionate desire to manage well and thoroughly everything that came to his hand. He never could cease for a moment to be busy; from the first moment when he entered into official harness in 1455 down to the day of his death, he seems hardly to have rested for a moment. The energy of his soul took him into every employment — general, admiral, governor, judge, councilor, ambassador, as the exigencies of the moment demanded; he was always moving, always busy, and never at leisure. When the details of his life are studied, the most striking point is to find how seldom he was at home, how constantly away at public service. His castles and manors saw comparatively little of him. It was not at Warwick or Amesbury, at Caerphilly or Middleham, that he was habitually to be found, but in London, or Calais, or York, or on the Scotch Border. It was not that he neglected his vassals and retainers, — the loyalty with which they rallied to him on every occasion is sufficient evidence to the contrary, — but he preferred to be a great minister and official, not merely a great baron and feudal chief.

In this sense, then, it is most deceptive to call Warwick the Last of the Barons. Vast though his strength might be as the greatest landholder in England, it was as a statesman and administrator that he left his mark on the age. He should be thought of as the forerunner of Wolsey rather than as the successor of Robert of Belesme, or the Bohuns and Bigods. That the world remembers him as a turbulent noble is a misfortune. Such a view is only drawn from a hasty survey of the last three or four years of his life, when under desperate provocation he was driven to use for personal ends the vast feudal power that

lay ready to his hand. If he had died in 1468, he would be remembered in history as an able soldier and statesman, who with singular perseverance and consistency devoted his life to consolidating England under the house of York.

After his restless activity, Warwick's most prominent characteristic was his geniality. No statesman was ever so consistently popular with the mass of the nation, through all the alternations of good and evil fortune. This popularity the Earl owed to his unswerving courtesy and affability; "he ever had the good voice of the people, because he gave them fair words, showing himself easy and familiar," says the chronicler. Wherever he was well known he was well liked. His own Yorkshire and Midland vassals, who knew him as their feudal lord, the seamen who had served under him as admiral, the Kentishmen who saw so much of him while he was captain of Calais, were all his unswerving followers down to the day of his death. The Earl's boundless generosity, the open house which he kept for all who had any claim on him, the zeal with which he pushed the fortunes of his dependents, will only partially explain his popularity. As much must be ascribed to his genial personality as to the trouble which he took to court the people. His whole career was possible because the majority of the nation not only trusted and respected but honestly liked him. This it was which explains the "kingmaking" of his later years. Men grew so accustomed to follow his lead that they would even acquiesce when he transferred his allegiance from King Edward to King Henry. It was not because he was the greatest landholder of England that he was able to dispose of the crown at his good will; but because, after fifteen years of public life, he had so commended himself to the majority of the nation that they were ready to follow his guidance even when he broke with all his earlier associations.

But Warwick was something more than active, genial, and popular; nothing less than first-rate abilities would have sufficed to carry him through his career. On the whole, it was as a statesman that he was most fitted to shine. His power of managing men was extraordinary; even King Louis of France, the hardest and most unemotional of men, seems to have been amenable to his influence. He was as successful with men in the mass as with individuals; he could sway a parliament or an army with equal ease to his will. How far he surpassed

the majority of his contemporaries in political prescience is shown by the fact that, in spite of Yorkist traditions, he saw clearly that England must give up her ancient claims on France, and continually worked to reconcile the two countries.

In war Warwick was a commander of ability; good for all ordinary emergencies where courage and a cool head would carry him through, but not attaining the heights of military genius displayed by his pupil Edward. His battles were fought in the old English style of Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth, by lines of archery flanked by clumps of billmen and dismounted knights. He is found employing both cannon and hand-gun men, but made no decisive or novel use of either, except in the case of his siege artillery in the campaign of 1464. Nor did he employ cavalry to any great extent; his men dismounted to fight like their grandfathers at Agincourt, although the power of horsemen had again revindicated itself on the Continent. The Earl was a cool and capable commander; he was not one of the hot-headed feudal chiefs who strove to lead every charge. It was his wont to conduct his first line to the attack and then to retire and take command of the reserve, with which he delivered his final attack in person. This caution led some contemporary critics, especially Burgundians who contrasted his conduct with the headlong valor of Charles the Rash, to throw doubts on his personal courage. The sneer was ridiculous. The man who was first into the High Street at St. Albans, who fought through the ten hours of Towton, and won a name by his victories at sea in an age when sea fights were carried on by desperate hand-to-hand attempts to board, might afford to laugh at any such criticism. If he fell at Barnet "somewhat flying," as the Yorkist chronicler declares, he was surely right in endeavoring to save himself for another field; he knew that one lost battle would not wreck his cause, while his own life was the sole pledge of the union between the Lancastrian party and the majority of the nation.

Brave, courteous, liberal, active, and able, a generous lord to his followers, an untiring servant to the commonweal, Warwick had all that was needed to attract the homage of his contemporaries: they called him, as the Kentish ballad monger sang, "a very noble knight, the flower of manhood." But it

is only fair to record that he bore in his character the fatal marks of the two sins which distinguished the English nobles of his time. Occasionally he was reckless in bloodshedding. Once in his life he descended to the use of a long and deliberate course of treason and treachery.

In the first-named sin Warwick had less to reproach himself with than most of his contemporaries. He never authorized a massacre, or broke open a sanctuary, or entrapped men by false pretenses in order to put them to death. In battle, too, he always bid his men to spare the Commons. Moreover, some of his crimes of bloodshed are easily to be palliated: Mundeford and the other captains whom he beheaded at Calais had broken their oath of loyalty to him; the Bastard of Exeter, whom he executed at York, had been the prime agent in the murder of his father. The only wholly unpardonable act of the Earl was his slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts in 1469. They had been his bitter enemies, it is true; but to avenge political rivalries with the ax, without any legal form of trial, was unworthy of the high reputation which Warwick had up to that moment enjoyed. It increases rather than lessens the sum of his guilt to say that he did not publicly order their death, but allowed them to be executed by rebels whom he had roused and might as easily have quieted.

But far worse, in a moral aspect, than the slaying of the Woodvilles and Herberts, was the course of treachery and deceit that had preceded it. That the Earl had been wantonly insulted by his thankless master in a way that would have driven even one of milder mood to desperation, we have stated elsewhere. An ideally loyal man might have borne the King's ingratitude in silent dignity, and forsworn the Court forever: a hot-headed man might have burst out at once into open rebellion; but Warwick did neither. When his first gust of wrath had passed, he set himself to seek revenge by secret treachery. He returned to the Court, was superficially reconciled to his enemies, and bore himself as if he had forgotten his wrongs. Yet all the while he was organizing an armed rising to sweep the Woodvilles and Herberts away, and to coerce the King into subjection to his will. The plan was as unwise as it was unworthy. Although Warwick's treason was for the moment entirely successful, it made any confidence between himself and his master impossible for the future. At

the earliest opportunity Edward revenged himself on Warwick with the same weapons that had been used against himself, and drove the Earl into exile.

There is nothing in Warwick's subsequent reconciliation with the Lancastrians which need call up our moral indignation. It was the line of conduct which forced him into that connection that was evil, not the connection itself. There is no need to reproach him for changing his allegiance; no other course was possible to him in the circumstances. The King had cast him off, not he the King. When he transferred his loyalty to the house of Lancaster, he never swerved again. All the offers which Edward made to him after his return in 1471 were treated with contempt. Warwick was not the man to sell himself to the highest bidder.

If then Warwick was once in his life driven into treachery and bloodthirsty revenge, we must set against his crime his fifteen long years of honest and consistent service to the cause he had made his own, and remember how dire was the provocation which drove him to betray it. Counting his evil deeds of 1469–1470 at their worst, he will still compare not unfavorably with any other of the leading Englishmen of his time. Even in that demoralized age his sturdy figure stands out in not unattractive colors. Born in a happier generation, his industry and perseverance, his courage and courtesy, his liberal hand and generous heart, might have made him not only the idol of his followers, but the bulwark of the commonwealth. Cast into the godless times of the Wars of the Roses, he was doomed to spend in the cause of a faction the abilities that were meant to benefit a whole nation; the selfishness, the cruelty, the political immorality of the age, left their mark on his character; his long and honorable career was at last stained by treason, and his roll of successes terminated by a crushing defeat. Even after his death his misfortune has not ended. Popular history has given him a scanty record merely as the Kingmaker or the Last of the Barons, as a selfish intriguer or a turbulent feudal chief; and for four hundred and ten years he has lacked even the doubtful honor of a biography.

IN THE GENERATION BEFORE ERASMUS.

By CHARLES READE.

(From "The Cloister and the Hearth.")

[CHARLES READE: A distinguished English novelist, born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died at London, April 11, 1884. He graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford (1835); was elected to a Vinerian fellowship (1842); and was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn (1847). He made his début as a novelist with "Peg Woffington" (1852), which had an immediate success. His subsequent works include: "Christie Johnstone"; "It is Never Too Late to Mend"; "Love me Little, Love me Long"; "The Cloister and the Hearth," a powerful historical novel; "Hard Cash"; "Griffith Gaunt"; "Foul Play"; "Put Yourself in his Place." Among his plays are: "Masks and Faces" (with Tom Taylor); "Drink," an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir"; and dramatizations of some of his own novels.]

GERARD found the surly innkeepers licked the very ground before him now; nor did a soul suspect the hosier's son in the Count's feathers, nor the Count in the minstrel's weeds. This seems to have surprised him; for he enlarged on it with the naïveté and pomposity of youth. At one place, being humbly requested to present the inn with his armorial bearings, he consented loftily; but painted them himself, to mine host's wonder, who thought he lowered himself by handling brush. The true Count stood grinning by, and held the paint-pot, while the sham Count painted a shield with three red herrings under a sort of Maltese cross made with two ell-measures. At first his plebeian servants were insolent. But, this coming to the notice of his noble one, he forgot what he was doing penance for, and drew his sword to cut off their ears, heads included. But Gerard interposed and saved them, and rebuked the Count severely. And finally they all understood one another, and the superior mind obtained its natural influence. He played the barbarous noble of that day vilely; for his heart would not let him be either tyrannical or cold. He tried to make them all happier than he was; held them ravished with stories and songs, and set Herr Penitent & Co. dancing with his whistle and psaltery.

GERARD'S DIARY.

"This first day of January I observed a young man of the country to meet a strange maiden, and kissed his hand, and

then held it out to her. She took it with a smile, and lo! acquaintance made; and babbled like old friends. Greeting so pretty and delicate I ne'er did see. Yet were they both of the baser sort. So the next lass I saw a coming, I said to my servant lord: 'For further penance bow thy pride, go meet yon base-born girl; kiss thy homicidal hand, and give it her, and hold her in discourse as best ye may.' And my noble servant said humbly, 'I shall obey my lord.' And we drew rein and watched while he went forward, kissed his hand, and held it out to her. Forthwith she took it smiling, and was most affable with him, and he with her. Presently came up a band of her companions. So this time I bade him doff his bonnet to them, as though they were empresses; and he did so. And lo! the lasses drew up as stiff as hedge stakes, and moved not nor spake."

Denys — "Aie! aie! aie! Pardon, the company."

"This surprised me none; for so they did discountenance poor Denys. And that whole day I wore in experimenting these German lasses; and 'twas still the same. An ye doff bonnet to them they stiffen into statues; distance for distance. But accost them with honest freedom, and with that customary, and, though rustical, most gracious proffer of the kissed hand, and they withhold neither their hands in turn nor their acquaintance in an honest way. Seeing which I vexed myself that Denys was not with us to prattle with them; he is so fond of women." ("Are you fond of women, Denys?") And the reader opened two great violet eyes upon him with gentle surprise.

Denys — "Ahem! He says so, she-comrade. By Hannibal's helmet 'tis their fault, not mine. They *will* have such soft voices, and white skins, and sunny hair, and dark blue eyes, and ——"

Margaret [*reading suddenly*] — "Which their affability I put to profit thus. I asked them how they made shift to grow roses in yule. For know, dear Margaret, that throughout Germany the baser sort of lasses wear for headdress naught but a 'crantz,' or wreath of roses, encircling their bare hair, as laurel Cæsar's; and though of the worshipful scorned, yet is braver, I wist, to your eye and mine which painters be, though sorry ones, than the gorgeous, uncouth, mechanical head gear of the time, and adorns, not hides, her hair, that goodly ornament fitted to her head by craft divine. So the

good lasses, being questioned close, did let me know the rose-buds are cut in summer and laid then in great clay pots, thus ordered: first bay salt, then a row of buds, and over that row bay salt sprinkled; then another row of buds placed cross-wise; for they say it is death to the buds to touch one another; and so on, buds and salt in layers. Then each pot is covered and soldered tight, and kept in cool cellar. And on Saturday night the master of the house, or mistress, if master be none, opens a pot, and doles the rosebuds out to every female in the house, high or low, without grudge; then solders it up again. And such as of these buds would full-blown roses make put them in warm water a little space, or else in the stove, and then with tiny brush and soft, wetted in Rhenish wine, do coax them till they ope their folds. And some perfume them with rose water. For, alack! their smell it is fled with the summer; and only their fair bodyes lie withouten soul, in tomb of clay, awaiting resurrection.

"And some with the roses and buds mix nutmegs gilded, but not by my good will; for gold, brave in itself, cheek by jowl with roses, is but yellow earth. And it does the eye's heart good to see these fair heads of hair come, blooming with roses, over snowy roads, and by snow-capped hedges, setting winter's beauty by the side of summer's glory. For what so fair as winter's lilies, snow yclept, and what so brave as roses? And shouldst have had a picture here, but for their superstition. Leaned a lass in Sunday garb, cross-ankled, against her cottage corner, whose low roof was snow-clad, and with her crantz did seem a summer flower sprouting from winter's bosom. I drew rein, and out pencil and brush to limn her for thee. But the simpleton, fearing the evil eye, or glamour, claps both hands to her face and flies panic-stricken. But, indeed, they are more superstitious than the Sevenbergen folk, which take thy father for a magician. Yet softly, sith at this moment I profit by this darkness of their minds; for at first, sitting down to write this diary, I could frame nor thought nor word, so harried and deaved was I with noise of mechanical persons, and hoarse laughter at dull jests of one of these party-colored 'fools,' which are so rife in Germany. But, O sorry wit, that is driven to the poor resource of pointed earcaps, and a green and yellow body. True wit, methinks, is of the mind. We met in Burgundy an honest wench, though overfree for my palate, a chambermaid, had made havoc of all these zanies,

droll by brute force. O Digressor! Well, then, I to be rid of roaring rusticalls and mindless jests, put my finger in a glass and drew on the table a great watery circle; whereat the rusticalls did look askant, like venison at a cat; and in that circle a smaller circle. The rusticalls held their peace; and beside these circles cabalistical I laid down on the table solemnly yon parchment deed I had out of your house. The rusticalls held their breath. Then did I look as glum as might be, and muttered thus: 'Videamus — quamdiu tu fictus multo — vosque veri stulti — audebitis — in hac aula morari, strepitantes ita — et olentes — ut dulcissimæ nequeam miser scribere.' They shook like aspens, and stole away on tiptoe one by one at first, then in a rush and jostling, and left me alone; and most scared of all was the fool; never earned jester fairer his ass's ears. So rubbed I their foible, who first rubbed mine; for of all a traveler's foes I dread those giants twain, Sir Noise and eke Sir Stench. The saints and martyrs forgive my peevishness. Thus I write to thee in balmy peace, and tell thee trivial things scarce worthy ink, also how I love thee, which there was no need to tell, for well thou knowest it. And, O dear Margaret, looking on their roses, which grew in summer, but blew in winter, I see the picture of our true affection; born it was in smiles and bliss, but soon adversity beset us sore with many a bitter blast. Yet our love hath lost no leaf, thank God, but blossems full and fair as ever, proof against frowns, and gibes, and prison, and banishment, as those sweet German flowers a blooming in winter's snow.

"*January* 2. — My servant, the count, finding me curious, took me to the stables of the prince that rules this part. In the first court was a horse bath, adorned with twenty-two pillars, graven with the prince's arms; and also the horse-leech's shop, so furnished as a rich apothecary might envy. The stable is a fair quadrangle, whereof three sides filled with horses of all nations. Before each horse's nose was a glazed window, with a green curtain to be drawn at pleasure, and at his tail a thick wooden pillar with a brazen shield, whence by turning of a pipe he is watered, and serves too for a cupboard to keep his comb and rubbing cloths. Each rack was iron, and each manger shining copper, and each nag covered with a scarlet mantle, and above him his bridle and saddle hung, ready to gallop forth in a minute; and not less than three hundred horses, whereof twelve score of foreign breed. And we returned to

our inn full of admiration, and the two varlets said sorrowfully, 'Why were we born with two legs?' And one of the grooms that was civil and had of me trinkgeld, stood now at his cottage door, and asked us in. There we found his wife and children of all ages, from five to eighteen, and had but one room to bide and sleep in, a thing pestiferous and most uncivil. Then I asked my servant, knew he this prince? Ay, did he, and had often drunk with him in a marble chamber above the stable, where, for table, was a curious and artificial rock, and the drinking vessels hang on its pinnacles, and at the hottest of the engagement a statue of a horseman in bronze came forth bearing a bowl of liquor, and he that sat nearest behooved to drain it. 'Tis well,' said I: 'now, for the penance; whisper thou in yon prince's ear, that God hath given him his people freely, and not sought a price for them as for horses. And pray him look inside the huts at his horse-palace door, and bethink himself is it well to house his horses and stable his folk.' Said he, 'Twill give sore offense.' 'But,' said I, 'ye must do it discreetly, and choose your time.' So he promised. And riding on we heard plaintive cries. 'Alas,' said I, 'some sore mischance hath befallen some poor soul; what may it be?' And we rode up, and lo! it was a wedding feast, and the guests were playing the business of drinking sad and silent, but ever and anon cried loud and dolefully, 'Seyte frolich! Be merry.'

"*January* 3. — Yesterday between Nürnberg and Augsburg we parted company. I gave my lord, late servant, back his brave clothes for mine, but his horse he made me keep, and five gold pieces, and said he was still my debtor; his penance it had been slight along of me, but profitable. But his best word was this: 'I see it is more noble to be loved than feared.' And then he did so praise me as I blush to put on paper; yet, poor fool, would fain thou couldst hear his words, but from some other pen than mine. And the servants did heartily grasp my hand, and wish me good luck. And riding apace, yet could I not reach Augsburg till the gates were closed; but it mattered little, for this Augsburg it is an enchanted city. For a small coin one took me a long way round to a famous postern called *der Einlasse*. Here stood two guardians like statues. To them I gave my name and business. They nodded me leave to knock. I knocked, and the iron gate opened with a great noise and hollow rattling of a chain, but no hand seen nor chain; but he who drew the hidden chain sits a butt's length from the gate, and I

rode in, and the gate closed with a clang after me. I found myself in a great building with a bridge at my feet. This I rode over, and presently came to a porter's lodge, where one asked me again my name and business, then rang a bell, and a great portcullis that barred the way began to rise, drawn by a wheel overhead, and no hand seen. Behind the portcullis was a thick oaken door studded with steel. It opened without hand, and I rode into a hall as dark as pitch. Trembling there awhile, a door opened, and showed me a smaller hall lighted. I rode into it: a tin goblet came down from the ceiling by a little chain; I put two batzen into it, and it went up again. Being gone, another thick door creaked and opened, and I rid through. It closed on me with a tremendous clang, and behold me in Augsburg city. I lay at an inn called 'The Three Moors,' over an hundred years old; and this morning, according to my way of viewing towns to learn their compass and shape, I mounted the highest tower I could find, and, setting my dial at my foot, surveyed the beautiful city; whole streets of palaces, and churches tiled with copper burnished like gold; and the house fronts gayly painted, and all glazed, and the glass so clean and burnished as 'tis most resplendent and rare; and I, now first seeing a great citie, did crow with delight, and like cock on his ladder, and at the tower foot was taken into custody for a spy; for, whilst I watched the city, the watchman had watched me. The burgomaster received me courteously, and heard my story; then rebuked his officers. 'Could ye not question him yourselves, or read in his face? This is to make our city stink in stranger's report.' Then he told me my curiosity was of a commendable sort; and, seeing I was a craftsman and inquisitive, bade his clerk take me among the guilds. God bless the city where the very burgomaster is cut of Solomon's cloth!

"*January* 5. — Dear Margaret, it is a noble city, and a kind mother to arts. Here they cut in wood and ivory, that 'tis like spider's work, and paint on glass, and sing angelical harmonies. Writing of books is quite gone by: here be six printers. Yet was I offered a bountiful wage to write fairly a merchant's accounts, one Fugger, a grand and wealthy trader, and hath store of ships, yet his father was but a poor weaver. But here in commerce, her very garden, men swell like mushrooms. And he bought my horse of me, and abated me not a jot, which way of dealing is not known in Holland. But, O Margaret, the workmen of all the guilds are so kind and brotherly to one another,

and to me. Here, methinks, I have found the true German mind, loyal, frank, and kindly, somewhat choleric withal, but naught revengeful. Each mechanic wears a sword. The very weavers at the loom sit girded with their weapons, and all Germans on too slight occasion draw them and fight; but no treachery; challenge first, then draw, and with the edge only, mostly the face, not with Sir Point; for if in these combats one thrust at his adversary and hurt him, 'tis called *ein schelem-stucke*, a heinous act; both men and women turn their backs on him; and even the judges punish thrusts bitterly, but pass over cuts. Hence in Germany be good stores of scarred faces, three in five at least, and in France scarce more than one in three.

"But in arts mechanical no citizens may compare with these. Fountains in every street that play to heaven, and in the gardens seeming trees, which, being approached, one standing afar touches a spring, and every twig shoots water, and souses the guests, to their host's much delectation. Big culverins of war they cast with no more ado than our folk horseshoes, and have done this fourscore years. All stuffs they weave, and linen fine as ours at home, or nearly, which elsewhere in Europe vainly shall you seek. Sir Printing Press — sore foe to poor Gerard, but to other humans beneficial — plieth by night and day, and casteth goodly words like sower afield; while I, poor fool, can but sow them as I saw women in France sow rye, dribbling it in the furrow grain by grain. And of their strange mechanical skill take two examples. For ending of exemplary rogues they have a figure like a woman, seven feet high, and called Jung Frau; but lo! a spring is touched, she seizeth the poor wretch with her iron arms, and, opening herself, hales him inside her, and there pierces him through and through with twoscore lances. Secondly, in all great houses the spit is turned, not by a scrubby boy, but by smoke. Ay, mayst well admire, and judge me a lying knave. These cunning Germans do set in the chimney a little windmill, and the smoke, struggling to wend past, turns it, and from the mill a wire runs through the wall and turns the spit on wheels; beholding which I doffed my bonnet to the men of Augsburg, for who but these had ere devised to bind ye so dark and subtle a knave as Sir Smoke, and set him to roast Dame Pullet?

"This day, January 5, with three craftsmen of the town, I painted a pack of cards. They were for a senator in a hurry.

I the diamonds. My queen came forth with eyes like spring violets, hair a golden brown, and witching smile. My fellow-craftsmen saw her, and put their arms round my neck and hailed me master. O noble Germans! No jealousy of a brother workman: no sour looks at a stranger: and would have me spend Sunday with them after matins; and the merchant paid me so richly as I was ashamed to take the guerdon: and I to my inn, and tried to paint the queen of diamonds for poor Gerard; but no, she would not come like again. Luck will not be bespoke. O happy rich man that hath got her! Fie! fie! Happy Gerard, that shall have herself one day, and keep house with her at Augsburg. . . .

"*January* 10. — This day started for Venice. . . .

"*January* 18. — In the midst of life we are in death. O dear Margaret, I thought I had lost thee. Here I lie in pain and dole, and shall write ye that, which read you it in a romance ye should cry 'most improbable!' And so still wondering that I am alive to write it, and thanking for it God and the saints, this is what befell thy Gerard. Yestreen I wearied of being shut up in litter, and of the mule's slow pace, and so went forward; and being, I know not why, strangely full of spirit and hope, as I have heard befall some men when on trouble's brink, seemed to tread on air and soon distanced them all. Presently I came to two roads, and took the larger; I should have taken the smaller. After traveling a good half-hour I found my error and returned, and, deeming my company had long passed by, pushed bravely on, but I could not overtake them, and small wonder, as you shall hear. Then I was anxious, and ran; but bare was the road of those I sought, and night came down, and the wild beasts afoot, and I bemoaned my folly; also I was hungered. The moon rose clear and bright exceedingly, and presently, a little way off the road, I saw a tall windmill. 'Come,' said I, 'mayhap the miller will take ruth on me.' Near the mill was a haystack, and scattered about were store of little barrels, but lo! they were not flour barrels, but tar barrels, one or two, and the rest of spirits, Brantvein and Schiedam; I knew them momently, having seen the like in Holland. I knocked at the mill door, but none answered. I lifted the latch, and the door opened inwards. I went in, and gladly, for the night was fine but cold, and a rime on the trees, which were a kind of lofty sycamores. There was a stove, but black; I lighted it with some of the hay and wood, for there

was a great pile of wood outside; and, I know not how, I went to sleep. Not long had I slept, I trow, when, hearing a noise, I awoke, and there were a dozen men around me, with wild faces, and long black hair, and black sparkling eyes."

Catherine—"O my poor boy! those black-haired ones do still scare me to look on."

"I made my excuses in such Italian as I knew, and eking out by signs. They grinned. 'I had lost my company.' They grinned. 'I was an hungered.' Still they grinned, and spoke to one another in a tongue I knew not. At last one gave me a piece of bread and a tin mug of wine, as I thought, but it was spirits neat. I made a wry face, and asked for water; then these wild men laughed a horrible laugh. I thought to fly, but, looking towards the door, it was bolted with two enormous bolts of iron; and now first, as I ate my bread, I saw it was all guarded too, and ribbed with iron. My blood curdled within me, and yet I could not tell thee why; but hadst thou seen the faces, wild, stupid, and ruthless! I mumbled my bread, not to let them see I feared them; but O, it cost me to swallow it and keep it in me. Then it whirled in my brain, was there no way to escape? Said I, 'They will not let me forth by the door; these be smugglers or robbers.' So I feigned drowsiness, and taking out two batzen said, 'Good men, for Our Lady's grace let me lie on a bed and sleep, for I am faint with travel.' They nodded and grinned their horrible grin, and bade one light a lantern and lead me. He took me up a winding staircase, up, up, and I saw no windows, but the wooden walls were pierced like a barbican tower, and methinks for the same purpose; and through these slits I got glimpses of the sky, and thought, 'Shall I e'er see thee again?' He took me to the very top of the mill, and there was a room with a heap of straw in one corner, and many empty barrels, and by the wall a truckle-bed. He pointed to it, and went downstairs heavily, taking the light, for in this room was a great window, and the moon came in bright. I looked out to see, and lo, it was so high that even the mill sails at their highest came not up to my window by some feet, but turned very slow and stately underneath, for wind there was scarce a breath; and the trees seemed silver filigree made by angel craftsmen. My hope of flight was gone.

"But now, those wild faces being out of sight, I smiled at my fears: what an if they were ill men would it profit them to hurt me? Natheless, for caution against surprise, I would

put the bed against the door. I went to move it, but could not. It was free at the head, but at the foot fast clamped with iron to the floor. So I flung my psaltery on the bed, but for myself made a layer of straw at the door, so none could open on me unawares. And I laid my sword ready to my hand. And said my prayers for thee and me, and turned to sleep.

"Below they drank and made merry. And hearing this gave me confidence. Said I, 'Out of sight, out of mind. Another hour and the good Schiedam will make them forget that I am here.' And so I composed myself to sleep. And for some time could not for the boisterous mirth below. At last I dropped off. How long I slept I knew not; but I woke with a start; the noise had ceased below, and the sudden silence woke me. And scarce was I awake, when sudden the truckle-bed was gone with a loud clang all but the feet, and the floor yawned, and I heard my psaltery fall and break to atoms, deep, deep, below the very floor of the mill. It had fallen into a well. And so had I done, lying where it lay."

Margaret shuddered, and put her face in her hands. But speedily resumed.

"I lay stupefied at first. Then horror fell on me and I rose, but stood rooted there, shaking from head to foot. At last I found myself looking down into that fearsome gap, and my very hair did bristle as I peered. And then, I remember, I turned quite calm, and made up my mind to die sword in hand. For I saw no man must know this their bloody secret and live. And I said, 'Poor Margaret!' And I took out of my bosom, where they lie ever, our marriage lines, and kissed them again and again. And I pinned them to my shirt again, that they might lie in one grave with me, if die I must. And I thought, 'All our love and hopes to end thus!'"

Eli—"Whisht all! Their marriage lines? Give her time! But no word. I can bear no chat. My poor lad!"

During the long pause that ensued, Catherine leaned forward, and passed something adroitly from her own lap under her daughter's apron who sat next her.

"Presently thinking, all in a whirl, of all that ever passed between us, and taking leave of all those pleasant hours, I called to mind how one day at Sevenbergen thou taughtest me to make a rope of straw. Mindest thou? The moment memory brought that happy day back to me, I cried out very loud: 'Margaret gives me a chance for life even here.' I woke from

my lethargy. I seized on the straw and twisted it eagerly, as thou didst teach me, but my fingers trembled and delayed the task. Whiles I wrought I heard the door open below. That was a terrible moment. Even as I twisted my rope I got to the window and looked down at the great arms of the mill coming slowly up, passing, then turning less slowly down, as it seemed; and I thought, 'They go not as when there is wind; yet, slow or fast, what man rid ever on such steed as these, and lived? Yet,' said I, 'better trust to them and God than to ill men.' And I prayed to him whom even the wind obeyeth.

"Dear Margaret, I fastened my rope, and let myself gently down, and fixed my eyes on that huge arm of the mill, which was then creeping up to me, and went to spring on to it. But my heart failed me at the pinch. And methought it was not near enow. And it passed calm and awful by. I watched for another; they were three. And after a little while one crept up slower than the rest methought. And I with my foot thrust myself in good time somewhat out from the wall, and crying aloud, 'Margaret!' did grip with all my soul the woodwork of the sail, and that moment was swimming in the air."

Giles — "Well done! well done!"

"Motion I felt little; but the stars seemed to go round the sky, and then the grass came up to me nearer and nearer, and when the hoary grass was quite close I was sent rolling along it as if hurled from a catapult, and got up breathless, and every point and tie about me broken. I rose, but fell down again in agony. I had but one leg I could stand on."

Catherine — "Eh! dear! his leg is broke, my boy's leg is broke!"

"And, e'en as I lay groaning, I heard a sound like thunder. It was the assassins running up the stairs. The crazy old mill shook under them. They must have found I had not fallen into their bloody trap, and were running to dispatch me. Margaret, I felt no fear, for now I had no hope. I could neither run nor hide, so wild the place, so bright the moon. I struggled up, all agony and revenge, more like some wounded wild beast than your Gerard. Leaning on my sword hilt I hobbled round; and swift as lightning, or vengeance, I heaped a great pile of their hay and wood at the mill door; then drove my dagger into a barrel of their smuggled spirits, and flung it on; then out with my tinder and lighted the pile. 'This will bring true men round my dead body,' said I. 'Aha!' I cried, 'think you

I'll die alone, cowards, assassins! reckless fiends!' and at each word on went a barrel pierced. But, O Margaret! the fire, fed by the spirits, surprised me; it shot up and singed my very hair; it went roaring up the side of the mill, swift as falls the lightning! and I yelled and laughed in my torture and despair, and pierced more barrels, and the very tar barrels, and flung them on. The fire roared like a lion for its prey, and voices answered it inside from the top of the mill, and the feet came thundering down, and I stood as near that awful fire as I could, with uplifted sword to slay and be slain. The bolt was drawn. A tar barrel caught fire. The door was opened. What followed? Not the men came out, but the fire rushed in at them like a living death, and the first I thought to fight with was blackened and crumpled on the floor like a leaf. One fearsome yell, and dumb forever. The feet ran up again, but fewer. I heard them hack with their swords a little way up, at the mill's wooden sides; but they had no time to hew their way out; the fire and reek were at their heels, and the smoke burst out at every loophole, and oozed blue in the moonlight through each crevice. I hobbled back, racked with pain and fury. There were white faces up at my window. They saw me. They cursed me. I cursed them back, and shook my naked sword. 'Come down the road I came,' I cried. 'But ye must come one by one, and, as ye come, ye die upon my sword.' Some cursed at that, but others wailed. For I had them all at deadly vantage. And doubtless with my smoke-grimed face and fiendish rage I looked a demon. And now there was a steady roar inside the mill. The flames were going up it as from furnace up its chimney. The mill caught fire. Fire glimmered through it. Tongues of flame darted through each loophole, and shot sparks and fiery flakes into the night. One of the assassins leaped on to the sail, as I had done. In his hurry he missed his grasp and fell at my feet, and bounded from the hard ground like a ball, and never spoke a word nor moved again. And the rest screamed like women, and, with their despair, came back to me both ruth for them and hope of life for myself. And the fire gnawed through the mill in placen, and shot forth showers of great flat sparks like flakes of fiery snow; and the sails caught fire one after another; and I became a man again, and staggered away terror-stricken, leaning on my sword, from the sight of my revenge, and, with great bodily pain, crawled back to the road. And, dear Margaret, the rimy trees were all now

like pyramids of golden filigree, and lace, cobweb fine, in the red firelight. O, most beautiful! And a poor wretch got entangled in the burning sails, and whirled round screaming, and lost hold at the wrong time, and hurled like stone from mangonel high into the air; then a dull thump; it was his carcass striking the earth. The next moment there was a loud crash. The mill fell in on its destroyer, and a million great sparks flew up, and the sails fell over the burning wreck, and at that a million more sparks flew up, and the ground was strewn with burning wood and men. I prayed God forgive me, and, kneeling with my back to that fiery shambles, I saw lights on the road; a welcome sight. It was a company coming towards me, and scarce two furlongs off. I hobbled towards them. Ere I had gone far, I heard a swift step behind me. I turned. One had escaped; how escaped, who can divine? His sword shone in the moonlight. I feared him, methought the ghosts of all those dead sat on that glittering glaive. I put my other foot to the ground, mauger the anguish, and fled towards the torches, moaning with pain, and shouting for aid. But what could I do? He gained on me. Behooved me turn and fight. Denys had taught me sword play in sport. I wheeled, our swords clashed. His clothes they smelled all singed. I cut swiftly upward with supple hand, and his dangled bleeding at the wrist, and his sword fell: it tinkled on the ground. I raised my sword to hew him if he stoop for't. He stood and cursed me. He drew his dagger with his left; I opposed my point, and dared him with my eye to close. A great shout arose behind me from true men's throats. He started. He spat at me in his rage, then gnashed his teeth and fled, blaspheming. I turned, and saw red torches close at hand. Lo, they fell to dancing up and down methought, and the next — moment — all — was — dark. I had — ah!"

Catherine — "Here, help! water! Stand aloof, you that be men!"

Margaret had fainted away.

When she recovered, her head was on Catherine's arm, and the honest half of the family she had invaded like a foe stood round her uttering rough homely words of encouragement, especially Giles, who roared at her that she was not to take on like that. "Gerard was alive and well, or he could not have writ this letter, the biggest mankind had seen as yet, and, as he thought, the beautifulest, and most moving, and smallest writ."

"Ay, good Master Giles," sighed Margaret, feebly, "he was alive. But how know I what hath since befallen him? O, why left he Holland to go amongst strangers fierce as lions? And why did I not drive him from me sooner than part him from his own flesh and blood? Forgive me, you that are his mother!"

And she gently removed Catherine's arm, and made a feeble attempt to slide off the chair on to her knees, which, after a brief struggle with superior force, ended in her finding herself on Catherine's bosom. Then Margaret held out the letter to Eli, and said faintly but sweetly, "I will trust it from my hand now. In sooth, I am little fit to read any more — and — and loath to leave my comfort:" and she wreathed her other arm round Catherine's neck.

"Read thou, Richart," said Eli; "thine eyes be younger than mine."

Richart took the letter. "Well," said he, "such writing saw I never. A writeth with a needle's point; and clear to boot. Why is not he in my counting-house at Amsterdam instead of vagabonding it out yonder?"

"When I came to myself I was seated in the litter, and my good merchant holding of my hand. I babbled I know not what, and then shuddered awhile in silence. He put a horn of wine to my lips."

Catherine — "Bless him! bless him!"

Eli — "Whisht."

"And I told him what had befallen. He would see my leg. It was sprained sore, and swelled at the ankle; and all my points were broken, as I could scarce keep up my hose; and I said, 'Sir, I shall be but a burden to you, I doubt, and can make you no harmony now; my poor psaltery, it is broken;' and I did grieve over my broken music, companion of so many weary leagues. But he patted me on the cheek, and bade me not fret; also he did put up my leg on a pillow, and tended me like a kind father.

"*January* 20. — I sit all day in the litter, for we are pushing forward with haste, and at night the good kind merchant sendeth me to bed, and will not let me work. Strange! whene'er I fall in with men like fiends, then the next moment God still sendeth me some good man or woman, lest I should turn away from humankind. O Margaret! how strangely mixed they be, and how old I am by what I was three months agone!

And lo if good Master Fugger hath not been and bought me a psaltery."

Catherine — "Eli, my man, an yon merchant comes our way, let us buy a hundred ells of cloth of him, and not higgle."

Eli — "That will I, take your oath on't!"

While Richart prepared to read, Kate looked at her mother, and with a faint blush drew out the piece of work from under her apron, and sewed, with head depressed a little more than necessary. On this her mother drew a piece of work out of her pocket, and sewed too, while Richart read. Both the specimens these sweet surreptitious creatures now first exposed to observation were babies' caps, and not more than half finished, which told a tale. Horror! they were like little monks' cowls in shape and delicacy.

"*January* 22. — Laid up in the litter, and as good as blind, but, halting to bait, Lombardy plains burst on me. O Margaret! a land flowing with milk and honey; all sloping plains, goodly rivers, jocund meadows, delectable orchards, and blooming gardens; and, though winter, looks warmer than poor beloved Holland at midsummer, and makes the wanderer's face to shine, and his heart to leap for joy to see earth so kind and smiling. Here be vines, cedars, olives, and cattle plenty, but three goats to a sheep. The draught oxen wear white linen on their necks, and, standing by dark green olive trees each one is a picture; and the folk, especially women, wear delicate strawen hats with flowers and leaves fairly imitated in silk, with silver mixed. This day we crossed a river prettily in a chained ferry-boat. On either bank was a windlass, and a single man by turning of it drew our whole company to his shore, whereat I did admire, being a stranger. Passed over with us some country folk. And, an old woman looking at a young wench, she did hide her face with her hand, and held her crucifix out like knight his sword in tourney, dreading the evil eye.

"*January* 25. — Safe at Venice. A place whose strange and passing beauty is well known to thee by report of our mariners. Dost mind, too, how Peter would oft fill our ears withal, we handed beneath the table, and he still discoursing of this sea-enthroned and peerless citie, in shape a bow, and its great canal and palaces on piles, and its watery ways plied by scores of gilded boats; and that market place of nations, *orbis, non urbis, forum*, St. Mark his place; and his statue with the

peerless jewels in his eyes, and the lion at his gate. But I, lying at my window in pain, may see none of these beauties as yet, but only a street fairly paved, which is dull, and houses with oiled paper and linen, in lieu of glass, which is rude, and the passers-by, their habits and their gestures, wherein they are superfluous. Therefore, not to miss my daily comfort of whispering to thee, I will e'en turn mine eyes inward, and bind my sheaves of wisdom reaped by travel. For I love thee so, that no treasure pleases me not shared with thee; and what treasure so good and enduring as knowledge? This then have I, Sir Footsore, learned, that each nation hath its proper wisdom, and its proper folly; and methinks, could a great king, or duke, tramp like me, and see with his own eyes, he might pick the flowers and eschew the weeds of nations, and go home and set his own folk on Wisdom's hill. The Germans in the north were churlish, but frank and honest; in the south, kindly and honest too. Their general blot is drunkenness, the which they carry even to mislike and contempt of sober men. They say commonly, 'Kanstu niecht sauffen und fressen so kanstu kienem hern wol dienen.' In England the vulgar sort drink as deep, but the worshipful hold excess in this a reproach, and drink a health or two for courtesy, not gluttony, and still sugar the wine. In their cups the Germans use little mirth, or discourse, but ply the business sadly, crying, 'Seyte frolich!' The best of their drunken sport is 'Kurlemurlehuff,' a way of drinking with touching deftly of the glass, the beard, the table, in due turn, intermixed with whistlings and snappings of the finger, so curiously ordered as 'tis a labor of Hercules, but to the beholder right pleasant and mirthful. Their topers, by advice of German leeches, sleep with pebbles in their mouths. For, as of a boiling pot the lid must be set ajar, so with these fleshly wine pots, to vent the heat of their inward parts; spite of which many die suddenly from drink; but 'tis a matter of religion to slur it, and gloze it, and charge some innocent disease therewith. Yet 'tis more a custom than very nature, for their women come among the tipplers, and do but stand a moment, and, as it were, kiss the wine cup; and are indeed most temperate in eating and drinking, and, of all women, modest and virtuous, and true spouses and friends to their mates; far before our Holland lasses, that, being maids, put the question to the men, and, being wived, do lord it over them. Why, there is a wife in Tergou, not far from our door. One came to the house

and sought her man. Says she, 'You'll not find him; he asked my leave to go abroad this afternoon, and I did give it him.'"

Catherine — "'Tis sooth! 'tis sooth! 'Twas Beck Hulse, Jonah's wife. This comes of a woman wedding a boy."

"In the south, where wine is, the gentry drink themselves bare; but not in the north; for with beer a noble shall sooner burst his body than melt his lands. They are quarrelsome, but 'tis the liquor, not the mind; for they are none revengeful. And when they have made a bad bargain drunk, they stand to it sober. They keep their windows bright; and judge a man by his clothes. Whatever fruit, or grain, or herb, grows by the roadside, gather and eat. The owner, seeing you, shall say, 'Art welcome, honest man.' But an ye pluck a wayside grape, your very life is in jeopardy. 'Tis eating of that Heaven gave to be drunken. The French are much fairer spoken, and not nigh so true-hearted. Sweet words cost them naught. They call it 'payer en blanche.'"

Denys — "Les coquins! ha, ha!"

"Natheless, courtesy is in their hearts, ay, in their very blood. They say commonly, 'Give yourself the trouble of sitting down.' And such straws of speech show how blows the wind. Also, at a public show, if you would but leave your seat, yet not lose it, tie but your napkin round the bench and no French man or woman will sit there, but rather keep the place for you."

Catherine — "Gramercy! that is manners. France for me!"

Denys rose and placed his hand gracefully to his breastplate.

"Natheless, they say things in sport which are not courteous, but shocking. 'Le diable t'emporte!' 'Allez au diable!' and so forth. But I trow they mean not such dreadful wishes: custom belike. Moderate in drinking, and mix water with their wine, and sing and dance over their cups, and are then enchanting company. They are curious not to drink in another man's cup. In war the English gain the better of them in the field, but the French are their masters in attack and defense of cities; witness Orleans, where they besieged their besiegers, and hashed them sore with their double and treble culverins; and many other sieges in this our century. More than all nations they flatter their women, and despise them. No She may be their

sovereign ruler. Also, they often hang their female malefactors, instead of drowning them decently, as other nations use. The furniture in their inns is walnut, in Germany only deal. French windows are ill. The lower half is of wood, and opens; the upper half is of glass, but fixed, so that the servant cannot come at it to clean it. The German windows are all glass, and movable, and shine far and near like diamonds. In France many mean houses are not glazed at all. Once I saw a Frenchman pass a church without unbonneting. This I ne'er witnessed in Holland, Germany, or Italy. At many inns they show the traveler his sheets to give him assurance they are clean, and warm them at the fire before him, — a laudable custom. They receive him kindly, and like a guest; they mostly cheat him, and whiles cut his throat. They plead in excuse hard and tyrannous laws. And true it is their law thrusteth its nose into every platter, and its finger into every pie. In France worshipful men wear their hats and their furs indoors, and go abroad lighter clad. In Germany they don hat and furred cloak to go abroad, but sit bareheaded and light-clad round the stove.

"The French intermix not the men and women folk in assemblies, as we Hollanders use. Round their preachers the women sit on their heels in rows, and the men stand behind them. Their harvests are rye, and flax, and wine. Three mules shall you see to one horse, and whole flocks of sheep as black as coal.

"In Germany the snails be red. I lie not. The French buy minstrelsy, but breed jests, and make their own mirth. The Germans foster their set fools with earcaps, which move them to laughter by simulating madness, — a calamity that asks pity, not laughter. In this particular I deem that lighter nation wiser than the graver German. What sayest thou? Alas! canst not answer me now.

"In Germany the petty laws are wondrous wise and just; those against criminals bloody. In France, bloodier still, and executed a trifle more cruelly there. Here the wheel is common, and the fiery stake; and under this king they drown men by the score in Paris river, Seine yclept. But the English are as peremptory in hanging and drowning for a light fault; so travelers report. Finally, a true-hearted Frenchman, when ye chance on one, is a man as near perfect as earth affords; and such a man is my Denys, spite of his foul mouth."

Denys — "My foul mouth! Is that so writ, Master Richart?"

Richart — "Ay, in sooth; see else."

Denys [*inspecting the letter gravely*] — "I read not the letter so."

Richart — "How then?"

Denys — "Humph! ahem! why, just the contrary." He added, "'Tis kittle work perusing of these black scratches men are agreed to take for words. And I trow 'tis still by guess you clerks do go, worthy sir. My foul mouth! This is the first time e'er I heard on't. Eh, mesdames?"

But the females did not seize the opportunity he gave them, and burst into a loud and general disclaimer. Margaret blushed and said nothing; the other two bent silently over their work with something very like a sly smile. Denys inspected their countenances long and carefully, and the perusal was so satisfactory, that he turned with a tone of injured but patient innocence, and bade Richart read on.

"The Italians are a polished and subtle people. They judge a man, not by his habits, but his speech and gestures. Here Sir Chough may by no means pass for falcon gentle, as did I in Germany, pranked in my noble servant's feathers. Wisest of all nations in their singular temperance of food and drink: most foolish of all to search strangers coming into their borders, and stay them from bringing much money in. They should rather invite it, and, like other nations, let the traveler from taking of it out. Also, here in Venice the dames turn their black hair yellow by the sun and art, to be wiser than Him who made them. Ye enter no Italian town without a bill of health, though now is no plague in Europe. This peevishness is for extortion's sake. The innkeepers cringe and fawn and cheat, and, in country places, murder you. Yet will they give you clean sheets by paying therefor. Delicate in eating, and abhor from putting their hand in the plate; sooner will they apply a crust or what not. They do even tell of a cardinal at Rome which armeth his guest's left hand with a little bifurcal dagger to hold the meat, while his knife cutteth it. But methinks this, too, is to be wiser than Him who made the hand so supple and prehensile."

Eli — "I am of your mind, my lad."

"They are sore troubled with the itch; and ointment for it, *unguento per la rogna*, is cried at every corner of Venice. From

this my window I saw an urchin sell it to three several dames in silken trains, and to two velvet knights."

Catherine — "Italy, my lass, I rede ye wash your body i' the tub o' Sundays; and then ye can put your hand i' the plate o' Thursday withouten offense."

"Their bread is lovely white. Their meats they spoil with sprinkling cheese over them; O perversity! Their salt is black: without a lie. In commerce these Venetians are masters of the earth and sea, and govern their territories wisely. Only one flaw I find, the same I once heard a learned friar cast up against Plato his republic: to wit, that here women are encouraged to venal frailty, and to pay a tax to the State, which, not content with silk and spice and other rich and honest freights, good store, must trade in sin. Twenty thousand of these Jezebels there be in Venice and Candia, and about, pampered and honored for bringing strangers to the city, and many live in princely palaces of their own. But herein methinks the politic signors of Venice forget what King David saith, 'Except the Lord keep the citie, the watchman waketh but in vain.' Also, in religion, they hang their cloth according to the wind, siding now with the Pope, now with the Turk, but ay with the god of traders, Mammon hight. Shall flower so cankered bloom to the world's end? But, since I speak of flowers, this none may deny them, that they are most cunning in making roses and gillyflowers to blow unseasonably. In summer they nip certain of the budding roses and water them not. Then in winter they dig round these discouraged plants, and put in cloves; and so with great art rear sweet-scented roses, and bring them to market in January. And did first learn this art of a cow. Buds she grazed in summer, and they sprouted at Yule. Women have sat in the doctor's chairs at their colleges. But she that sat in St. Peter's was a German. Italy, too, for artful fountains and figures that move by water and enact life. And next for fountains is Augsburg, where they harness the foul knave Smoke to good Sir Spit, and he turneth stout Master Roast. But lest any one place should vaunt, two towns there be in Europe, which, scorning giddy fountains, bring water tame into pipes to every burgher's door, and he filleth his vessels with but turning of cock. One is London, so watered this many a year by pipes of a league from Paddington, a neighboring city; and the other is the fair town of Lubeck. Also the fierce English are reported to me wise in that they will not share their lands and flocks with wolves, but

have fairly driven those marauders into their mountains. But neither in France, nor Germany, nor Italy, is a wayfarer's life safe from the vagabones after sundown. I can hear of no glazed house in all Venice, but only oiled linen and paper ; and, behind these barbarian eyelets, a wooden jalousie. Their name for a cowardly assassin is 'a brave man,' and for an harlot, 'a courteous person,' which is as much as to say that a woman's worst vice, and a man's worst vice, are virtues. But I pray God for little Holland that there an assassin may be yclept an assassin, and an harlot an harlot, till doomsday ; and then gloze foul faults with silken names who can ! "

Eli [*with a sigh*] — " He should have been a priest, saving your presence, my poor lass."

" Go to, peevish writer ; art tied smarting by the leg, and may not see the beauties of Venice ; so thy pen kicketh all around like a wicked mule.

" *January* 26. — Sweetheart, I must be brief and tell thee but a part of that I have seen, for this day my journal ends. To-night it sails for thee, and I, unhappy, not with it, but to-morrow in another ship to Rome.

" Dear Margaret, I took a hand litter, and was carried to St. Mark his church. Outside it, towards the market place, is a noble gallery, and above it four famous horses, cut in brass by the ancient Romans, and seem all moving, and at the very next step must needs leap down on the beholder. About the church are six hundred pillars of marble, porphyry, and ophites. Inside is a treasure greater than either at St. Denys, or Loretto. Here a jeweled pitcher given the seigniory by a Persian king, also the ducal cap blazing with jewels, and on its crown a diamond and a chrysolite, each as big as an almond ; two golden crowns and twelve golden stomachers studded with jewels, from Constantinople ; item, a monstrous sapphire ; item, a great diamond given by a French king ; item, a prodigious carbuncle ; item, three unicorns' horns. But what are these compared with the sacred relics ?

" Dear Margaret, I stood and saw the brazen chest that holds the body of St. Mark the Evangelist. I saw with these eyes, and handled, his ring and his gospel written with his own hand, and all my travels seemed light ; for who am I that I should see such things ? Dear Margaret, his sacred body was first brought from Alexandria by merchants in 810, and then not prized as now ; for between 829, when this church was builded, and 1094,

the very place where it lay was forgotten. The holy priests fasted and prayed many days seeking for light, and lo, the Evangelist's body brake at midnight through the marble and stood before them. They fell to the earth, but in the morning found the crevice the sacred body had burst through, and, peering through it, saw him lie. Then they took and laid him in his chest beneath the altar, and carefully put back the stone with its miraculous crevice, which crevice I saw, and shall gape for a monument while the world lasts. After that they showed me the Virgin's chair ; it is of stone ; also her picture, painted by St. Paul, very dark, and the features now scarce visible. This picture, in time of drought, they carry in procession, and brings the rain. I wish I had not seen it. Item, two pieces of marble spotted with John the Baptist's blood ; item, a piece of the true cross and of the pillar to which Christ was tied ; item, the rock struck by Moses, and wet to this hour ; also a stone Christ sat on, preaching at Tyre ; but some say it is the one the patriarch Jacob laid his head on, and I hold with them, by reason our Lord never preached at Tyre. Going hence they showed me the state nursery for the children of those aphrodisian dames, their favorites. Here in the outer wall was a broad niche, and if they bring them so little as they can squeeze through it alive, the bairn falls into a net inside, and the state takes charge of it, but, if too big, their mothers must even take them home again, with whom abiding 'tis like to be *mali corvi mali ovum*. Coming out of the church we met them carrying in a corpse, with the feet and face bare. This I then first learned is Venetian custom ; and sure no other town will ever rob them of it, nor of this that follows. On a great porphyry slab in the piazza were three ghastly heads rotting and tainting the air, and in their hot summers like to take vengeance with breeding of a plague. These were traitors to the state, and, a heavy price — two thousand ducats — being put on each head, their friends had slain them and brought all three to the slab, and so sold blood of others and their own faith. No state buys heads so many, nor pays half so high a price for that sorry merchandise. But what I most admired was to see over against the duke's palace a fair gallows in alabaster, reared express to hang him, and no other, for the least treason to the state ; and there it stands in his eye, whispering him *memento mori*. I pondered, and owned these seigniors my masters, who will let no man, not even their sovereign, be above the common weal.

Hard by, on a wall, the workmen were just finishing, by order of the seigniory, the stone effigy of a tragical and enormous act enacted last year, yet on the wall looks innocent. Here two gentlefolks whisper together, and there other twain, their swords by their side. Four brethren were they, which did on either side conspire to poison the other two, and so halve their land in lieu of quartering it; and at a mutual banquet these twain drugged the wine, and those twain envenomed a marchpane, to such good purpose that the same afternoon lay four 'brave men' around one table groveling in mortal agony, and cursing of one another and themselves, and so concluded miserably, and the land, for which they had lost their immortal souls, went into another family. And why not? it could not go into a worse.

"But O sovereign wisdom of bywords! how true they put the finger on each nation's, or particular's, fault.

"Quand Italie sera sans poison
Et France sans trahison
Et l'Angleterre sans guerre,
Lors sera le monde sans terre."

Richart explained this to Catherine, then proceeded: "And after this they took me to the quay, and presently I espied among the masts one garlanded with amaranth flowers. 'Take me thither,' said I, and I let my guide know the custom of the Dutch skippers to hoist flowers to the masthead when they are courting a maid. Oft had I scoffed at this, saying, 'So then his wooing is the earth's concern.' But now, so far from the 'Rotter,' that bunch at her masthead made my heart leap with assurance of a countryman. They carried me, and, O Margaret! on the stern of that Dutch hoy was writ in muckle letters,

RICHART ELIASSOEN, AMSTERDAM.

'Put me down,' I said: 'for Our Lady's sake put me down.' I sat on the bank and looked, scarce believing my eyes, and looked, and presently fell to crying till I could see the words no more. Ah me, how they went to my heart, those bare letters in a foreign land!"

POEMS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.

[François Villon, one of the earliest of French poets (real name uncertain, perhaps Corbier), was born in Paris in 1431. Little is known of his life except what may be gathered from his writings, from which it is evident that he was a vagabond and a thief, was several times imprisoned for burglary or sacrilege, and was once condemned to death, but on appeal to Parliament managed to have the sentence commuted to banishment. He passed the summer of 1461 in the prison of the Bishop of Orleans at Meung. This time he owed his escape to Louis XI., who passed through Meung, October 2, and ordered a jail delivery in honor of his accession. Villon's works consist of "The Greater Testament"; "The Little Testament"; forty or fifty short pieces, chiefly ballads, such as "The Ballad of the Condemned" and "The Ladies of Bygone Days"; and a series of obscure slang rhymes, entitled "Le Jargon."]

On Death.

(Preceding the "Ballad of Dead Ladies" in the "Greater Testament": Swinburne's Translation.)

Who dies soever, dies with pain;
No man may ease him of his grief. . . .

Death makes him shudder, swoon, wax pale,
Nose bend, veins stretch, and breath surrender,
Neck swell, flesh soften, joints that fail
Crack their strained nerves and arteries slender.
O woman's body found so tender,
Smooth, sweet, so precious in men's eyes,
Must thou too bear such count to render? —
Yes; or pass quick into the skies.

The Ballad of Dead Ladies.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
Only heard on river and mere, —
She whose beauty was more than human? —
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen

Who willed that Buridan should steer
  Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? —
But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
  With a voice like any mermaiden, —
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
  And Ermengarde the lady of Maine, —
  And that good Joan whom Englishmen
At Rouen doomed and burned her there, —
  Mother of God, where are they then? —
But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
  Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword, —
  But where are the snows of yester-year?

To Death, of his Lady.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Death, of thee do I make my moan,
  Who hadst my lady away from me,
  Nor wilt assuage thine enmity
Till with her life thou hast mine own;
For since that hour my strength has flown.
  Lo! what wrong was her life to thee,
                Death?

Two we were, and the heart was one;
  Which now being dead, dead I must be,
  Or seem alive as lifelessly
As in the choir the painted stone,
                Death!

His Mother's Service to Our Lady.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Lady of Heaven and earth, and therewithal
  Crowned Empress of the nether clefts of Hell, —
I, thy poor Christian, on thy name do call,
  Commending me to thee, with thee to dwell,
  Albeit in naught I be commendable.
But all mine undeserving may not mar

Such mercies as thy sovereign mercies are;
  Without the which (as true words testify)
No soul can reach thy Heaven so fair and far.
  Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

Unto thy Son say thou that I am His,
  And to me graceless make Him gracious.
Sad Mary of Egypt lacked not of that bliss,
  Nor yet the sorrowful clerk Theophilus,
  Whose bitter sins were set aside even thus
Though to the Fiend his bounden service was.
Oh help me, lest in vain for me should pass
  (Sweet Virgin that shalt have no loss thereby!)
The blessed Host and sacring of the Mass.
  Even in this faith I choose to live and die.

A pitiful poor woman, shrunk and old,
  I am, and nothing learned in letter lore.
Within my parish cloister I behold
  A painted Heaven where harps and lutes adore,
  And eke an Hell whose damned folk see the full sore.
One bringeth fear, the other joy to me.
That joy, great Goddess, make thou mine to be,—
  Thou of whom all must ask it even as I;
And that which faith desires, that let it see.
  For in this faith I choose to live and die.

O excellent Virgin Princess! thou didst bear
King Jesus, the most excellent comforter,
Who even of this our weakness craved a share
  And for our sake stooped to us from on high,
Offering to death His young life sweet and fair.
Such as He is, Our Lord, I Him declare,
  And in this faith I choose to live and die.

Ballads of Old-time Lords.

(Translated by John Payne.)

I.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
  That died in the purple, whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
  And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
  The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?

And Charles the Seventh, the Good? Heigho!
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folk say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

Of many more might I ask the same,
Who are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low.
Yet one more question before I go:
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

ENVOI.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow,
Where Auvergne's Dauphin, and where again
The late good Duke of Alençon? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemagne?

II.

Where are the holy Apostles gone,
Alb-clad and amice-tried and stoled
With the sacred tippet and that alone,
Wherewith, when he waxeth overbold,
The foul fiend's throttle they take and hold?
All must come to the selfsame bay;
Sons and servants, their days are told:
The wind carries their like away.

Where is he now that held the throne
Of Constantine, with the hands of gold?
And the King of France, o'er all kings known
For grace and worship that was extolled,

Who convents and churches manifold
Built for God's service? In their day
What of the honor they had? Behold,
The wind carries their like away.

Where are the champions every one,
The Dauphins, the counselors, young and old?
The barons of Salins, Dôl, Dijon,
Vienne, Grenoble? They all are cold.
Or take the folk under their banners enrolled, —
Pursuivants, trumpeters, heralds, (hey!
How they fed of the fat and the flagon trolled!)
The wind carries their like away.

ENVOI.

Princes to death are all foretold,
Even as the humblest of their array:
Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,
The wind carries their like away.

Seemly Lesson of Villon to the Good-for-naughts.

(Translated by John Payne.)

Fair sons, you're wasting, ere you're old,
The fairest rose to you that fell.
You, that like birdlime take and hold,
When to Montpippeau or Ruel
(My clerks) you wander, keep you well:
For of the tricks that there be played,
Thinking to 'scape a second spell,
Colin of Cayeulx lost his head.

No trifling game is this to play,
Where one stakes soul and body too:
If losers, no remorse can stay
A shameful death from ending you;
And even the winner, for his due,
Hath not a Dido to his wife.
Foolish and lewd I hold him who
Doth for so little risk his life.

Now all of you to me attend:
  Even a load of wine, folk say,
With drinking at last comes to an end,
  By fire in winter, in woods in May.
  If you have money, it doth not stay,
But this way and that it wastes amain:
  What does it profit you, anyway?
Ill-gotten good is nobody's gain.

Ballad of Villon in Prison.

(Translated by John Payne.)

Have pity, friends, have pity now, I pray,
  If it so please you, at the least, on me!
I lie in fosse, not under holm or may,
  In this duresse, wherein, alas! I dree
  Ill fate, as God did thereanent decree.
Lasses and lovers, younglings manifold,
Dancers and mountebanks, alert and bold,
  Nimble as quarrel from a crossbow shot;
Singers, that troll as clear as bells of gold,—
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Clerks, that go caroling the livelong day,
  Scant-pursed, but glad and frank and full of glee;
Wandering at will along the broad highway,
  Harebrained, perchance, but wit-whole too, perdie:
  Lo! now, I die, whilst that you absent be.
Song singers, when poor Villon's days are told,
You will sing psalms for him and candles hold;
  Here light nor air nor living enters not,
Where ramparts thick are round about him rolled:
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

Consider but his piteous array,
  High and fair lords, of suit and service free,
That nor to king nor kaiser homage pay,
  But straight from God in heaven hold your fee!
  Come fast or feast, all days alike fasts he.
Whence are his teeth like rake's teeth to behold;
No table hath he but the sheer black mold:
  After dry bread (not manchets), pot on pot
They empty down his throat of water cold:
  Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

ENVOI.

Princes and lords aforesaid, young and old,
Get me the king his letters sealed and scrolled
And draw me from this dungeon; for, God wot,
Even swine, when one squeaks in the butcher's fold,
Flock round their fellow and do squeak and scold:
Will you all leave poor Villon here to rot?

The Epitaph,

IN BALLAD FORM, THAT VILLON MADE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS COMPANIONS, EXPECTING NO BETTER THAN TO BE HANGED IN THEIR COMPANY.

Brothers, that after us on life remain,
Harden your hearts against us not as stone;
For, if to pity us poor wights you're fain,
God shall the rather grant you benison.
You see us six, the gibbet hereupon:
As for the flesh that we too well have fed,
'Tis all devoured and rotted, shred by shred.
Let none make merry of our piteous case,
Whose crumbling bones the life long since hath fled:
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

Yea, we conjure you, look not with disdain,
Brothers, on us, though we to death were done
By justice. Well you know, the saving grain
Of sense springs not in every mother's son:
Commend us, therefore, now we're dead and gone,
To Christ, the Son of Mary's maidenhead,
That he leave not his grace on us to shed
And save us from the nether torture place.
Let no one harry us; for sooth, we're sped:
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

We are whiles scoured and soddened of the rain,
And whiles burnt up and blackened of the sun;
Corbies and pyets have our eyes out ta'en,
And plucked our beard and hair out, one by one.
Whether by night or day, rest have we none:

Now here, now there, as the wind shifts its stead,
We swing and creak and rattle overhead,
No thimble dinted like our bird-pecked face.
Brothers, have heed and shun the life we led:
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace

ENVOI.

Prince Jesus, over all empowerèd,
Let us not fall into the Place of Dread,
But all our reckoning with the Fiend efface.
Folk, mock us not that are forspent and dead;
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, cosmopolitan novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. Intended for an engineer, and then studying law and called to the bar, he became a traveler and story-teller, settling in Samoa in 1889 and dying there December 3, 1894. He was warmly interested in, and greatly beloved by, the Samoan natives, and "A Footnote to History" is an account of an episode in the foreign handling of their politics. His novels, stories, travel sketches, and poems all contribute to a high literary fame, as instance "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," "The New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Catriona" (the same as "David Balfour"), and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," besides the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin," and others.]

It was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels molting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle

of wine in honor of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white house tops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, be-nightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without, — only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread

feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of a continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment, Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four and twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state*," wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate*. Or, or — help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish*," scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny, doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias—and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Hominibus impossibile*," replied the monk, as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus—the devil with the humpback and

red-hot finger nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the grewsome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon, "about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open; and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion, the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single

stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here — not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

"You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon, with a gulp. "Damn his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny, with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed; he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him

before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors, as thin as moonlight, fleeted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march, he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over

some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough, but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V. of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway, before she had time to spend her couple of whites — it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the devil got the soul, and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual — it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune — that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse, so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the

two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow: nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp: positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him; and although the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twinges; my nose aches with the sharp

air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic, coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them; and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which colored his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up; at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people tracking him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him quite differently. He passed a street corner where, not so long before, a woman

and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest — it was a center where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another, and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her, too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination — his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors; and yet after a few taps, he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could see only one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours and whence he should issue, on the morrow, with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballade," he thought to himself; and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbors! What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he, "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting notice; but now, when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door seemed a mighty simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honorable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man, in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology; at a crisis of this sort, the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry?

Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house to-night, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room, with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair, and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold.

A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host, quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh, no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play — murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him — damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies — or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon

sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight; "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon, politely, and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man, proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain, but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon, with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men at arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many plowmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made; and when I asked some one how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men at arms."

"These things are a necessity of war, which the lowborn must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains

drive overhard; there are spirits in every rank not easily moved by pity; and, indeed, many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick, or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's too good for me — with all my heart; but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers, just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong, and honored. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing; I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows; a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antip-

athy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in no wise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers, "if I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man, solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal — *Cui Deus fœminam tradit.* Make me king's pantler — make me abbot of St. Denis; make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac; it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his

mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning; but whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray; but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise — and yet I think I am — but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. "You think I have no sense of honor!" he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Any way I'm a thief — make the most of that — but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any.

It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor — God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, rising. "I believe you to be strictly honorable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. "Age! age! the brains stiff and rheumatic."

The old man preceded him from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-by, papa," returned Villon, with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

(Longfellow's Translation.)

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his "History of Spain," makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young, and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479. The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés, but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and in accordance with it the style moves on, — calm, dignified, and majestic. — Longfellow.]

O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past, — the past, —
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, — the Good and Wise, —
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, — the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Savior came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, — chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, — the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;

How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone!
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust, —
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, — but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace, —

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled;

Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume, —
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the highborn dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jeweled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet? . . .

The countless gifts, — the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array, —
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away. . . .

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son, —
Roderic Manrique, — he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy, —
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; — how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!

Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, — his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still,
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivaled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;—
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or w
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;

When he had served, with patriot zea.
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call, —

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray, —
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, — nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth, —
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid, — the spirit
Corrupt with sin, — shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The lifeblood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, — thy hope is certainty, —
The third — the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay:
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be, —
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer her.
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;

By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

PROLOGUE TO THE RECUEIL DES HISTOIRES DE TROYE.

By WILLIAM CAXTON.

[William Caxton, English printer-author, was born in Kent between 1411 and 1422. He became a mercer in Bruges; in 1465 was governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers operating in the Low Countries; and arranged a commercial treaty with Charles the Bold. He entered the service of Charles' Duchess, sister of Edward IV., engaged in translating and learned the printing business, and in 1476 set up a press at Westminster, England. From this on he was very industrious in translating and printing till his death in 1491, and his work had important effects on the English language.]

Here beginneth the volume entitled and named the *recueil* of the histories of Troy, composed and drawn out of divers books of Latin into French, by the right venerable person and worshipful man, Raoul le Fevre, priest and chaplain unto the right noble, glorious, and mighty prince in his time, Philip, duke of Bourgoyne, of Brabant, etc., in the year of the incarnation of our Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and four, and translated and drawn out of French into English by William Caxton, mercer of the city of London, at the commandment of the right high, mighty, and virtuous princess, his redoubted lady Margaret, by the grace of God Duchess of

Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, etc., which said translation and work was begun in Bruges in the County of Flanders, the first day of March, the year of the incarnation of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eight, and ended and finished in the holy city of Cologne the 19th day of September, the year of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eleven, etc.

And on that other side of this leaf followeth the prologue.

When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvelous histories wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter. And forsomuch as this book was new and late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the realm of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard, in this present work which is named the *Recueil* of the Trojan histories. And afterward when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is, to wit, in French and in English, for in France was I never, and was born and learned mine English in Kent in the Weald where, I doubt not, is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued, by the space of thirty years, for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zeeland; and thus when all these things came tofore me after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work and purposed no more to have continued therein, and those quires laid apart, and in two years after labored no more in this work. And was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortuned that the right high, excellent, and right virtuous princess, my right redoubted lady, my lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England and of

France, my sovereign lord — Duchess of Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Lymburgh, and of Luxembourg, Countess of Flanders and Artois and of Bourgoyne, Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, and of Namur, Marchioness of the holy empire, lady of Fries, of Salins, and of Mechlin — sent for me to speak with her good grace of divers matters. Among the which, I let her highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, which anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said grace, and when she had seen them, anon she found a default in mine English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straitly to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated; whose dreadful commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits, and also hope many more to receive of her highness; but forthwith went and labored in the said translation after my simple and poor cunning; also, nigh as I can, following mine author, meekly beseeching the bounteous highness of my said lady that of her benevolence list to accept and take in *gree* this simple and rude work here following. And if there be anything written or said to her pleasure, I shall think my labor well employed, and whereas there is default that she *arette* it to the simpleness of my cunning which is full small in this behalf, and require and pray all them that shall read this said work to correct it, and to hold me excused of the rude and simple translation. And thus I end my prologue.

EPILOGUE TO THE DICTES AND SAYINGS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

By WILLIAM CAXTON.

Here endeth the book named the dictes or sayings of the philosophers, imprinted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the year of our Lord 1477. Which book is late translated out of French into English, by the noble and puissant lord, Lord Anthony, Earl of Rivers, lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wight, Defender and Director of the *siege* apostolic for our holy Father the Pope, in this realm of England, and governor of my lord

Prince of Wales. And it is so that at such time as he had accomplished this said work, it liked him to send it to me in certain quires to oversee, which forthwith I saw and found therein many great, notable, and wise sayings of the philosophers, according unto the books made in French which I had oft afore read, but certainly I had seen none in English till that time. And so afterward, I came unto my said lord, and told him how I had read and seen his book, and that he had done a meritory deed in the labor of the translation thereof into our English tongue, wherein he had deserved a singular laud and thank, etc. Then my said lord desired me to oversee it and, whereas I should find fault, to correct it; wherein I answered unto his lordship that I could not amend it, but if I should so presume I might apaire it, for it was right well and cunningly made and translated into right good and fair English. Notwithstanding he willed me to oversee it, and showed me divers things which, as him seemed, might be left out, as divers letters missives sent from Alexander to Darius and Aristotle and each to other, which letters were little pertinent unto the dictes and sayings aforesaid forasmuch as they specify of other matters, and also desired me, that done, to put the said book in print. And thus, obeying his request and commandment, I have put me in devoir to oversee this his said book, and behold, as nigh as I could, how it accordeth with the original, being in French. And I find nothing discordant therein, save only in the dictes and sayings of Socrates. Wherein I find that my said lord hath left out certain and divers conclusions touching women. Whereof I marvel that my said lord hath not written them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book, or else he was amorous on some noble lady, for whose love he would not set it in his book, or else for the very affection, love, and good will that he hath unto all ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sooth and wrote of women more than truth, which I cannot think that so true a man and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was should write otherwise than truth. For if he had made fault in writing of women, he ought not nor should not be believed in his other dictes and sayings. But I apperceive that my said lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women born and dwelling in these parts nor regions of the world. Socrates was a Greek born in a far country from hence, which country is all of other conditions

A Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition

From the painting by Paul Laurens, in the Luxembourg

than this is. And men and women of other nature than they be here in this country. For I wot well, of whatsomever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works, or at least should be so. For which causes so evident my said lord, as I suppose, thought it was not of necessity to set in his book the sayings of his author Socrates touching women. But forasmuch as I had commandment of my said lord to correct and amend whereas I should find fault, and other find I none save that he has left out these dictes and sayings of the women of Greece. Therefore in accomplishing his commandment, forasmuch as I am not in certain whether it was in my lord's copy or not, or else peradventure that the wind had blown over the leaf, at the time of translation of his book, I purpose to write those same sayings of that Greek Socrates, which wrote of the women of Greece and nothing of them of this realm, whom I suppose he never knew. For if he had, I dare plainly say that he would have reserved them in especial in his said dictes. Alway not presuming to put and set them in my said lord's book, but in the end apart in the rehearsal of the works, humbly requiring all them that shall read this little rehearsal that if they find any fault to *arette* it to Socrates and not to me.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

By ALBION W. TOURGÉE.[1]

(From "Out of the Sunset Sea.")

[Albion Winegar Tourgée, American judge and author, was born in Ohio, May 2, 1838. He served through the Civil War, and after it lived at Greensboro, N.C., till 1880; was judge of the Superior Court (1868–1874), member of the constitutional conventions of 1868 and 1875, and a commissioner to codify the state laws. He edited the weekly *Our Continent*, 1882–1884; was afterwards professor of the Buffalo Law School. Besides law books, he has written, among other novels, "A Fool's Errand" (1879), "Figs and Thistles" (1879), "Bricks without Straw" (1880), "Hot Plowshares" (1883), "Out of the Sunset Sea" (1893). "An Appeal to Cæsar" appeared in 1884.]

Gonsalvo de Cordova was not then "the Great Captain," though he was already spoken of as "the Prince of

[1] Copyright, 1893, by Aimée Tourgée.

Cavaliers." Handsome, gay, of a reckless daring, true to his friends, loyal to his King, and a prime favorite with Queen Isabella; of luxurious habits but able to undergo inconceivable fatigue, he had, also, the very remarkable distinction of having fewer enemies than any man of our time — perhaps fewer than any great man of any time. United with these qualities was a strange winsomeness of manner, which caused men to accept his leadership in battle or advice in counsel, without argument or suspicion, and a genius for military affairs as unobtrusive as it was marvelous. His long service with the Spanish armies had shown him their defects, and without discussion or advice he set himself to make those changes on which his future fame so greatly depended. He was one of the first to recognize the fact that a foot soldier is better and cheaper than a horseman, if he is so armed and disciplined as to develop his full capacity.

When I was first ushered into his presence he sat in a sumptuous chair having high carved arms, over which was thrown a lion's skin. It was of a fashion said to have been modeled on the throne chairs of the Moors, which was at that time much in vogue. He was attired in a suit of rich brocade and velvet. At his right was a small table, the top of which was a single slab of that rich stone, shining like emerald, only a paler green, as if it had caught the light by lying for ages under the waters of the sea, as indeed some say it hath, which the plunder of Moorish palaces had introduced into Spain. I had seen pieces of it before, but never one so large, and indeed only in the palace of the Alhambra have I seen its equal since. On this table were writing materials and a book to which he now and then recurred as if it contained memorandums of what he had in hand. Back of this, at another table, sat a secretary who took notes of such matters as he was directed to record. He was evidently engaged in the dispatch of business, for while I waited in the anteroom more than a score passed through the double velvet curtains into the room where he sat, only to come forth after a brief interview and hurry away as if charged to use dispatch in executing the orders they had received. At last, there was but one remaining with me, a small slender man of about my own age, with regular features, a piercing eye, and a composed manner. While others chafed at being required to wait, he stood quietly looking out of the window. I was greatly impressed with his youth and grace, both

of which were enhanced by the slightness of his form, which, however, was compact and wiry. We were bidden to enter together, and he led the way as if entitled of right to precedence. I noted the fact with a smile, as characteristic of the Spanish people to whom, though the most fastidious people in the world, self-assertion seems altogether consistent with gentle manners.

The Chevalier Gonsalvo looked up as we entered and watched our approach with a steady glance. I was becomingly arrayed and knew that my appearance was that of one accustomed to a military life, so I felt no discomposure in coming into the presence of the great Captain. Motioning me to one side with a gesture that was a request in its gentle courtesy, he addressed my companion: —

"Your name, Señor?"

"Alonzo de Ojeda."

"Your wish?"

"To serve in the corps you are recruiting."

"In what capacity?"

"Such as you may assign me."

"What can you do?"

"I carry a sword," touching the hilt lightly.

"What service would you prefer?"

"What others shrink from."

"If I give thee a spear?"

"Thou shalt never find it out of line."

"Bring me twenty spearmen and thou shalt be an ensign."

He waved his hand and the other withdrew.

"And now, Señor, by what name shall I call you?"

There was something in his tone and smile which satisfied me that I was recognized; but I answered gravely: —

"Tallerte de Lajes, at your lordship's service."

"Tallerte de Lajes! Good sooth, a fair name, but I remember it not. May I ask if you are a Biscayan?"

I bowed my head but made no reply. He made a sign to his secretary, who left the room and we were alone.

"Thou wishest service?"

"That is my desire."

"In what capacity?"

"Where I may serve with credit to myself and advantage to the cause of their Catholic Majesties."

"What induces thee to seek service?"

"There be many reasons."

"What is the strongest?"

"A pair of spurs."

"What other reward dost thou expect?"

"Faith! I know of nothing, beyond reasonable pay and good equipment."

"Rank? Favor? Place for others?"

"I seek nothing for myself, beyond the distinction of a good soldier, and have neither family nor friends for whom I need ask favor."

"And if thy service be one of which few know the merit?"

"If Gonsalvo de Cordova counts it important, and it be worthy of a soldier, I am content."

"And how about the reward?"

"I leave that to thee."

"Hark ye, Señor; I am making up a body of foot soldiers. It is on them we must rely hereafter, regular foot battalions, not a horse among them. I mean to arm and drill them on a new plan; every third file to carry long pikes like the Swiss infantry, and the other two sword and buckler, with perhaps a short spear. What think ye of it?"

"If well trained they should be effective."

"I mean them to be pikemen against cavalry and swordsmen against infantry."

"Why not all pikemen at need?" I answered. "Short pikes in the front and long ones behind them?"

"God's death, Señor!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Thou hast my thought exactly — a combination of Swiss pikemen and Asturian spearmen with bucklers and swords. Say one spearman to two swordsmen!"

"That should make a strong line and a flexible force."

"That is it; the Swiss pikes are too heavy."

"The Moors ran under them in the pass of Malaga and made short work with those that held them."

"Ah, thou sawest that? Yet the Swiss infantry bids defiance to the best cavalry in Europe as long as its formation holds. What we need is a union of heavy spearmen and light swordsmen — the one with shoulders like thine and the other with legs like mountain goats."

"Was that why you proffered a spear to the Señor Ojeda?" I asked with a smile.

"If he is content to bear a spear he will deserve a sword."

This was the key of "the Great Captain's" success. He knew every man's merit and how to make it available.

After a moment he added: —

"I am raising such a corps. There must be no rank or favor in it. A swineherd shall stand on a level with an hidalgo in opportunity, if intelligent and brave. There must be one uniform rule of merit; and only courage and skill be of any avail to secure preferment. To assist in its organization I want one who has some idea of discipline and some experience as a soldier, but who knows no one in all the realm and is willing to remain unknown to the very end. Rank and favor are the curse of our Spanish army. Their Majesties have given me full control in this matter. Are you minded to take such place?"

"What is the place?" I asked, quite dazed by the offer.

"You will be the Adjutant of Infantry in my household. Everything concerning the equipment, drill, discipline of this corps will be done through you. You shall have clerks and couriers as many as you require, and any equipment you wish. Gonsalvo de Cordova is not niggardly with them that serve faithfully. But you will act only in my name; I would you might be wholly unknown, except as my Adjutant."

"It is only a matter of a basinet and a visor," I responded, musingly. "How large is the corps to be?"

"I am granted leave to muster ten thousand, and hope to get five; perhaps no more than three!"

"I will try to fulfill your wish."

"Good. I will make order for your maintenance, forthwith. If you do not object to wear a basinet with an open visor, so much the better. It is a sure bar to prying eyes, even if it do not cover all the face. My armorer shall make one under my direction if you will allow him to take the necessary measurements. I think one might be made that would become thee well. Thou shalt have a liberal provision, and if thou servest to my satisfaction, I will gladly charge myself with providing the golden ornaments thou wishest for thy heels — if thou be of noble blood, that is," he added cautiously.

"If it be not equal in honor with thine own, your Excellency, I will ask naught," I answered, a little proudly.

"Indeed!" he responded with more consideration than he had before shown; "when shall I learn by what style thou art entitled to be known?"

"When thou hast no farther use for an Adjutant of Infantry," I answered.

"Agreed. When that time comes, I will let thee know. When wilt thou begin thy duty?"

"To-morrow, your Excellency."

"Till to-morrow then, adios."

He extended his hand; I touched it, bowed, and withdrew, no longer wondering that the Queen had said it was "worth the trouble of being a sovereign to have one such subject as Gonsalvo de Cordova." . . . The memory of that time brings back a proud day when Gonsalvo de Cordova publicly acknowledged the indebtedness of his fame to my efficiency.

Nevertheless, there was one who had not forgotten Del Porro. Riding at eventide across the plain that lay without the walls of Granada after service in the conquered city had become monotonous, I spoke to one whom I overtook, somewhat bitterly of the wrongs imposed upon the subjugated people and the rapacity of the Holy Office, who, when the war against the Moors was over, began at once the spoliation of the Jews to fill the depleted treasury. As if shaped out of the gathering mist, an unshod mule came softly over the white dust to my side, and a voice I shall never forget, exclaimed in cold, harsh tones: —

"Who art thou that speakest thus lightly of the Right Hand of God?"

"And who art thou that makest such demand of a soldier of their Majesties?"

"Men call me the 'Pillar of Fire,'" was the calm, exultant reply.

"God have mercy!" shouted my companion. "Torquemada!" Thereupon he put spurs to his horse and fled. I never saw him more. As he had spoken quite as harshly as I, he had equal reason to fear. I did not attempt to fly; not because I did not fear, for I felt a chill as of death creep down my back under my armor, though it was midsummer and the breath of the south wind was stifling. But I knew it was useless to try to escape from one who had ten thousand eyes and ears at his command in Spain, and who held King and Queen in mortal terror of his wrath. Only guile could serve, and of this there was little hope. Even then a dull flame just visible to the right of the road we traveled, showed where another victim, "delivered up to the civil authorities," had expired in the

flames of the Quemadero, which was set up without the city, almost before the cross had been reared within it.

"What is thy name?" asked the Chief Inquisitor, sternly.

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "my words were but lightly spoken. A soldier abhors bloodshed except by the sword and in open strife."

"The Holy Office sheds no man's blood. The Holy Word declares an unqualified curse against every one by whom man's blood is shed: 'by man shall his blood be shed.' It is not seemly that the servants of the Most High should be exposed to this anathema, in their efforts to rid the world of error and unbelief. In all that they do, therefore, care is taken to shed no drop of blood, even of the unworthiest while probing his soul for sin and compelling assent to the truths he hates. Even when found incorrigible, the sentence of destruction is never executed by the agents of the Holy Office, but clothed in the garb of the impenitent, the unhappy one against whom eternal doom is pronounced, through the faithfulness of their Catholic Majesties, is executed by the civil authorities by burning only; in order that even by implication no drop of blood may be shed by our action."

"I doubt not thou art right, Holy Father; I am no casuist and shall willingly do penance for my words."

"Aye, thou shalt do penance, of that be assured; but thou wert not so modest about thy casuistic skill a little time ago, methinks. What is thy name?"

"Men call me Del Porro," I answered as calmly as I could.

But now it was my listener's turn to show surprise.

"Del Porro! The Duke of Medina Sidonia's Captain!" he exclaimed. "Where hast thou hid thyself so long?"

"In truth, Holy Father," I answered, "you must not blame a soldier if you find him not, because he is in the front of battle rather than with them that chant the victory."

"But thou mightest have heard the King's trumpets! Knowest thou not that for a year proclamation hath been made for thee in every camp and a reward offered for him that should find thee dead or alive! That every Familiar in Spain hath special order to seize thee and bring thee before their Majesties without delay or intervention! God and Saint Dominic be praised for this good fortune! Come thou with me, my son!"

He reached out his hand to take my rein, but the bridle of

Achmet's son was far beyond his reach before he could touch it with a finger. Ere he could recover, my sword was out and though I would not turn its point against a man of his calling, I thought it no harm to send it into the neck of his mule just where the jointure leaves the marrow exposed, whereby the good Father was suddenly rolled in the dust.

"Good-by, Holy Father!" I shouted as I spurred away. "It will be more than two years ere thou seest me again!"

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "Thou knowest not what thou art fleeing from! I will forgive thy sacrilege and impiety! — I will absolve thy offense, if thou wilt but wait and hear me!"

Achmet's hoof strokes drowned his voice as we fled away into the darkness.

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